



# IMPORTANT NOTICE

**J**UST as we are going to press we learn with surprise and indignation of the order which has been served upon our beloved Protector, Mrs. Annie Besant, by the Government of Madras. We quote from the *Times* of June 19:

Mrs. Besant was recently ordered to Ootacamund, but the order was cancelled. The Governor, Lord Pentland, to-day came to Madras, and in the course of the day the following order was issued :

"In the exercise of the powers conferred upon him by Rule 3 of the Defence of India (Consolidation) Rules, 1915, the Governor in Council has directed the service of orders on Mrs. Besant, Mr. G. S. Arundale, Mr. B. P. Wadia, prohibiting them from attending or taking any part in any meeting, from delivering any lecture, from making any speech, and from publishing or securing the publication of any writings or speech composed by them, placing their correspondence under censorship, and directing further that, after the expiry of a brief prescribed period, they shall cease to reside in the city of Madras or district of Chingleput (a large town near Madras), and shall take up their residence and remain within any of the following six areas :

"Nilgiri district, Coimbatore district, Bellary district, the Palni Hills, the Shevaroy Hills, and the municipal town of Vizagapatam."

An emergency meeting of the London members of this Order was at once called, and in spite of very short notice our new Star House at 6, Tavistock Square was filled to overflowing, members sitting on the floor and standing, as enough seats were not available. The following resolution, which was moved by Lady Emily Lutyens (the National Representative), seconded by Mr. Irving Cooper (Orga-

nising Secretary for the United States of America), and supported by Professor Jean Delville (National Representative for Belgium), was unanimously passed :

That this meeting protests against the action of the Government of Madras in prohibiting its Protector, Mrs. Besant, from carrying on her religious and educational work, particularly as it applies to the Order of the Star in the East, and calls upon His Excellency the Viceroy to over-rule this arbitrary and unnecessary act of injustice.

Copies of this resolution were sent by cable to H.E. The Viceroy of India, H.E. the Governor of Madras, and by letter to the Prime Minister and the Secretary of State for India. M. Delville's remarks are given here in full as they represent so completely the position which we should adopt as members of this Order :

Having received from my distinguished colleague, Lady Emily Lutyens, an invitation to join with the English members of the Star in the East in holding this meeting, I must admit to just a little hesitation on account of my being a Belgian refugee. At the same time, I think that it is possible for me, as the National Representative of Belgium, to do my duty in that capacity without infringing the laws of the British Empire, for which, as a refugee, I must declare my admiration and express my gratitude. . . . I therefore abstain, formally, from expressing any opinion on the action of the Government of British India in connection with Mrs. Besant's political propaganda for Home Rule in India. It is a definite political action taken against a definite political propaganda, and neither as a stranger nor as a member of the Star have I the right to voice any protest against it. Having thus made my attitude clear, I will now say a few words on the great principles at stake.

[Continued overleaf.]

When, however, I examine the Governmental "Order," I find, to my great surprise, that it is not confined to the political activities of Mrs. Besant. It also strikes at the Philosophical, Ethical, and Religious Movement of which she is the leader in her capacity as Protector of the Star in the East. It interferes with her freedom to teach, write and speak on these subjects, none of which have any connection with Home Rule or any other political question. All this teaching soars high above mere national questions, and can, in no way, interfere with the Governmental prerogatives of any country.

The Star in the East is exclusively ethical, and religious, its activities are international, and its principles cannot be attacked from the point of view of any law of any country. They belong to the domain of Religion and Conscience; they belong to the Soul, and not to the political arena.

Now in forbidding Mrs. Besant to speak or

write, in forbidding Mrs. Besant to travel where she wishes, in depriving our Protector of liberty of action, they strike at the Order of the Star in the East as a whole, and hinder it in all of its many beneficent activities. . . . That is why I, taking my place on this strictly spiritual and international standpoint, do not hesitate to join you in protesting. In the name of liberty of thought, in the name of religious tolerance, in the name of those principles for which noble England has made herself the champion, I, the Representative of the Order of the Star in the East in Belgium, raise myself above the limitations of nationality and utter my protest. The times for religious and philosophical persecution are past, and it is sad and disconcerting to see them again showing signs of life just at the moment when the civilised nations are engaged in a death struggle for liberty and human right.

# The Herald of the Star

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As the *Herald of the Star* includes articles from many different sources on topics of varied interest, it is clearly understood that the writing of such an article for the *Herald* in no way involves its author in any kind of assent to, or recognition of, the particular views for which this Magazine, or the Order of the Star in the East, may stand.

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"SUFFER LITTLE CHILDREN TO COME UNTO ME."

Braun and Co



# IN THE STARLIGHT

By LADY EMILY LUTYENS

*It should be clearly understood that the contents of "In the Starlight" are the personal views of the writer. Neither the Head nor the Order is at all responsible for them. But the writer feels she is more useful to her readers in expressing freely her own thoughts and feelings than if she were to confine herself to bare chronicles of events and to conventional ethical expressions.*

**W**E are devoting a considerable portion of our Magazine this month to the question of mothers and children, because in England the first week in July is to be a "Baby Week." Meetings are being organised all over the country to bring this all-important subject before the public, and we want the HERALD to be one of the agents to rouse a sense of responsibility in the community.

The subject is a very vital one for England, for not only is the flower of her manhood being killed on the battle-field, but her infant population is dying even more rapidly. A recent report issued by the British Government states that in the four years from 1911 to 1914, 575,078 children under five years of age died, and that of this appalling number 287,000 of the deaths were preventable. Truly a massacre of the innocents! And if these terrible figures represent the death-rate it does not require much stretch of imagination to calculate the damaged rate. Our hearts are everywhere saddened today by the sight of our maimed and crippled soldiers, but what of the children maimed and crippled by our neglect? For we are none of us free from this burden

of responsibility for the evil social conditions which are made possible by our selfishness and indifference.

This question of Infant Welfare, however, is not only vital for England, but for all the countries of Europe. It has been calculated that the total number of deaths through this war equals the population of the British Isles. This means, in plain words, that almost an entire generation has been wiped out, and the world of the future will be, indeed, the world of the young.

How great a responsibility, therefore, rests upon us to make such conditions for the children that they may grow beautifully, unwarped in body or mind or soul. The blood of their fathers has purged the old world of its sins; let the children have their chance in the glory of the new world that is dawning. As Miss Maude Royden beautifully expressed it in a sermon preached at the City Temple recently :

There are enough children in the world, lonely and ill-treated, unwanted and uncared for, and the world itself is in travail to be born. If the young have taken death which belongs to the old, so sometimes it seems to me that men have taken

the part of women, and it is they who are in travail for the world to come. They go through suffering, they die, they are tortured, they are maimed and wounded, that the new world may be born. Do you not sometimes wonder that those who do not die, but come back to us maimed or blind, or shattered—do you wonder if they in the long years to come will be able always to feel that it was worth while? To die—that is one thing. To come back the wreck of a man, and live through all the long years after the war—will they be able, do you think, always to feel that it was worth while?

Only if they see of the travail of their souls and are satisfied. Only if the new world is so fair that no one can doubt that it was worth that sacrifice.

And we can make it fair if we devote ourselves first to the children. All the beauty of the world is in the eyes of a happy child; all the unutterable pain in the eyes of a suffering child.

But to make the children's world beautiful we must first make the mothers' world beautiful, for the two are inseparable, and doomed is the civilisation which from stress of economic need drives the mother from the home. We glorify motherhood by words as the most splendid of all professions, but when it comes to deeds we expect the mother to carry on that profession without training, without money, and without assistance. Under the law of England a mother is not even recognised as a parent unless she be unmarried.

\* \* \* \*

The numerous institutions now started in every country for helping the mother and child are all admirable in their way, and are undoubtedly becoming an important factor in arresting the terrible amount of infant mortality. But is there not possibly a danger in providing everything *outside* the home. The home is the centre of family life, and it is the *home* that primarily needs our thought and care. It has been found cheaper in America to pay a destitute mother to look after her own children than to place those children in a State institution. Perhaps it will some day dawn upon our legislators that it would pay us as a nation to endow motherhood, and so enable every mother to make a decent home for her children, and to remain in that home as its true

centre. "What! endow motherhood," say the sentimentalists, "and so put a mercenary value upon the beautiful relation between the mother and the child!" Is this tie of maternity likely really to be less beautiful when it has been placed beyond the sordid grind for daily bread? Is the mother likely to be a worse mother when she sees that the State recognises the real value of the supreme gift she has to give to it? Is a mother's love more likely to fail her child when she has the means to clothe and feed it properly? I think we may show more trust in the great power of motherhood, and not let sentimentalism blind our eyes to facts.

\* \* \* \*

We are often bewildered at the vastness of the problem which will confront humanity when the war is over. How and where are we to begin our rebuilding? Obviously we should be wise to start with the foundations, and the foundation of all national life is the mother and the child. How wise have the Jews always shown themselves in their care of maternity, so that they stand to-day unrivalled as a people in this respect! Even in the slums of our great cities mortality is far lower among the Jews than among the Christians, because they have always held to the great tradition of the supreme importance of motherhood and child welfare as the pivot of national existence.

And to those of us who believe in reincarnation, in the power of the ego to choose for himself the vehicle which is to enfold him for a given life, the conditions with which we surround childhood become of even greater importance. When we can sweep away slums, and give to every child born into our midst the surroundings in which it can grow and develop like a flower in beauty, we shall inevitably call down into being those souls who rightly have become the first-born of the race—the flowers of a perfected humanity.

\* \* \* \*

As a nation we in England are waking up to the value of education. Lord

Haldane, who has been speaking on this subject all over the country, states that whereas before the war it was difficult to secure an audience to listen to the subject of education, to-day wherever he has gone the halls have been packed and hundreds are eager to hear.

But we need to go further back in our interest and think first of the material which teachers will have to work upon.

A starved and diseased body is not capable of profiting by education.

So we are driven back once more to the foundation. It has been beautifully said, "The world moves forward on the feet of little children."

It is the children who will lead us out of the pain, the misery and chaos of the present, into that future which they will build, and the Lover of children will come to guide them in their building.

## A PRAYER FOR PEACE

By a MEMBER OF THE CHURCH MILITANT

**H**OW long, O Lord, how long  
Must men their brothers maim?  
Redeem us from world-wrong,  
Deliver us from shame.  
Lord, give us eyes to see,  
Give ears to hear, O give  
An end to misery,  
Though men must die to live.

Hear, as we pray for them,  
Through blasphemy and fears;  
Give, for world-diadem,  
The dew of pity's tears,  
The rainbow-light of hope  
Shed o'er death-darkened earth,  
Rose of redemption, ope  
Blossom of man's new birth.

Look on us who look up,  
The hills of heaven our might.  
Wrath's wine now fills earth's cup,  
O fill with nectar bright,  
God-juice of fruits sublime,  
From Trees of Life and Love.  
Stay the fell stroke of Time  
That man may look above.

Touch with Thy wand of life  
The rivers of red Death,  
Now stagnant, foul and rife  
With bitter charnel-breath;  
Give men this truth to know  
That all in Thee are one,  
Then shall Love's fountain flow,  
Thy will of Life be done.

# REFORM IN EDUCATION IN AMERICA

By FRITZ KUNZ

*Mr. Fritz Kunz has travelled practically all over the world; he has spent the last three years in Ceylon as Principal of Ananda College. He was born in Freeport, Illinois, and went through his college course in the University of Wisconsin, Madison, U.S.A.*

THE crucial circumstance in which the world now finds itself has led each great nation to question of itself whether there is not something wrong in the fundamentals of education that poor humanity should find itself in this ghastly plight. Great Britain is, just now, as I write, engaged in the alteration of her system of child-training; the latest convert to the policy of educational introspection is, British-like, a little late, but she will be, British-like, thorough.

It used to be the fashion in America to hold that our educational system is close upon perfection; and that defects in our civilisation—when defects were admitted—are due to the influx of immigrants, or the youth of the nation, or the existence of frontier and camp life, and like causes. The fashion has been passing away in recent years, and the Reports of the Commissioner of Education have lately shown that in various parts of the country surveys of education have been made to find out just where our weak elements lie. We still hold, and I think rightly, that, taken in the total, our American system is greatly superior to that of most other countries. But we have come to see that this, however radically true, is not synonymous with an approximation to perfection. In short, America has been coming to the position that European nations have been forced into, and the United States will also now take the opportunity that is at hand to scrutinise and improve her methods.

This being so, it is manifestly a priceless opportunity for the Theosophical Society in America, such an opportunity as comes very, very rarely, and such as is to be seized at almost any cost in labour and time and money.

The difficulties that beset us, generally speaking, can be classified with as much ease as they can with labour be overcome. They are: the mere hugeness of the subject; our lack of technical knowledge; the constantly changing theory and practice; the hostility offered by people who still think the system perfect; and, finally, the manifold advantages of the educational practice in the United States—for this last, paradoxical as it may seem, may well prove to be most troublesome, since the finest excuse for the continuation of any scheme without alteration is that it already works well.

But we must, with due regard for the dangers mentioned, attack this problem. If there be anything of special value in Theosophy, it is that which makes it useful to the educator. Wisdom is to be used in schools above all; and Theosophy is the essence of the Wisdom. We believe that children come into the world with a long history behind them; then we must support and adapt those systems of child-training that draw out and cause to flower the best in that experience—say a modified form of the Montessori system. We believe that children and all humanity are to be grouped into certain great types. Our teachers in the United States already classify the physical bodies of the chil-

dren; we must carry them on to the classification of the inner\* bodies, the Egos, into Lovers, Doers, Thinkers, or into Administrators, Teachers, Inventors. We believe that the emotional phase of the child and the man needs careful training;

let us bring to the educator the light that has been given to us for him.

The most effective approach to the subject must necessarily, implicitly, if not explicitly, be that which challenges our civilisation as in some ways defective.



FRITZ KUNZ

then let us insist upon the enlargement in the school of those factors which will serve to do this training, so that our humanity be not overgrown in mental and physical bodies and warped in the feelings. And in these and other ways

This is, in the nature of the case, a way to certain and temporary unpopularity—certain, because no people likes to have its faults exposed; but temporary because a sane, constructive programme, based upon the verities of life, must finally appeal

to the minds of a great, progressive people. We should, then, with the help of our technically informed members, in whose hands this work must largely lie, courageously and vigorously construct this programme and open this attack. We must first of all survey the educational field through the reports of the Commissioner of Education\*, and find out the departments in which we are, even in his eyes, admittedly weak. We must then, and with the utmost care, consider the other phases in the light of Theosophical knowledge, and formulate a scheme to substitute in part, or amplify in other parts, that which now holds. And we must then create a body or bodies which can carry the results of this research to the educators themselves.

Fortunately, in a number of the more important respects education in the United States is in the forefront of the progressive movements in civilisation, either positively (as in the case of physical training) or negatively (as in abstinence from corporal punishment). We attend, generally speaking, to physical wants; we inculcate nationalism (if of a somewhat screaming-eagle kind); we offer a certain amount of social training; our education, save in a few States, is free and compulsory; we understand the value of, though we may not derive the full benefit from, co-education. I have before me memoranda made by a trained and experienced and most successful American teacher, showing a long list of valuable departures made in various schools—folk dancing, school gardens, vocational guidance, visual methods in teaching, correlation of subjects, and innumerable other lines. These are good, but under the resolving force of Theosophy they can be made more effective; they can turn our children toward the highest ideals of brotherhood and away from the pursuit of the triumphant dollar as the ultimate in life.

Theosophy, as a technical system, cannot supply the great lack of religious foundation in the building of character

just now. But it is of the utmost importance that a system based upon the Theosophical outlook should be brought into being, so that, with foundations laid, a Supreme Teacher may build in His own way. We must bear in mind that there is a vast difference between mere theology (which is what so many people would have established in schools) and true spirituality. I conceive that the Faith the World-Teacher will grant us will include quite understandable, if not common, elements that are essential in the constitution of ladies and gentlemen: that high sense of honour which obliges a man to give his best to his community and country; a restraint and a continence in actions and words that create reserves of force; refinement in conversation and deference to others which lead us not to override the opinions of others, nor to assert dogmatically, nor to argue polemically, nor to choke the social exchange with endless "funny" stories and swapping of yarns; the cultivated sense which appreciates beauty as the Presence of God, and does not mistake mere ostentation for taste; a fine independence of mind which will stand out against the over-standardisation in our civilisation, and prefer, if need be, in the face of public opinion, good taste to mere fashion, pure and flexible English to the vulgarity and slang which prevent the production of great works of literature; the intuition which is alert to arrange for the comfort and well-being of others, not by following formal dicta of books on etiquette, but through instinctive feeling; and a readiness, where good works are at stake, to lay aside aloofness and independence and to co-operate. We can help to bring into the school a discipline that is based upon Love as an active factor; and thus to reinforce the admirable, though negative, instinct for human rights that results in the abstinence from corporal punishment that we see in most schools; and to bring about a greater gratitude and respect and affection for teachers as such, so that their influence can be extended. We can help to bring to the public mind realisation of the need to pay more to our educators—a crying

\* The Report is in two volumes and is obtainable from the Government Printing Office, Washington. The 1913 Report is Document No. 937 of the 62nd Session of the 63rd Congress.

need. And, finally, along many lines that involve technical knowledge we can press our influence—for example, in encouraging the introduction of Junior High Schools, where the ages of children in the adolescent stage shall be better adjusted in classes; in guiding the country toward the new and true forms of art and away from mere imitation of European traditions.\*

How and in what order all this is to be done must depend upon the judgment of those teachers and friends of education who understand the Theosophical point of view. As a practical measure we might have, at our Conventions, or specially called during the summer vacations, meetings of our teachers to formulate lines upon which we can work; for these are our members who know just where improvement can be made in the classroom and playground and literary society. A permanent Commission might be formed to get out schemes, raise funds, and materialise ideas.

\* Cf. the forecast in the work of Mr. Claude Bragdon.

We are fortunate in America in not having to actually build and equip and run schools; the nation does that for us. We might, as a practical measure, maintain a primary and an elementary school as a ground for experiment; these are matters for the Theosophical Educational Commission to decide.†

But whatever the details of the programme it is certain that, under the guidance of the abiding spirit of the Greatest of Teachers, we can, if we will but set about it, bring to America a new and finer spirit in the training of children. The work lies ready at hand; His eyes are upon us. Whatever the difficulties may be, they cannot be beyond solution if they be faced with the knowledge that behind us is the immeasurable Wisdom of the World-Teacher. Into the bustle and noise of our somewhat truculent nationalism we must import, through the proper medium of the school, such gleams of the Light that He radiates as it is given to us to convey.

† There is already an excellent school directed by Madame de Leeuw in Santa Monica, California.

## RULES AT THE T.S. SCHOOL, LETCHWORTH

- (1) Don't raise your voice in the house or class-rooms.
- (2) Obey without comment or discussion.
- (3) Don't interrupt.
- (4) Say nothing unkind about anybody, whether true or untrue.
- (5) Don't contradict.
- (6) Don't exaggerate; be accurate in all your statements.
- (7) Play the game; neither grumble nor make excuses.
- (8) We must be scrupulously clean and tidy, and so help to make the world more beautiful.
- (9) Our thoughts must be as scrupulously clean as our bodies.

# TRADES THAT TRANSGRESS

## III.—The Feather Trade

By G. COLMORE

*The illustrations to this timely article are from Mr. Buckland's pamphlet, which all should read.*

**F**INE feathers make fine birds." So runs the proverb.

There are masses of people who seem to think that fine feathers also make fine women.

To be decked with feathers is the complement, in conventional attire, of being arrayed in furs. Feathers, moreover, are supposed to be becoming. "They soften the face, Madam," says the milliner. But the procuring of them hardens the heart, and the wearing of them, however becoming they may be considered to the face, is uncompromisingly unbecoming to the soul. For the beautiful and delicate tints, the softness of texture, the grace of outline, mean the slaughter of beautiful, delicate, tender

and graceful things; a slaughter that, as regards numbers, must be counted in millions; that as regards fear and pain and ruthlessness cannot be computed at all; and that, as regards folly, shortsightedness, and economic waste is altogether beyond estimation, since the wholesale slaughter of birds means not only the destruction of innocent life, but the destruction of much that contributes to the life of man.

Birds are essential to the success of agriculture all over the world—in England, in America, in Africa, everywhere—

since they devour pests, which, uncombed by birds, make havoc of the crops. "Scientific examination has been made by the experts of the United States Biological Survey and others of over 35,000 stomachs of all classes of birds," says James Buckland, in his pamphlet entitled *The Plumage Bill: What It Means*—a pamphlet which all who are concerned with agriculture or millinery should read—"collected from every State and Territory in the Union and Canada, and it is difficult to find a single species that is wholly useless to man."

In Utah, when the Mormons first settled there, their crops were wholly destroyed by black crickets, till Franklin's gull came in hundreds of thou-

sands and conquered the pest. In Australia the ibises, spoonbills, and cranes make agriculture possible by keeping down the grasshoppers. In South Africa it is the birds alone which can cope with the locusts. In 1895 there was a famine in Russian Siberia, caused by the ravages of two species of cut-worms and some ten species of locusts, the plague of insect pests being due, according to the investigations of the local Society of Natural Sciences, to the almost complete destruction of birds. Most of the birds thus destroyed were sent abroad by waggon



AN EASY TARGET. NEAR HER NEST



MOTHER LOVE OVERCOMES FEAR OF MAN

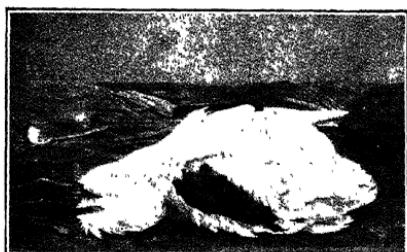
loads to supply the demand of the millinery trade.

Besides the pests which destroy crops, there are, in hot climates, parasitic insects which attack both man and beast. There are many parts of the world in which neither one nor the other could continue to exist if they were not protected by birds. In Jamaica, for instance, the enormous increase of the grass-tick, due to the wholesale destruction of birds, has done away with the possibility of keeping most breeds of cattle. Yet it is just in the countries in which bird life is most useful to man, essential to his well-being, that the greatest destruction of birds is carried on. In India, where immense sums of money are expended in vain attempts to avoid the equally immense losses due to ravages wrought on the crops by insects, the birds, which would protect the crops

free of cost, are being slaughtered to provide material for the plumage trade. The Indian roller eats locusts and grasshoppers and keeps down the white ant, but it is sacrificed in its thousands year by year and the skins are sold at the London feather sales. At a single sale 1,000 skins were sold for one penny each, and 2,575 for one halfpenny each.

In one year at the London sales the skins of 272,000 kingfishers were sold. "Every one of these birds," says Mr. Buckland, "is worth its weight in gold to the human race"; but the skins were sold for threepence-halfpenny each. Those who wish to know the extensive and wonderful part which birds play in keeping the balance of Nature and the imperious necessity for conserving the various species should study Mr. Buckland's pamphlet and the other considerable literature on the subject; for the variety and importance of bird action in the scheme of Nature is too great to be set down in a short article designed only to draw attention to the feather trade, and not to expose to the full its iniquities and futilities.

The ineptitude and unrighteousness of this trade are as great the one as the other. Combined they combat science, common sense, economics, humaneness, mercy, pity. In all countries from which the feather market is supplied, greed, struggling for narrow advantage, pillages the world at large; and because fashion asks for brilliancy of tint, it is in tropical countries, where birds are at the same time most needed and most richly coloured, that the



THE AIGRETTE TORN AWAY

slaughter is most reckless, most blind, most stupid, and most pitiless. The tropical forests depend for their very life on the brightly coloured birds which inhabit them, for most of the tropical forest birds have brilliantly tinted plumage.

For reasons connected with protective colouring, which I need not dilate upon here, most forest birds are brightly coloured. Consequently they are mercilessly slaughtered for their plumage—so mercilessly that if prohibition of importation of plumage does not become a law, the day is not distant when these natural enemies of the forest insects will be annihilated. This possibility has become a source of grave apprehension, for if we permit this disaster to come to pass we lose our forests; and every student of the subject knows that if we lose our forests we will lose also our rivers, and the irrigation and moisture necessary for the production of crops on which man is dependent for his living. (From *The Plumage Bill*. By James Buckland.)

Stupid, indeed, this trade is, but worse than stupid, because it is inherently and necessarily cruel. For every bright plume which gives colour to a fashionable hat, every aigrette which lends style, "chic," "cachet"

to the milliner's productions, is the outcome of a brutal deed; and if the true origin and history could be discerned of the feathers that figure as ornaments, for style would be substituted slaughter; for chic, pitilessness; for cachet, cruelty. For think how the aigrettes are obtained! These plumes, sometimes called ospreys, are taken from the egret, a kind of heron. Beautiful these birds are, and with strong social instincts; they do not pair apart in the breeding season, but three or four hundred of them will build their nests

close together. The instinct of parent-hood is strong in them, too, and it is this instinct, which human beings profess to think so sacred, that is taken advantage of by the inhuman beings who supply the feather market. For it is when the young birds are fledged, but not yet able to fly, that the plume hunters come, knowing that the parent birds refuse to desert their young, and knowing that because of this refusal, they are easily shot down.

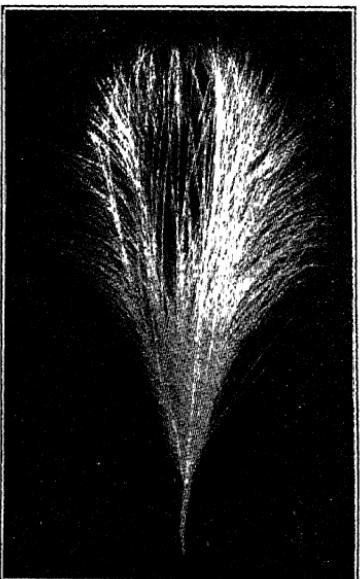
Mr. T. Gilbert Pearson, in a paper read at Chicago, at the World's Congress on Ornithology, in 1897, gives an account of a heronry before and after the plume hunters had invaded it.

I visited a large colony of herons on Horse Hummock (Central Florida) in 1888. Several hundred pairs were nesting there at the time. Three years later I again visited the heronry, but the scene had changed; not a heron was visible. The plume-hunter had discovered the colony, and a few shattered nests were all that were left to tell of the once populous colony. A few miles north of Waldo, in the flat pine region, our party came one day upon a little swamp, where we had been

told herons lived in numbers. Upon approaching the place the screams of young birds reached our ears. The cause of this soon became apparent by the buzzing of green-flies and the heaps of dead herons festering in the sun, with the back of each bird raw and bleeding. Young herons had been left by the scores in the nests to perish from exposure and starvation. (*Ibid.*)

In many parts of the world herons have been altogether extirpated owing to the feather trade.

But are the hunters wholly and solely to blame? Some of them lose their lives



A MOTHER'S LIFE-BLOOD

as well as their humanity in following their calling, and the loss of human lives and the loss of human feeling must be added to the vast sacrifice of bird life which the trade exacts. Vast indeed. The auctions take place about every two months; in 1900 3,519 ounces of osprey feathers were sold in London at the April auctions; 4,026 ounces at the June sales. And these feathers weigh so light; as lightly as they are worn. Under an Order issued on the 23rd of last February, ornamental feathers and down were amongst the articles of which the importation was forbidden. Nevertheless the importation goes on. In March and April of this year 48,346 pounds weight of other sorts of feathers than ostrich feathers were imported into the country, and they are still coming in. Fashion and commercialism are stronger than the law.

Mr. Buckland tells us that methods as brutal as those adopted in regard to the egret are employed in connection with almost every wild bird whose feathers are used in millinery; but it is useless to give an account of the slaughter and suffering of these countless numbers of various species. Repetition does not quicken the



BEFORE THE HUNT. ALIVE WITH BIRDS

imagination, nor does multiplication touch hearts impervious to pity. The grebe, the brown pelican, the albatross; of the hunting of these and many more there are accounts by eye-witnesses, recording the havoc in bird life, the pitiless deeds, the numbers of young birds left to starve which that hunting involves. Most of the killing is done in countries other than England, in countries where the plumage is brightest; but England is not exempt. English birds, too, pay their toll to mil-



AFTER THE HUNT. PAVED WITH BONES

linery, amongst these being the owl, a bird so useful to agriculture that Lord Lilford stated that the destroyers of owls were fit only for lunatic asylums.

So cruelty and stupidity go hand in hand, and with them, linking them to fashion, walks ignorance, of two kinds—

the pockets of the traders, and style, colour, chic, into the hats of the conventional. But every hat is the tombstone of a slain, defenceless thing, or of more than one, a dumb witness to man's blundering and selfishness.

Many and many a woman will senti-



SHALL THEY PERISH FROM THE EARTH?

the kind that does not, and the kind that will not, know. But it is those who wear the borrowed plumes who make the market. Borrowed? No; for the plumes torn from the bleeding bodies of birds can never be returned: the tender, joyous children of the air have no more part nor lot in the feathers which put money into

mentalise over a dead bird fallen from a nest; many will express horror at the fate of bird victims to a cat; yet these same women will wear carelessly, will wear unshrinkingly, will wear with pleasure and with pride, hats garnished with

. . . some dead dove-like thing as dear  
Beauty made blank and harmlessness destroyed.

# WAR WORK FOR MOTHER AND CHILD IN PARIS

*“Save the Child for the Family and Nation” is the motto of “L’Œuvre Nouvelle des Crèches Parisiennes”\* (M. A. Ribot’s speech to the Académie Française), of which Mr. Philip Tillard has made us the following digest.*

**E**VEN before the war one of the most serious problems that France had to face was a steadily declining birth-rate. Only such a short while back as 1850 she exceeded all other European nations in the yearly number of births per 1,000 inhabitants, but now she has fallen to the sixth or seventh place on the list. In 1899 Germany had 1,980,304 births; France, 847,627. On the eve of this war, the two nations which, in 1870, were equal in number, had 65 and 39 million inhabitants respectively. In 44 years Germany had gained 25 million new citizens; France only 3 millions.

In population, as in many other matters, to stand still is to fall back, so that if this decrease in the birth-rate is not stopped France will soon no longer be able to hold her own among the great nations of the world.

Many remedies have been proposed. They are of two kinds—quantitative and qualitative—with the object of both encouraging large families and of improving the health of those that exist by combating, as far as possible, the thousand and one causes which shorten the life of man and more especially of the child.

History teaches us that already in certain civilisations, and at certain epochs of antiquity, this problem has presented itself. The first Roman Emperors, alarmed at the diminution of the number of children, tried to stem the evil by legislation. In modern times various measures have been proposed, all of which have the common characteristic of

tending to lessen the expenses of the fathers of families, and to procure them certain pecuniary advantages in the way of taxation.

M. Paul Leroy-Beaulieu, who has devoted his striking qualities of observation and analysis to the solution of this problem, has demanded that the Government should give preference as State employees to men with large families, and already during the course of the war the fathers of more than five children have received certain privileges.

But until legislative measures dealing with the subject can be carefully worked out and have borne fruit, France has wisely devoted her attention to the most pressing side of the question, and, facing the realities of to-day, is concerning herself with those children already born or who will be born in the near future.

It is sufficient to quote a single figure in order to show the immensity of the task. According to statistics communicated to the Senate, 88,000 children under one year old die each year in France, and of these 30,000 in their first month.

In spite of the difficulties caused by the war, the matter is being taken in hand, one of the leading organisations in the capital being “L’Œuvre Nouvelle des Crèches Parisiennes.”

Faithful to its motto of “Save the Child for the Family and Nation,” this society opened on August 9, 1914, its first refuge for expectant mothers, and, since this time, adapting its efforts to the increasing needs of the refugee population from Northern France and of the soldiers’ children, has multiplied its centres to such

an extent that, in the words of the Report issued on March 23, 1917:

the accommodation for mothers and children has always been and will be sufficient to face all demands for help.

The activities of the O.N.C.P. may be classified under the following heads:

(1) HELP GIVEN TO EXPECTANT MOTHERS.

On the outbreak of war six homes, containing in all 267 beds, were opened, and up to January 1, 1917, 3,445 maternity cases were dealt with.

These homes fall under two categories, pre-natal and maternity, the former admitting women from four to two months before childbirth, the latter, for which there is a State grant, being available only for the actual accouchement.

(2) HELP GIVEN TO YOUNG CHILDREN.

Children from one to three and a half years are taken in groups, usually of 10 to 15, and cared for during the temporary absence of the mother. These institutions—"Les Petits Foyers Maternels" they are called—are five in all and contain 97 cots, the entire expenses of this branch of the work being borne by the Society.

(3) CONVALESCENT HOMES FOR MOTHERS.

On leaving the maternity wards the women are sent to recuperate at one of the two convalescent homes provided for the purpose. Two resident certificated midwives are attached to each building, and the supervision of the whole scheme is in the hands of Professor Bonnaire. The upkeep of the 32 beds is partially met by the State.

(4) HOMES FOR WORKING MOTHERS.

In the future all motherhood will probably be recognised by the State as a profession, and as such be adequately endowed; but for the want of some such system the women of the working classes, especially in war time, have to return as soon as possible to work.

To meet this need the O.N.C.P. has instituted eight "Homes for Working

Mothers," containing in all 197 beds and 233 cots, and up to the end of 1916 1,382 mothers had availed themselves of this opportunity. At the end of eight months' nursing the mother returns to work. The child remains at the home, which the mother also makes her headquarters. She takes a meal there in the morning and another in the evening, and continues to rear her child except during the hours of work. While she is away the child is cared for, partly by other mothers who live there permanently and partly by voluntary workers. The mother who is earning a good wage contributes a small sum towards the child's support, and there is also a State grant for this purpose.

The French law already insists on a mother having a month's rest after childbirth, but the existence of these homes makes it possible for her to nurse her child over the full period and still carry on her usual occupation. It is interesting to note that several directors of the Courneuve factories, which employ many women, are interesting themselves both financially and otherwise in this and other activities of the Society.

(5) HELP FOR MOTHERS UNABLE TO NURSE THEIR BABIES.

To meet the case of mothers who, for any reason, are unable to nurse their children, the O.N.C.P. has inaugurated what are called "Les Gouttes de Lait." As the name implies, these institutions rear the babies, but there is also a weekly consultation with their mothers, who are given talks on health and child management, and in many cases take a lively interest in the progress marked on baby's chart.

(6) CARE OF YOUNG CHILDREN WHOSE MOTHERS ARE WORKING AT A DISTANCE.

The exigencies of war often necessitate the removal of women to areas outside Paris. The chief obstacle to the mother's departure is her anxiety about the child, so the O.N.C.P. is trying to solve the difficulty by taking charge of any such children.

# FROM A STUDENT'S NOTEBOOK

*By E. A. WODEHOUSE*

## The Life of Service

HERE is a life of service to which all aspire — however feebly or half-consciously—the moment the first ray of the true light has penetrated their hearts. For, with the vision of the light this ideal dawns on them as the only way in which that light can be expressed in daily life; and for the soul such expression becomes, by a compelling law of Nature, a necessity. It may shrink from, or defer, the effort. The celestial ray may become so dim that at times it is hardly seen. All that is base and slothful in human nature may rally itself in resistance. But the vision has been seen. Deep in the heart the light is there; and nothing can quench it. Henceforth there remains for the soul but two alternatives—either to harmonise the outer and the inner, and so to win happiness, or to leave the two unharmonised and to drag out fretful, discontented days of unhappiness and remorse. That is the penalty of vision. It gives, but it also demands. Its first act is to cleave the nature in twain, and from that time onwards happiness is to be found only in reunion.

The life of service is the complete expression of this reunion. In it all the faculties are gathered up together for one end—and that end the only one which the light can recognise as its own. And that is why with the life of service comes peace: for the essence of peace is unification. To be wholeheartedly in any work is always a joy; for it reduces human nature, for the time being, to simplicity. In the life of service alone can this concentration become permanent; for the end is one which need never change. It in-

cludes all worthy activities, it transforms the unworthy, and it defines itself the more fully and the more radiantly as it is followed. It is thus not merely an end; it is a vista, constantly opening out into new beauties as we advance. It is less an end than a direction. The path winds on for ever, but the end is never reached. Hourly and daily one may draw nearer to it, but still it recedes. And in this eternal elusiveness lies all the joy and hope of life.

Those who have loved anyone or anything in life consumedly, even for a moment, know that love, and love alone, is happiness. To be more happy is to love more; to be less happy is to love less. The life of service is the indefinite extension of this possibility of loving. It places us in a relation to Nature, which reduces the whole of existence to a state of love. Nature is infinitely various, that she may provide food for an infinite capacity for loving. Her marvellous wealth is but a claim and an appeal. Until we learn to love it, it lies outside us; and is, in that measure and for us, a dead thing. Only when we turn the eye of love upon it does it awaken into life. Thus is each man surrounded by a dead world which it is his task to vivify. And each man is consecrated, from the beginning, a World-Saviour through this indwelling power of vivification. His divine destiny, to be fulfilled through endless ages, is to bring Nature to life through love. And the secret here is that, whether he realise it or not, he is for ever dwelling in his own world and will dwell in it to the endless end. Out of the material which God has provided he is building for himself the world in

appropriated by love. It is not a thing of rules and self-denials. It is easy and inevitable, once love is awakened. Given the primal emotion, instinct infallibly reveals the rest. Without that primal emotion it is strange and difficult to understand. It follows, therefore, that the way to find it is rather to awaken the emotion than to study the rules and laws into which it can intellectually, in a certain fashion, be resolved.

## Will and Life

THE simplest way to awaken the will is by enthusiasm; but the difficulty here is that enthusiasm itself is not an easy thing to awaken. The lever, which should prove so powerful, is in itself hard to set in motion.

Fortunate are they who, through some ideal or *through* their devotion to some person or end, have by them the means for arousing the will. Without this, the whole effort must be mechanical. But, because it is mechanical, it does not mean that it is inferior. Indeed, for that very reason, it is, perhaps, the safer and the more efficacious. For devotion may cool and ideals may become dim, and with their languishing the motive energy which springs from them will become weak. But, once a man has mastered his mechanism, he can control it as he will, and is thenceforth independent of all indirect incentives, no matter how inherently noble, to right action.

What, then, is the mechanism which he must master? The answer is that, in a world of spirit and matter, all that is material is, of its own nature, but mechanism. Every energy of life implies a material medium through which it must work; the aim of life is to subdue this medium completely to the energy which it is devised to express. To do this is to make it more and more mechanical; and, as the medium becomes more mechanical, the life, which works through it, becomes more free. Perfect freedom comes when the machinery of self-expression in any

human being has been so thoroughly divested of all independent and warring impulses that the life can work through it without friction. To produce this result is the task of the will.

The will is the assertion of pure life as against the impure elemental energies resident in the organs, or mechanism, of life. These energies have to be crushed out until there is left only the pure motive force of the life itself, using its instruments as it lists. This is what is meant by dying in order that we may live. The elemental impure life dies; the true life remains. The second birth, the resurrection of the spirit, takes place when the true life flows in and completely takes the place of the other. When that happens, will ceases to be a striving against obstruction—that is only a temporary stage—and becomes the spontaneous outflow of the higher and diviner part of man. This the true "life according to Nature" of which philosophers have reasoned and poets dreamt.

If such life be imagined as vague and purposeless, it should be remembered that it is, in reality, exactly the reverse. The life knows of itself. It has its own clear aim and definite direction. It is, properly understood, a movement; its goal is contained within itself, is a part of its own nature; and the whole history of this life consists in the gradual and inevitable movement, through the material world, towards a realisation of that goal, grown into self-consciousness through the friction with matter, and retaining that self-consciousness even when, at last, the friction has been overcome and subdued.

The growth of the will is thus the growing assertion of life as against the material instruments of life; from another point of view it is the gradual liberation of the former, as the latter grow more and more automatic. In practice, it is the self-initiation of all movements from within. Ordinarily our vehicles act upon us; in the man of fully-developed will the man acts upon his vehicles. When we remember that each energy of life, even the highest, has its vehicle, we can see how all-embracing and how painful this automation of the instruments must be.

To let no thoughts flow in from without and control us; to let no feelings creep in unbidden; to be stirred to no action by external stimulus; but to originate all activity from within, out of the depths of the seeing Spirit—that is the “self-mortification” imposed by will. And it is seen and felt as self-mortification, until, at a later stage, it is known as self-vivification. What has happened has been but the substitution of a higher for a lower life, as the central motive energy. The elemental life of the vehicles has been crushed out; the truer and diviner life has taken its place.

*(To be continued.)*

## THE STAR OF HOPE

**W**AR-HURT and prostrate Earth, Arise!  
 Hark what the Star-lit shimmering heaven saith,—  
 See in the East the rising Star of Faith,  
 Herald of Coming Manhood, Spirit-full,  
 Incarnate for a peaceful, righteous rule.  
 Chaste is the Star, and radiant of Love,  
 Lit by the glory in the Heart above.  
 Symbol it is of heaven's divinest grace,  
 Promise of light in Manhood's holy face.  
 Prophet of peace, warrant of human weal,  
 Potent with every power to raise and heal.  
 Arise, O Earth, and follow forth the star!

ALEXANDER WEBSTER



# CHILD LIFE IN INDIA

By C. JINARAJADASA

INDIA to-day is a land of contrasts; high civilisation and culture are found side by side with primitive customs and superstitions. A land with 300 millions of people necessarily lacks many elements of unity; yet throughout all the Indian peoples there is the binding force of a common spiritual tradition. This

Indian peoples are fond of children, but there is no proper method applied towards them. No attempt, as yet, has been made to develop a science of child welfare, though, curiously enough, there is in ancient Indian culture a science of almost everything else, with a text-book of its own. In early infancy the mother and



JAYAVATI—"THE VICTORIOUS." A LITTLE FRIEND OF THE AUTHOR

tradition has behind it a tremendous force, but hitherto it has not been specially exercised in the direction of child welfare. Children are both petted and neglected; they are treated both as little animal bodies and as souls. It is these violent contrasts that are difficult of reasoned explanation.

grandmother and all the womenfolk of the Indian home take supreme command of the child; they carry out all the traditions concerning the rearing of children, not always to the benefit of the children, if we judge from the many ailments from which they suffer.

Indian parents take a great pride in

their children; they dress them lavishly, and deck them with jewels, especially when they are small. But proper medical attention is not given to them, and sufficient care is not taken of them. Children often suffer, quite unnecessarily, from skin diseases, ulcers, etc. The discipline of children is either absent or too harsh; children are allowed at times to do exactly what they like, and at other times forcibly and unreasonably prevented from living their natural life. In fact, conditions in India are exactly the same as conditions everywhere where there is no recognised science of child welfare. While Indian children are greatly petted, especially when little, there is unfortunately often a good deal of brutality towards them when growing up. So greatly has this become an evil that a League of Parents and Teachers has lately been started to bring about the total abolition of corporal punishment both in schools and in the home.

The Indian boy, when he comes to school-going age, is most keen to go to school; there is, in fact, an over-emphasis of the study side of child life at the expense of other parts of the child's nature. The career of boys depends altogether on the passing of examinations, and examinations have become a permanent nightmare to the children of this land. So much is this the case that, not so very infrequently, one hears of the suicide of boys before or after examinations, and three such suicides—one of a schoolboy and two of lads in college courses—took place this year in Bombay. Undoubtedly one difficulty in the way of reform movements for the training and education of children is the antiquated curricula of studies insisted upon by the Government of India's education department, which controls all education; the Government's official universities set the standard for schools and colleges, and this standard reacts in the home.

Boys are more favoured than girls, and in those communities in which child marriage prevails a girl's life is scarcely to be envied. The marriage as a child is only a betrothal, and the girl lives with her

parents till the period of puberty; but if during this time the boy husband dies the little girl is a widow for life. A few social reformers are trying to grapple with the terrible evils of child-marriage, but the greatest opposition is found among the women themselves, especially those of the older generation.

Indian boys and girls have a strong religious tendency in them, and religious exercises are most natural to them. Reverence is a marked characteristic of Indian children: reverence to parent or elder by tradition or habit, but reverence to a really great man—a religious teacher or a secular leader—with real spontaneity.

There is one element in child life in India that will not be found elsewhere, and it is the subconscious recognition that in the little bodies there are dwelling spiritual intelligences. Children are present at all public meetings—not only at religious meetings, but also at other meetings. Of course, the children do not understand, but, so to say, they bathe in the magnetism of the place, and it is recognised as good for them. A few weeks ago I conducted a memorial meeting on "White Lotus Day" for Madame Blavatsky. The meeting was in English, but there were two dozen children present varying from five to ten years of age. In these meetings, that children should talk is not considered reprehensible behaviour. In an Indian meeting there is always an outer ring to the audience of people who come and go, and there is therefore not the stillness one is accustomed to in meetings in the West; so, by habit largely, Indian audiences are accustomed to little disturbances, and the little chatter of children in a public meeting goes unnoticed. Of course, if the chatter becomes loud, they are suppressed, by going to the opposite extreme—after giving them the liberty of being present—of slapping them.

India ought to be a land where children are specially idealised. I say "ought to be" because the thought of *God as Child* is quite familiar to the people. Shri Krishna, worshipped by millions in India,



Courtesy of

[P. S. Joshi, Publisher.

## THE VISION OF THE UNIVERSE IN THE MOUTH OF THE DIVINE CHILD, KRISHNA

is especially loved in this aspect as a child. He is not depicted as a serious and solemn child Jesus, but a very human child. In the illustration of Krishna as a child we have humanity and divinity mixed in the characteristically Indian fashion. The following is the legend of the artist about the picture :

Krishna was once suspected of eating loose clods of earth. His mother tied his hands and gave him a good thrashing and ordered him to open his mouth in order that she should be convinced of his offence. Krishna opened his jaws, and, to her astonishment, Yashoda saw the sight of the whole universe in it and not any trace of earth.

In the next illustration the Creator is imaged in the form of a boy, truly an Eternal Prince, a Lord of the Flame.

That children may be wiser than their elders is quite recognised, though unfortunately chiefly as a tradition, and not sufficiently as a possible fact in our daily life. In the ancient Laws of Manu we have the following incident :

Young Kavi, the son of Angiras, taught his

relatives, who were old enough to be his fathers ; and, as he excelled them in sacred knowledge he called them " Little Sons." They, moved with resentment, asked the gods concerning that matter, and the gods, having assembled, answered, " The child has addressed you properly. For a man destitute of sacred knowledge is, indeed, a child, and he who teaches him the Veda is his father ; for the sages have always said ' child ' to an ignorant man, and ' father ' to a teacher of the sacred science."

Another famous boy is Nachiketas, who went to the Lord of Death and challenged him, and by persistence won the great secret of existence. The truths Nachiketas won are given to us in the *Katha Upanishad*.

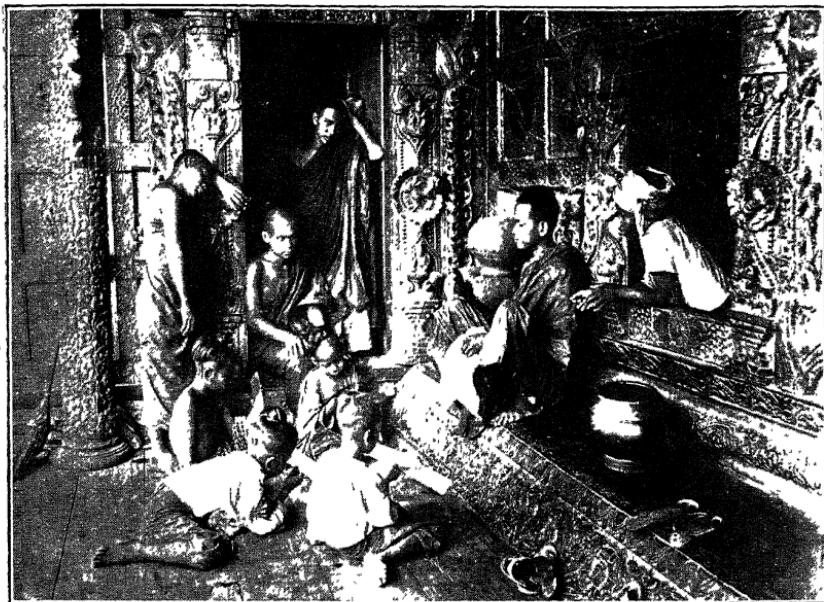
In Burma children have perhaps a happier time than in India ; there is not quite so much forcing of the children in education. There is no child marriage, and a servile obedience is not expected of children. Our illustration shows some boys at a monastery school in Burma. Among Buddhist children there are seve-



Courtesy of

[Ravi Udaya Press, Bombay.

## THE CREATOR IN THE ASPECT OF SURYANARAYANA, THE SUN GOD



*Courtesy of Johanness & Co., Mandalay.*

BURMESE BOYS AT A MONASTIC SCHOOL IN BURMA READING FROM PALM-LEAF  
MANUSCRIPTS

ral children of tradition well known, especially Chatta, for whom the Lord Buddha composed three verses, which Buddhist children still sing.

If the proper spirit about child welfare could be roused in India this land could soon become the paradise of children. Living all the time in the open air, with the need of few clothes (or none at all, as often), children are close to Nature. With a little knowledge of sanitation and hygiene child life can become almost ideal. Readers of the *Herald of the Star* are aware of the articles in it by Mr. E. J. Smith on "Child Welfare in Bradford." By Mr. Smith's generosity I brought out with me as lantern slides all the pictures used by him in the articles, and delivered three lectures on child welfare. A great deal of interest has been aroused, and many requests have come from different towns for the use of the slides. Mr. G. S. Arundale has just begun a series of articles in Mrs. Besant's Madras daily

*New India* on the medical examination of children, and it is his hope shortly to get sufficient help to start a model children's clinic in the city of Madras.

The elements exist in India of a deep devotion to children and their welfare, but they need to be developed and systematised. In all lands—England, America, Italy, Russia, and elsewhere—where there exist two problems, the social problem and the national problem, the latter must be well on its way to solution before there is enough energy free to take up the former problem. This is very much the case with India just now. But as soon as the problem of national aspirations is solved there will be energy of every kind—money, workers, supporters—for all the social problems that beset the lives of the peoples of India to-day; and as among all these problems that of the children is pre-eminent, there is little doubt that presently a great science of child welfare will arise in India.

# MATERNITY AND CHILD WELFARE

By E. J. SMITH

## VIII.

*This article concludes the present series. They have been largely quoted and cannot fail to do good work in stimulating action in the right direction. We hope to present to our readers other articles from the Chairman of the Bradford Board of Health.*

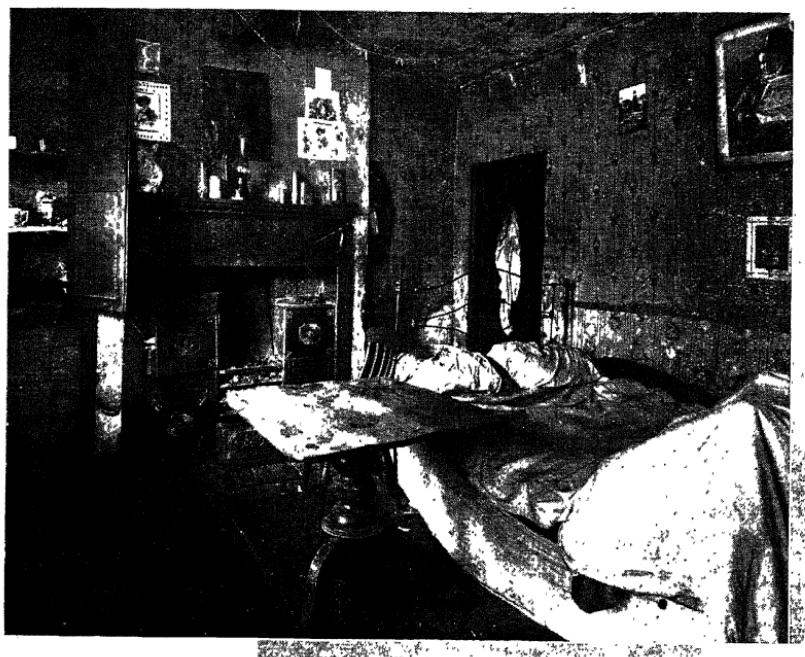
### “Watchman, What of the Night”

**N**O one who has been privileged to visit our vast but sparsely populated dominions, can fail to have been seriously impressed by the tremendous need for a continuous increase in the number of emigrants from the Mother Country, if our colonies are to retain their predominant British character and make that mighty contribution to the world's progress which, under favourable circumstances, is so well within their power. In contemplating the inevitable territorial expansion that has grown out of the war, however, our well-meaning Empire-builders are in danger of overlooking three fundamental facts which bear directly upon the fulfilment of their purposes: (1) The unprecedented sacrifice on land and sea of the very heroes they stand most in need of; (2) the continuance of the steady fall that has characterised the birth-rate during the last forty years, and which must now be gravely emphasised unless immediate steps are taken to grapple with it; and (3) the ever-increasing proportion of children coming from the poorest parentage and being born into the worst conditions. If these truly ominous factors had reference to stock-breeding or crops they would “give us furiously to think”; but as they only refer to children, and our concern is for

men and women, it will be soon enough to consider them twenty years hence. The same fatal shortsightedness is typical of our commercial leaders, whose business acumen is more apparent when dealing with material circumstances than when confronted by human affairs. For years prior to the war the nation enjoyed unparalleled industrial prosperity, and could have had a still greater share of the world's business if the labour by which alone it could be done had been forthcoming, but that significant shortage, and the reasons for it, together with the subsequent events already referred to, leave our trade experts as unmoved as our empire builders, though each is sorely in need of the man-power that neither can get. In the face of these facts our captains of industry and commerce insist that Great Britain shall (1) become self-contained and independent, by capturing the key industries—whatever that may ultimately mean; (2) enter into preferential arrangements with our colonies and our Allies to the detriment of our enemies; and (3) erect notice boards over the best markets abroad intimating that “trespassers will be prosecuted,” mutually destructive projects which must be accompanied, as soon as the psychological moment arrives, by the demand

for a larger and more efficient army and navy with which to police—at the nation's expense—these unjust claims. Why one privileged section of the community should thus call the tune and leave the people to pay the piper does not appear on the surface, though it probably arises from the fact that they have taken good care to be adequately represented in Parliament; but it is not our purpose for the

for unless some such ingenious device is forthcoming, it is not easy to indicate the sources from which the necessary labour is to be drawn with which to supply these ever-expanding ideas of plausible greatness in a country where both the quality and quantity of new life is so gravely jeopardised. Much is to be hoped from a mutual arrangement between employers and employed that will abolish the de-



WATCHMAN, WHAT OF THE NIGHT?"

moment to inquire into that, or to try to ascertain how we are to flood the world with exports, and at the same time close our doors to the imports that pay for them, any more than it is our intention to consider the code of ethics involved in this singularly hazardous plan of campaign. But it is pertinent to ask if we are approaching an era in which it will be possible to "make bricks without straw,"

grading practice of limiting output, and the war-time expedient of employing women to do what has hitherto been regarded as men's work is not likely to be abolished, but whatever success may attend these and similar innovations will be needed to meet the very reasonable and necessary demand for shorter hours and more considerate conditions of service. Under these circumstances and in

view of the fact that further serious reduction in infantile mortality depends rather upon revolutionary social and industrial changes, than upon any means within the power of maternity and child welfare agencies, there is no immediate prospect of compensation being found to counteract the falling birth-rate, and it is clear we must turn in other directions for a solution of this great human problem.

**"HOME LIFE, THE BULWARK OF THE STATE"**

If the writer's profound conviction that Britain's future depends primarily neither upon her industries nor her men, but upon her homes and her women, has not already been made unmistakably clear, he desires to avoid the failure of his purpose by again emphasising that fact in this, the closing article of the series. Next to winning the war, he is convinced that the highest and most urgent duty of statesmanship is to emancipate and reward the women who make our homes, maintain our industries and perpetuate the race, but whose unassuming devotion to this noblest and most imperious duty has been so long and unwarrantably overlooked, that its importance is neither understood nor appreciated. Indeed, it is only by giving some tangible and concrete recognition of the tremendous indebtedness of the State to motherhood, through its endowment, that we can hope to arrest the disastrous deterioration that is undoubtedly taking place in the home life of the nation, and for which our thoughtlessness and indifference are undoubtedly to blame. In the reconstruction that must follow the war, and which is even now looming large in the minds of men, some really potent influence calculated to redeem and strengthen parental capacity and pride is indispensable to the greatness of that new day which alone can compensate for the black night that is slowly drawing to its close, for nothing short of the infection of the moral and spiritual forces of the land by the insidious and deadly disease of selfishness, pleasure, luxury, and ease, could have led us to ignore so persistently the perilous tendency of homes to become boarding

houses, the number of their occupants to grow less, and good mothering to wane.

**THE PENALTY OF NEGLECT**

We have not only to fulfil the supremely momentous task of stopping the fatal drift in families whose lineage has contributed so worthily to our national well-being, but we have to rescue those who are so effectively undermining the best of which we should otherwise be capable; for our refusal to safeguard marriage, the most important and sacred human relationship in life, and our willingness to still permit an indefinite multiplication of the physically, mentally, and morally unfit, have created problems alongside which all others pale into insignificance. Because we have ignored these perils and left the gravest of all questions to chance, there are mothers who are only such because every inhuman device has failed them; mothers who violate every moral code; mothers who drink, swear, and fight; mothers who deliberately neglect, ill-treat, and assault their little ones within the four corners of the law, till disease, maiming, and death result; mothers who are disappointed when their children live; mothers who are verminous, slatternly, and unkempt; mothers who are ignorant, indolent, and shameless; mothers who gossip with arms folded or akimbo from morning till night, and understand everybody's business but their own; and all these women and their prototypes—a rapidly increasing number—are *actually providing a growing proportion of the next generation of mothers*. To point to the damaging fact that in the overwhelming proportion of these cases the fathers are as bad or worse, and treat their wives more as a convenience than as human beings, is but to damn more effectively the social order or, to speak more truthfully, chaos, that permits the dehumanising conditions which produce these race destroyers, such as drink, gambling, and lust, overcrowded and insanitary hovels and neighbourhoods, where rents are as high as the accommodation is miserable and inadequate, low and intermittent wages paid for degradingly monotonous toil, and poor food, as lacking in variety

as it is exorbitant in price. Amidst such surroundings and environment the dead hand of gloom, wretchedness, and despair is inevitable, and it must be as apparent, as it undoubtedly is disgraceful, to every self-respecting citizen, that such infamous hotbeds of degeneracy, disease, and crime could only exist in a nation that has not sufficient intelligence and public spirit, not to mention conscience, to destroy the

him out regardless of cost, as we should a military invader, we not only permit him to exact an infinitely greater, because constant, toll of life, but actually uphold immense police forces and erect and maintain, at unrealised outlay to ourselves, expensive prisons, workhouses, hospitals, institutions for mental defectives, asylums for the insane, etc., in which to relieve him of the human wreckage he has



"OF SUCH IS THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN."

fungus that is rotting its vitality and power.

#### HOW WE FACE THE FOE

These social, industrial, and moral monstrosities constitute an enemy within the gate who never sleeps, but every day, every week, every month, and every year for generations has pursued his deadly "frightfulness" amongst us; yet instead of resisting his onslaughts and driving

wrought. Indeed, when his victims can no longer support themselves, but need both keeping and ministering to by costly medical, surgical, and nursing staffs, we take them off his hands that he may be free to continue his death-dealing campaign against both our fellow-citizens and the State. Nay, we go further and put the frailest members of society into well-defined areas, in order that he may

train his heavy artillery more effectively upon them, and if anybody complains we say, in effect, it is the fault of the weak that they are unable to resist the attacks of the strong, and that just as the enemy has the right to disable them, we have the duty to take care of them *after* the crime has been committed, for if these victims were left on the battlefield instead of being put out of sight and out of mind we should be compelled to choose between his defeat and our own extermination. That is how our conception of fair play all round works out: it gives the enemy a chance to multiply, and then destroy, our weakest members, them a chance of being destroyed, and us a chance of providing for them as soon as he has converted them into casualties, so that justice is satisfied, and none but croakers and cranks complain. Talk about the declining birth-rate, infant mortality, and the damage rate, it would be as easy for the Local Government Board and the authorities through which it works, to empty the Thames with a pail as to solve these stupendous problems by any means that have yet been attempted. But our culpable apathy has become part of our lives, and we resolutely decline to grapple with vested interests, and the curses they inflict upon us until stern necessity compels us to act. Then, when our blind eye fails us, we (1) begin to talk about the peril that idealists and dreamers have been calling our attention to all along, as though it had only just been discovered; (2) eventually we appoint a Royal Commission to consider it; (3) after they have deliberated till the alarm has died down, though the rampant evil remains, a report is issued. (4) As such important documents would suffer if subjected to indecent haste, becoming time is extended to it. (5) Eventually an innocuous Bill is drafted. (6) When all the vested interests concerned have had ample opportunity to marshal their forces against it, (7) the measure is apologetically presented to the House, whose love of compromise—dignified by the bewitching term, sweet reasonableness—(8) allows it to emerge from St. Stephen's a mass of ambiguous and

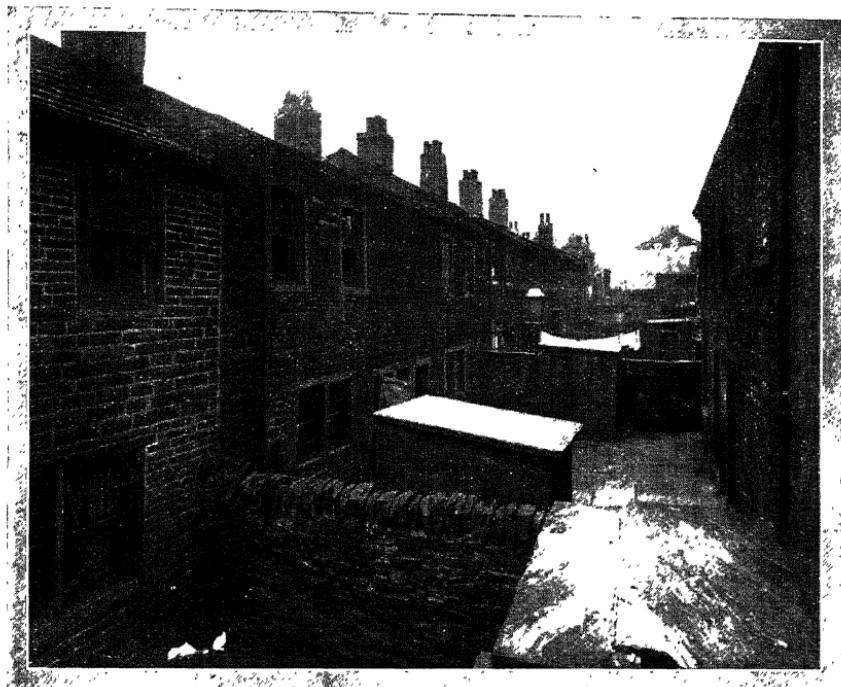
mutually destructive clauses. (9) Having thus (a) “done something,” (b) appeased the public conscience, (c) satisfied the opposition, and (d) imposed a few harmless barriers in the way of a virulent and deep-seated menace to public morality and national well-being, (e) our legislators retire, conscious that hereafter “all's well, and the lights are burning brightly.”

#### THE CHURCHES

In times fraught with such stupendous possibilities for weal or for woe, the supreme duty of the whole community is to get back to God in order that the nation may go forward to consecrate its life to worthier objects and nobler living. Under such circumstances it would be well for religious organisations engaged in the production of neutral tints, or hiding behind diplomatic ambiguities—and their name is legion—to clear the ground they cumber, for a world that has been thrown into the melting-pot and can never be the same again has no use for moral and spiritual sophistry; it must rely upon those who intend to play a man's full part in determining the character it is to assume when it comes out again. Indeed, those Churches which have to depend upon the support of men and women who are resolved to vindicate the appalling sacrifice of that great army of noble heroes who have died for their country's honour and freedom and future, will not be slow to recognise that only such of their number are likely to survive as have ceased to believe that the nation can be saved by their talking pleasant platitudes about Christian unity and “overlapping”; for earnest men and women are sick of those who obviously attach more importance to organisations than to the purposes for which they were called into being. If the representatives of the Churches had been sincere they would long since have inaugurated the one and abolished the other, and the fact that they lack the spirit and willingness is the best possible proof that they can never accomplish the infinitely greater task of translating abstract faith into concrete practice. Under such circumstances it is very much open to doubt

if the Churches, as at present constituted, will not die a natural death through the absence of adherents and funds, and be superseded by a new witness more in keeping with the great epoch of reconstruction that confronts us, and the necessity for its stupendous enterprises being carried out in the spirit which alone can extract from the world-wide disaster, that

for the specific purpose of wiping out these plague-spots of the State and saving those who, under normal conditions, die in them in greater numbers than our heroes on the battlefield. It is no exaggeration to say that many of the wealthy and influential attendants of such Churches know infinitely more about foreign countries than about the poorer portions of



“THE BULWARKS OF THE STATE.”

is drenching continents with blood and tears, a new and glorious birth. Christianity is too universal in its appeal, and too democratic in its application, to leave the slums on a siding, or to be entrusted to those who “fiddle while Rome burns” by allowing its most urgent duties and uncongenial tasks to go by default. Yet, whoever heard of a great organisation of the suburban Churches called into being

their own, and are alarmed when anyone breathes the word revolution; but those in closest contact with the misery, wretchedness and despair of the disinherited, can only wonder that it has been kept at arm's length so long, for organised religion has done little indeed to remove the causes from which anarchy springs, although its highest duty is to transform the grossly selfish and con-

tented materialism of which slums are the most obvious expression, into a Christian commonwealth.

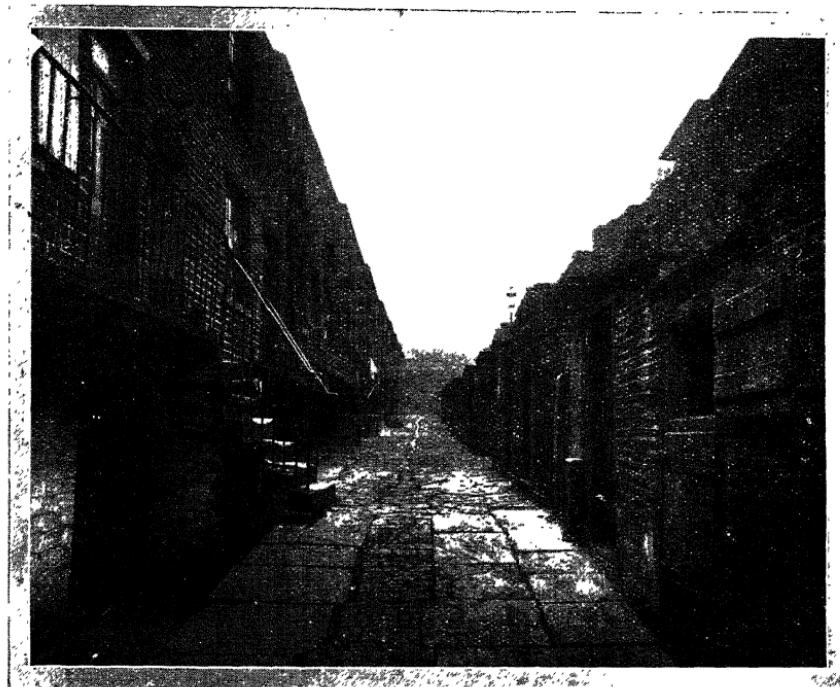
In the tremendously realistic life of to-morrow, however, the Church's success or failure will depend, not upon the degree of comfort and contentment within its walls, but upon the manner in which it "sticks its claws into reality" by promoting these conditions outside, and exhibits that consecrated enterprise among the poor which constitutes the visible manifestation of the kingdom of God on earth. A sceptical world will want to know what is happening to the man going down from Jerusalem to Jericho; and if the investigation shows that history is repeating itself, by revealing the potent fact that the despised Samaritan is ministering to the victim's social and industrial needs now, as he was to his physical wounds then, while the official representatives of organised religion and respectable society are "passing by on the other side," it will neither be slow to judge their faith by their works nor to transfer its allegiance to those, however unorthodox, who are actually doing the spade-work of redemption. The truth of this statement has never been more strikingly borne out than by the universal appreciation expressed by our fighting forces—composed of all sorts and conditions of men—for the truly magnificent services rendered by the Y.M.C.A., both in the camps at home and on the battlefields abroad. A more worthy and inspiring example of the wonderful power of real, solid, all-round Christian brotherhood, extended indiscriminately to good, bad, and indifferent alike—often in the very jaws of death—it is impossible for men to conceive or the Churches to copy, and to the rough-and-tumble Englishman's credit be it said that, whatever may have been the position of the Y.M.C.A. in this country before the war, it will occupy an honoured and impregnable one after it is over. A dead faith has no meaning for living men, amongst whom actions are the interpreters of words, but if organised religion would take off its coat and roll up its shirt

sleeves in the slums of Britain, as the Y.M.C.A. has done on the threshold of hell in France, both this country and the Churches would be saved. The outstanding need is less talk and more work, through the definite application of Christian principles to the circumstances of the times in which we live, but unfortunately the heart-breaking calls of poverty, ignorance, and sin have found the Churches much more willing to preach than to practise, for after their sermons have been delivered they have followed the Biblical injunction (?) and "in honour preferred one another" to apply to them. That is how General Booth and his heroically devoted but deplorably equipped soldiers came to volunteer for this—humanly speaking—thankless task, in unknown and uncared-for hinterlands, while the Churches continued the much more congenial work that could be done in safety and comfort at home. But if organised religion is to play its part in the gigantic undertakings of reconstruction that are immediately in front of us it will have to win a reputation, which at present it certainly does not merit, for what the Americans call a "square deal," and the relative disproportion between the number of places of worship in the slums—where the birth-rate and the death-rate are highest—and in the suburbs—where the duty of maintaining the one is ignored and the causes of the other are reduced to a minimum—is a fairly reliable index of the distance it will have to travel before it convinces disinterested observers that it sets as much store on the bodies and souls of the submerged as upon those of the well-to-do. An allegory may be forgiven. A man of considerable means, influence, and power went to Heaven and was met at the gates by Peter, whose duty it was to show him to his new quarters. As they passed through very beautiful country, the new-comer's attention was arrested by a charming villa on the slopes of a pretty hill-side. "That's a bonny spot," said the stranger, "Who lives there?" "Oh!" said Peter, "that is the railway porter you used to see at the station every morning on your

way to business." "Indeed," said the surprised arrival, and the journey was continued. One truly fascinating piece of scenery succeeded another till the delighted new resident's eyes fell upon a delightful home nestling away in a gloriously wooded valley. "What a picture," said the wealthy man, "Whoever lives there?" "That," said Peter, "is the house of that hard-working man whose

wouldn't like to live here." "But," said Peter, "these are your new quarters." "What!" said the amazed citizen, "I can't stay here; besides, there's nothing but a number of old planks to be seen." "Well," said Peter, "I'm sorry, but we can only use such material as you send up."

It is no answer to say that the Churches are so much concerned about the degrad-



WHERE THE CHURCHES OVERLAP."

wife and children were always so clean and tidy when they passed you on your way to church each Sunday." "Really," said the bewildered stranger, and they passed on. Eventually they arrived at the edge of a bleak, desolate, and forbidding expanse of moorland with nothing but a few unshapely pieces of timber lying about. "My word," said the new-comer, "I don't care for the look of this place. I

ing influence of poverty and its attendant evils that they have established a mission centre here and there—for it is common knowledge that these are infinitesimal to the need, while in the better districts of cities overlapping is disgracefully prevalent; that they occasionally refer to the soul-destroying conditions of these human scrap-heaps when preaching; and now and again speak at public meetings to

people who, whilst listening, get an uncomfortable sort of feeling that perhaps, after all, there may be something wrong, and then go home and sleep it off, for unless the terribly significant parable of the Last Judgment is to find an even more appropriate setting in the twentieth century than in the first, the Churches will have to march into the front line trenches of these under-worlds of iniquity, injustice, and want; and, when the moment comes to advance against the systems and interests responsible for them, "go over the top" like men, to death or victory. The stay-at-homes are suffering from the creeping paralysis of unconscious indifference, and nothing can stop the progressive character of their disease but following the example of the Salvation Army, and actually *living* among the outcasts of humanity, that the legal crimes which society perpetrates upon its defenceless members may be burned into their very souls, till righteous indignation can no longer refrain from sending to Heaven Ebenezer Elliott's mighty democratic appeal :

When wilt Thou save the people?  
O God of mercy, when?  
The people, Lord, the people,  
Not thrones and crowns, but men :  
God save the people; Thine they are,  
Thy children, as Thine angels fair;  
From vice, oppression and despair,  
God save the people.

That wondrously human and poignant petition, which should find a responsive chord in every Christian breast, imposes upon those who either utter or sing it the obligation to become the instruments by means of which God can answer it. Are the Churches willing to go and learn, through actual contact and painful experience, how those for whom Christ died exist—for they cannot be said to live, even in the richest country in the world—and then make the land ring with an irresistible demand that these sinks of civilisation, these skeletons in the cupboard of every right-thinking man and woman's conscience, these handwritings on the wall of "Christian" Britain, shall be swept out of existence and never again be permitted to become the

habitation of those—amongst others—who have stood between us and disaster? Indeed, it would be a national crime to permit the men who have fought our battles and won our victories to go back into such hovels after risking their all for us and ours. It needs men of character, backbone, stamina, and grit to lead us out of this quagmire of concentrated abuses. Dare the Churches add lustre to this epoch-making period of heroism and sacrifice by undertaking in God's name the Herculean task? Are they the fitting medium through which the omnipotent dynamic can be applied to the ever-increasingly complex, and otherwise indissoluble, problems that threaten the very existence of the race; for, if Shylock had spoken of faith instead of ducats he would have expressed a still profounder truth, and one of even more universal application, when he said :

You take my house, when you do take the prop  
That doth sustain my house; you take my life,  
When you do take the means whereby I live.

Churches and slums are manifestly an impossible combination—either may flourish, but both cannot, for the one is the antithesis and negation of the other—and a nation passing through the throes of a new birth will have to decide which. In the writer's opinion a religious revival in this country can only come through the salvation of the mother and the child, and the abolition of slums and the causes that produce and maintain them. If the Churches can do that they will be saved; but, if not, they neither will, nor deserve to be, for they will prove themselves the betrayers of Him whose name they bear and whose redeeming purposes they either do, or should, exist to serve. One of the most hopeful ways of beginning the supremely urgent and exacting duty would be, as suggested in the first article of this series : for as many Churches as realise the call sufficiently to respond to it, to secure a house composed of two or more dwellings in the very heart of every slum, and staff it with relays of say half a dozen Christian men and women, blessed with every-day common-sense, who would be willing to

go and live there for say a month or so at a time for the intensely practical purpose of exhibiting, not ostentatious and patronising, but tactful, sympathetic and intelligent, neighbourliness. They would be getting to know at first hand *who the poor are, and how they live*, for it is this first-hand knowledge that is the indispensable forerunner of their uplift. Reading books, listening to sermons, and hearing addresses make but a very superficial and easily removed impression, but actual experience on the spot would be cumulative and indelible, and put an end to that flippancy and uninformed condemnation of the poor which only recoils on those who utter it. Such residence would be as amazingly fruitful in educational results to the new-comers as redemptive to the old inhabitants, for until those blessed by adequate means and favourable circumstances, and those cursed by the want of them, can be brought together and learn to understand and respect each other, the great restoration can never come.

#### THE NEW DUTY

Where physical, mental, and moral fitness exists, marriage and parenthood constitute a sacred duty which is in the highest interests of the individual and the State, apart altogether from numbers, and one of the gravest penalties the war must impose upon the nation is to deprive many pure and high-minded women, who would have made sterling wives and ideal mothers, of the opportunity of rendering that magnificent service to the race. But the absence of that duty creates the possibility of undertaking one scarcely less sacred, and everything possible should be done to win for the poor and needy the sweetness and love these noble women can give, for if the nation is to weather the storms of reconstruction through which it must pass, and if the inevitable retributions are to purify and not degrade, none can render more helpful, inspiring, and redeeming service in these forlorn and

beleaguered camps, where civilisation hides the results of its folly, than the brave victims who, but for the horrors of war, would have taken enviable pride in rearing such families of their own as the nation will stand sorely in need of. It is, therefore, most sincerely to be hoped that their uplifting influence will be enlisted in this truly Christian work, for as the years roll by the fulfilment of such high duties by those who have converted misfortune into stepping stones to the things that matter and abide, will bring that reward of contentment and happiness which the world can neither give nor take away. To staff such homes in slums as have been suggested, with women consecrated to that noble task, would be to build lighthouses on the storm-tossed seas, and to surround the angry billows with Grace Darlings devoting their lives to bringing shipwrecked men, women and children safely on shore. That would be *applied Christianity*, the beginning of a new and worthier witness, and nothing else can bring salvation and deliverance to the race.

To exalt the mother and the child is to herald the dawn of that new day when life will have become so sacred that these harbingers of the new kingdom will have left the factory for the home and the school, when overcrowded and insanitary hovels, and all they represent, will have drifted into memories we would fain forget, and the Sodoms and Gomorras of vicious practices and immoral living will have passed away in the pure atmosphere of virtue and truth, for the land we seek is beyond and our motto is "Excelsior."

'Tis coming up the steeps of time,  
For this old world is growing brighter;  
We may not see its dawn sublime,  
But high hopes make the heart throb lighter;  
We may be slumbering in the ground  
When it awakes the world in wonder;  
But we have seen it gathering round,  
We've heard its voice of living thunder;  
'Tis coming! Yes, 'tis coming,  
For the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it.

# WOMAN'S TASK IN THE COMING CIVILISATION

By LADY EMILY LUTYENS

*A Lecture delivered to the United Suffragists on March 9, 1917*

EVERYWHERE to-day there is talk of reconstruction, and many different views are put forward as to what should and should not be done to make a better world when the war is over. One thing, however, is certain, and that is that women will have to take their full share in this work of reconstruction if it is to be of any value.

In the past a woman has been thought of as a woman before she has been considered as a human being. I mean by this that a woman's function in the State has been considered always in relation to other people, and not on her individual merits, as is the case with a man. A man develops his individuality as a *human being*; a woman develops hers as a *woman*. A woman's value to the community has been in her sex rather than in her humanity. That is no longer going to be true of the woman of the future.

Let me illustrate my meaning by two instances which came to me the other day, and which show very forcibly the difference between the old type of woman and the new. I was taken by a friend to one of the fashionable dress-maker's in the West-End of London, and there I saw the unfortunate women who are made to strut about the shop showing off gowns to other women—with one exception, perhaps, the most degrading life that any woman can lead, because her employers are exploiting her sex, and she has no value at all as a human being. From there I went to King's College, and saw the girls who are studying for the course of domestic science and economy. What a contrast! Here are women who are realising themselves

first as human beings, and by this means are realising that they have a place in the community as human beings, and have a gift to offer which is not dependent on sex.

Let me take a further instance to illustrate my meaning.

Men to-day in vast numbers are giving their lives for an ideal; they are leaving their homes and families, and facing death, wounds and imprisonment for big impersonal ends, and everyone is agreed that this is a splendid and heroic thing to do. But a year or two back women were also going out to fight—to suffer, and, if need be, die for an ideal, and everyone said how mad and wicked they were. Judged as human beings, the motive and the sacrifice were equally heroic in both cases, but the women were judged as *women*, and therefore condemned. It is right for a woman to sacrifice herself, but only along certain recognised lines. She is expected to sacrifice herself continuously for husband and children, or for the sick; and, indeed, is severely blamed if she does not do so. That is her function as a *woman*. But she has no right to sacrifice herself for women in the abstract, or for a big ideal; that is the privilege of a man, because he is a human being.

In the future, that is going to be changed, and women are going to express themselves as human beings *first*. To what changes will this lead? We shall all recognise that some women will only realise their humanity fully through marriage and motherhood. But some will need for that realisation a bigger scope, in art or science, or in that larger aspect of maternity which would

embrace all the neglected children of humanity.

But even the motherhood of to-morrow is not going to be the same as the motherhood of yesterday. We talk a lot of cant about the beautiful conception of the mother and the child, but when it comes to practice we penalise both; and motherhood and childhood for the great mass of the people are surrounded by conditions which could not exist for one moment if we really meant what we said. There is a great outcry to-day about the falling birth-rate, and men are calling out for more and more babies to be born. Would it not be wiser first to care more for those we already have? When we realise that in England alone the mortality of deaths among infants under a year old is heavier than the mortality among the soldiers fighting, it may well be asked, have we, as a nation, deserved to have more of these precious lives given into our care when we value them so little?

We have got to surround motherhood with different conditions. In the first place, if we really believe that motherhood is the finest profession that any woman can adopt, we must prove it by the endowment of motherhood, and so make it possible for the mother to remain at home and care for her children.

Then we have to realise that if the mother is to be a human being as well as a woman, she must have leisure for thought and education and recreation. The woman of the future is not going to be content to be merely a household drudge. The exigencies of war are bringing us to the establishment of communal kitchens; let us hope that the exigencies of peace will mean their continuance. This would at once relieve the poor mother of a great part of her daily burden.

Perhaps, also, a day will come when

we shall realise that cleanliness is a necessity of public health and that cleanliness is dependent upon a plentiful supply of hot water, and every house will automatically be supplied with hot water, as it is now with cold.

Clubs and reading-rooms will then be able to play a larger part in the life of the mother, and as she develops her humanity she will also develop the capacity to help her children not only in babyhood but also in maturity.

The task of women in the coming civilisation will, I feel sure, be largely a practical one. The training of ages has developed this side of their nature, and any woman knows that a household run upon the same lines as those upon which men run Governments would be bankrupt in a week.

Men are in reality the sentimental and emotional sex, and my fear sometimes is that women in authority are inclined to harshness.

Women will bring *strength* also as their contribution to the State, for strength is developed by suffering, and undoubtedly women suffer more than men.

Another great gift they will bring is intuition, the power to sense and grasp the future. This is an essential quality in any scheme of reconstruction, especially for those who believe in the spiritual guidance of the world. If God has a plan for men, we need to try and understand it and to grasp what is wanted as a next step.

I believe most surely in the dawn of a new age, but I also believe that before that new age is realised we have many a fight yet to wage against the forces of reaction even when this war is over. Prussianism does not exist in Germany alone. But I have absolute faith that the fight will be won, because men and women are fighting it together, shoulder to shoulder.



# THE GREATEST ECONOMY OF ALL

*By J. HALFORD*

**O**F the many pre-war social welfare activities that depend so largely on voluntary aid, there are hardly any that have not been severely hit by the great demand for workers of all sorts in close connection with the war itself. This is neither surprising, avoidable, nor regrettable. There is, however, one form of social welfare work that has come to be considered as on a par with that for soldiers and sailors, and is recognised as being vitally necessary for the future of the nation, and that is, any effort that conduces to the saving of infant life and the promotion of maternal well-being. It has needed a great war to bring this fact home to us, to make us realise, as Napoleon once put it, that "good mothers are a nation's best asset," and that we have started twenty-five years too late to repair the terrible wastage of human life which is now going on so continuously among the flower of our race.

It is estimated that during 1915 nine of our soldiers died every hour—it is known for a positive fact that during the same period twelve British babies died every hour. So it is more dangerous to be an infant in Great Britain than an infantryman at the Front! Moreover, when one adds to this the heavy toll of ante-natal deaths, the majority of which, like those of infants, are due to preventable causes, and remembers the unduly high damage rate among the survivors, and the declining birth-rate, one cannot but regret that we did not wake up sooner and take steps to stop the greater part of the loss of some hundred thousand

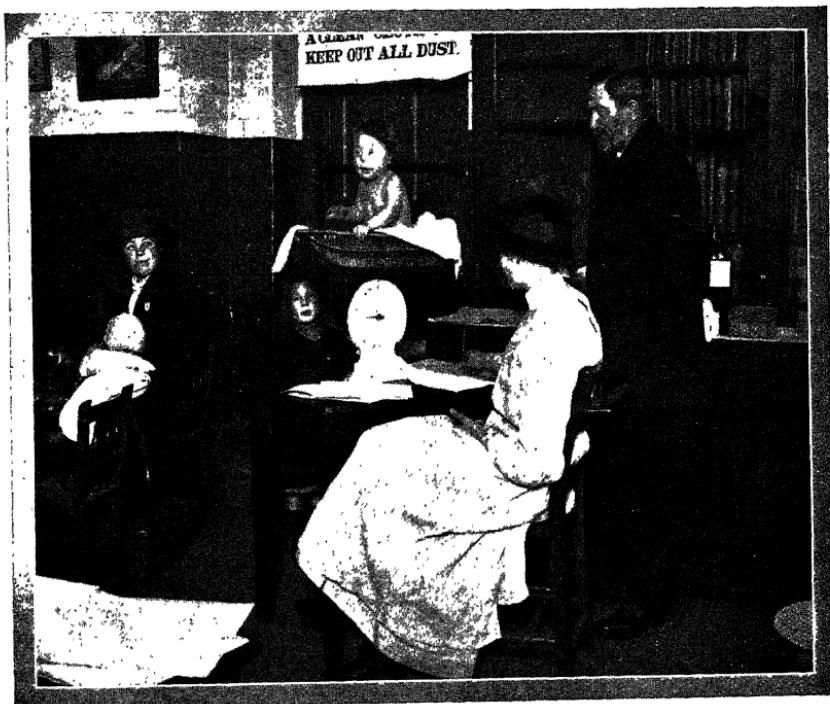
baby lives each year which we now deplore.

But the nation's conscience has at last been quickened, as the rapid increase since the war in the number both of Infant Welfare Centres and of Health Visitors goes to prove. There are now nearly 1,000 of the former, as compared with 400 in 1914, and at least double as many of the latter as before. This does not mean that we are even within an appreciable distance of an adequate supply of either, if skilled advice on the upbringing of her baby is to be brought within the reach of every mother requiring it. It is, at least, a step in the right direction, as well as being a more attainable and cheaper means of reducing the infant mortality rate, than the improvement of housing and sanitation, the abolition of poverty, intemperance, and other racial poisons, which some people think a better panacea. It is surely no mere coincidence that last year, when Infant Welfare Centres and Health Visitors were more numerous than ever before and when the housing conditions had nowhere been improved, the infant mortality rate should have been lower than any previous records. Even so, we can ill-afford to lose, before they are a year old, 91 out of every 1,000 babies born.

Infant Welfare Centres are places to which working-class mothers, young or old, married or unmarried, are invited to bring their children under school age regularly, to be inspected by a doctor, who detects incipient ill-health and advises how to prevent it or how to set right the many minor ailments, mostly due to digestive troubles, to which babies are

liable. Each child is undressed for inspection and weighed, thus affording the Superintendent of the Centre, who is usually a nurse, or midwife, and health visitor, an opportunity of seeing if the child is properly clothed. One does not so often hear now of unfortunate mites burdened with twenty-three layers of clothes, instead of the orthodox four,

tary school girls enjoying a weekly practical demonstration in mothercraft at the local Centre more than any of their other lessons. The work at the Centre is always supplemented by visits to the home, paid by the Superintendent or other well-qualified worker, to see that the instructions are being carried out. Class instruction in simple hygiene for



AN INFANT CONSULTATION

though feeding errors are still exceedingly common. But the thirst for knowledge evinced by mothers of all classes is a very encouraging sign of the times. The Centres are always very popular—one hears of one mother bringing her seventeenth baby, of another walking miles every week to bring a healthy little one to be inspected and kept well, and of elemen-

the mother and child, and in sewing, knitting, cookery, etc., supplements the medical object-lesson which each mother gets on her own baby. It is the educational feature, more than any other, which distinguishes infant welfare work in the United Kingdom from that of other countries. A pleasant social spirit is engendered by the cup of tea

usually provided, and for which the mothers pay a trifle. A healthy feeling of emulation is aroused by the organisation of competitions, in which the skill of the mother is accounted of more value than the mere size or weight of her baby.

But all this is a mere drop in the ocean

dental clinics for mothers are an urgent necessity; more adequate provision for childbirth, especially for abnormal cases, is wanted everywhere. Much spade-work remains to be done before the claims of the mother and child on the nation are fully recognised, and before



A SEWING CLASS

when one considers that only about 70,000 babies come under the fostering care of Maternity Centres, out of the nation's annual gift of some 800,000, most of whom would probably be all the better for such friendly help and guidance as is provided in this way. Again, to assist the many mothers who now have to go out to work many more day nurseries are needed than exist at present, and nursery schools are wanted to supplement the nurseries. Ante-natal care and instruction has not long been started;

the nation as a whole realises that it is better to spend a halfpenny in the pound on the prevention of ill-health than many pence in its cure or in the care of the thousands who are annually incapacitated by mental and physical sequelæ.

To create this public opinion; to arouse in every citizen a sense of responsibility for the children of the nation; to bring home to every man and woman the facts that he and she are responsible if a baby dies or another suffers through lack of care; to make every individual member of

the State realise that it is their duty to see that adequate provision is made for the care of every mother and child—these, in brief, are the aims of the National Baby Week, to be held throughout the kingdom from July 1 to 7. It will be a powerful united effort on the part of

prevent their suffering and provide for their needs. The dignity of parenthood and the rights of the child must be acknowledged. It is to hasten the day of acknowledgment that the National Baby Week Council has been formed, with the Prime Minister as President



A COOKING CLASS

nearly 100 national social welfare and educational organisations, such as has never been made before, to make the nation understand that if the British race is to survive and keep its place amongst nations it must not wait or hesitate, it must give mothers their rights, it must

and Lord Rhondda as Chairman. There is work to be done in connection with this great effort for all who can spare even a little time. Full particulars may be obtained from the Secretary to the Baby Week Council, at 6, Holles Street, London, W.C. 1.

\* We are indebted to the Birmingham Infants' Health Society and School of Mothercraft for the illustrations to this article.

# MOTHERHOOD UNDER THE LAW

By L. A. M. PRIESTLEY (Mrs. George McCracken)

*Author of "The Love Stories of Some Eminent Women," etc.*

**I**T is remarkable with what tolerance the human mind will entertain quite conflicting opinions, and how we can hold theories and sentiments at utter variance with our practice and actions.

The position of the mother in England is a striking case in point. As a nation and as individuals we are always ready to extol the office of motherhood: poets, preachers, and the Press have paid high, and in some instances memorable, tributes to the tender love, the ungrudging self-sacrifice, the unwearied care, the boundless and far-reaching influence of the mother. Our literature is steeped in such eulogy, our philanthropists and social reformers lay much stress upon the immense responsibilities in shaping and determining character wielded by the mother-hand, while it is an accepted standard of good taste and good feeling to render homage in the abstract to her in whose arms is cradled the new generation.

However abandoned and depraved and tyrannical a man may be, he usually retains a sense of tenderness and regard for his mother, a fact George Eliot represents for us in Dempster, the coarse and drunken lawyer, the hard and cruel husband, who, with all his faults and failings, was a kind son to the little old lady he called "Mamsey." Yet what does all our flattery and profession amount to in actual and everyday life? Is it not mere lip-service and hypocrisy to praise the attributes and qualities of true motherhood while we debase and degrade the office by our laws and institutions? There is surely no more curious anomaly existing than this discrepancy between

our conventional expressions of esteem and our indifference to the social and legal humiliations which the laws and customs of the land impose upon motherhood.

A new interest has been awakened of late in mother—and child—welfare; many noble-hearted efforts, for the most part voluntary, have been set a-going to help this helpless section of the community; public opinion being stirred to activity in this direction by reason of the alarming wastage of life in the war, and consequently the tremendous importance of adequately safeguarding the health and well-being of both mothers and infants. While such efforts are worthy of all praise, and Mr. E. J. Smith's articles set forth in a most interesting way the truly admirable work accomplished on these lines in Bradford, I venture to assert my firm belief that motherhood, *per se*, can never attain its true status and dignity and power for good until we strike at the root of the legal injustices and inequalities which deprive it of due authority and self-respect; which render it futile in cases of difficulty and disagreement, and which insensibly, yet none the less harmfully, weaken and jeopardise filial duty and obedience. The instincts and perceptions of youth are very quick and alert, and children—growing boys particularly—soon learn to distinguish the inferior and subordinate place assigned in the world to that dear being whom at the same time they are taught they must honour and obey.

Let me give proof of my contention by showing the legal position of the mother in England and Ireland to-day.

The woman who renders to the State

the indispensable service of bearing and rearing citizens is not herself considered worthy to be a citizen. Though she is earnestly exhorted to train our future citizens in an exemplary manner, she herself is classed in the same category (as far as political or voting power is concerned) with idiots, aliens, criminals, lunatics, paupers, bankrupts, and infants. The mother is not the legal guardian and parent of her own child born in wedlock. All authority in respect to the child's upbringing, education, religion, and choice of a career is vested in the father. In case of divergent views and principles the mother must suffer severely in having her wishes for her own offspring set at naught.

So little weight is attached to the rights of maternity by the makers of our laws that even a widowed mother can be deprived of her children's guardianship if her husband so elect. For the law permits the father to appoint by will a guardian (or guardians) for his children to act after his death in a manner that may override the mother's wishes. But no such power is conferred in the matter of guardianship upon the mother, who cannot appoint a guardian (or guardians) to act after her death to the exclusion of the father. In the matter of the child's faith the father's will is paramount, and is upheld by the Courts to the length of rendering invalid any agreement made by the father either before or after marriage to permit his children to be brought up in their mother's religion if different from his own. Even should the father die his people can legally insist, as against the mother's wishes, upon the children being brought up in the tenets of his sect. The mother is regarded as a mere cypher, and her most sacred convictions ignored, in this vital matter. Further, in the case of matrimonial infelicity and separation the custody of the children belongs to the legal parent, and he can remove them from the care and control of the mother if he so please.

One notable exception is made through the "Guardianship of Infants

Act," which allows the mother the custody of her young children under and up to the age of seven years, the State recognising her as the best nurse for its infantile population. The father, if so minded, can claim the children at seven and upwards, a law which always seems to me the very refinement of cruelty, parting mother and child, who have grown in those years of loving tendance and devotion so inexpressibly dear and necessary to one another.

When the law, with social acquiescence if not approval, treats in this contemptuous fashion the married mother, it is not surprising to find the deplorable plight to which it has reduced the unmarried mother. Lady Constance Lytton in her book *Prisons and Prisoners* remarks that George Moore's novel *Esther Waters* "ought to be in every woman's prison library because of the heroic and triumphant struggle depicted in it of the mother of an illegitimate child." In actual life the struggle of the unmarried mother against the difficulties of her position, accentuated by our harsh laws and social ostracism, is indeed seldom triumphant but always heroic, strenuous, and heart-breaking. In this case the law again decides that there is but one legal parent, and that is the mother, who must accept the undivided responsibility for the child's care and upbringing. In England, but not in Ireland, it is possible for the mother to sue the reputed father, and if successful the Court can order him to pay a sum not exceeding 5s. a week for the child's maintenance. But these affiliation orders are difficult to obtain and often impossible to enforce, as the man can decamp and evade the collection of this meagre pittance for his child's support. Moreover, many girl-mothers prefer to forfeit this pecuniary aid rather than face the ordeal and publicity of a law court administered solely by men.

Upon the unwedded mother, therefore, is laid all the blame, all the shame, and practically all the pecuniary obligation—which she must discharge through unremitting bodily toil—for an offence against morality which

some man hares, who, in the vast majority of cases, has been her tempter, leading her from the safe and innocent path of virtue, to abandon her, when he tires of her, to face the pitiless conditions of the world with a ruined character; her hapless babe dependent upon her innate strength and capacity to fight them for its sake.

If half our platitudes upon the intrinsic value and beauty of motherhood were believed and acted upon, there would be found some better solution of this sad problem of the unwedded mother.

The law also punishes the illegitimate child, and through it its mother, by barring it from any rights of inheritance; it has no rights in family life, and should either father or mother make a will in its favour the duty payable is 10 per cent., just as if the child were a stranger to the testator.

The law of seduction in both England and Ireland takes no cognisance of the injury and obloquy which ensues to the

girl-victim. If an action is brought against the seducer it can only be for damages for "loss of service" taken by the father or mother or employer of the girl; she herself has no power to seek any redress personally, the law not regarding the loss of honour—which women are presumed to hold dearer than life itself—as comparable with the temporary inconvenience which, owing to the girl's condition, her parents or her master may sustain by her inability to work.

Thus, briefly indicated, is the status and place which the laws of England decree for the mothers of the nation.\* To neglect to remedy the grievous disabilities and ignoble position of that section of the community without whom there would be no people, no law-givers, and no nation, is to ignore one of the very first essentials in our efforts to promote racial well-being and further the causes of social progress and reform.

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\* See Halsbury's *Laws of England*.

Listen, my children, to what the State should be to a good citizen. It is more than father or mother, it is more than husband or wife, it is more than child or friend. The State is the father and mother of all, is the wife of the husband and the husband of the wife. The family is good, and good is the joy of the man in wife and in son. But greater is the State, which is the protector of all, without which the home would be ravaged and destroyed. Dear to the good man is the honour of the wife whose children cling to his knees; but dearer should be the honour of the State that keeps safe the wife and the child. It is the State from which comes all that makes your life prosperous and gives you beauty and safety. . . . If the brave man dies gladly for the hearthstone, far more gladly should he die for the State.—PYTHAGORAS.

# HINDU WOMEN

By HARENDRANATH MAITRA

*We are glad to present this view of Indian women by one of their own countrymen, the author of "Hinduism: The World-Ideal."*

IN English books and during my sojourn in the West I have come across some of the most curious ideas about Indian women. If we Indian men do not always answer these strange statements it may be because we are too amused at their absurdity or too indignant at their falsity. Just as you are told in your books of accurate information on India that we have no flowers of true fragrance like your English roses, that we have birds of gaudy plumage but no sweet song like your lark and nightingale, in the same way you are told that Indian women have no freedom, no education, no reverence from men; that they are "subjugated"! Might not one gather from living in England that a good many of your cultured and educated women here seem to think that they themselves are subjugated? However that may be, I can assure you that in India woman rules. They have ruled on the battlefield and on the throne, in our halls of learning and our shrines of saintship, as our stories can attest; they rule to-day in many a province of India; really rule not as mere figure-heads; and they rule, as they have always ruled, in the home, which is to the Hindu his temple as it is to the Englishman his castle. In all that is most sacred in the ideals of our race, woman is supreme.

Let me quote to you what our *Shastras* say about women:

The Acharya (or spiritual teacher) is ten times more to be revered than the Upadhyaya (or teacher); the Father a hundred times more than the teacher, but the Mother a thousand times more than the Father. . . .

Women must be honoured and adored by their fathers, brothers, husbands, and brothers-in-law who desire their own welfare. . . .

Where women are honoured there the gods are pleased; but where they are not honoured, no sacred rite yields reward. . . .

Where female relations live in grief, the family soon wholly perishes; but that family where they are happy ever prospers.

Do not imagine that these are merely laws. They are the themes of hundreds of stories in our great epics, which form the ideals of every Indian child, and they are exemplified in every really Hindu home.

Different nations have different ideals of perfection. To you the rose is the queen of flowers; to us the lotus in beauty, in fragrance, in sacred associations, reigns supreme. The lotus is our symbol of womanhood, the flower of Lakshmi; it is also our symbol of all that is most sacred. You do not know the lotus here. You have seen a few, perhaps, in some botanical garden, but you do not know what the flower stands for. Neither do you know our women.

To understand them and their ideals you must understand the ideals of our race, and that is difficult for you. There is a beautiful, but brief, Indian story which may help to express what I mean.

It so happened that in a dharmashala, or rest-house for travellers\*, three persons were sleeping on the verandah. As the dawn was breaking they heard someone at a distance exclaim, "Ah! the night is gone." Each of these three people took the exclamation in different ways. One was a Saint who thought, "Ah, there is another man who like myself is repenting that he has slept and lost the precious hours for meditation." The second man was a lover, and he thought, "Ah, there is another tortured soul who, like myself, has suffered severance from his love." The third was a thief, and he thought,

\* Rest-houses are built and supported by the Rajahs in all our Indian provinces.

"There is another thief who, like myself, is lamenting that he has lost another chance to steal." So each man thought that which was in his own heart.

In the same way most people have thought of India and Indian questions, their ideas taking the colour of their own experience and mental attitude. This is true not only of their views of Indian women but of all Indian questions. In politics you have a particular ideal of government; so you think, looking through your own glasses, that all good government must be established in the same way. You do not care to take the trouble to study the ideals of self-government that we Indians evolved thousands of years ago; ideals embodied in the *Ramayana* and *Mahabharata*, and exemplified in the great reigns of the Emperors Asoka and Vikramaditya—truly a golden age not only in the history of India but in the history of the world.

You have your own social conditions, your own customs of marriage and other ceremonies, and you look upon all other social customs through the particular coloured glasses that your birth and environment have imposed upon you. You say, in fact, that the lotus is not sweet because it is not the rose.

We Indians evolved a great civilisation when you were in the bloom of youth—nay, long before that—a civilisation that has survived all storms. It has survived because it was a bed-rock civilisation. Our Rishis built on spiritual truths. They did not build their house upon the sand.

We have our own astronomy, astrology, mathematics, chemistry, medicine, social and political science, laws, logic and metaphysic, literature and art, which are just beginning to be appreciated.

You still send your missionaries to us "heathen," and what do they do? They would have our women change their artistic and hygienic dress (suitable in every respect to our climate) for the European costume, suitable to your own climate but not to ours; they would have them change their religion of spiritual cul-

ture, which enters into every atom of their daily life, for an alien creed. Believe me, nothing has done such harm to the religion of Christ in India as these movements. In the name of the Christ, the greatest of mankind, they have tried to denationalise the country—to make everything European—to destroy its art—to destroy its whole civilisation. Christ was the great Teacher of the East. I wish all would realise and respect his Eastern nature.

The clash comes from the different ideal of civilisation in India and in the West. And the curious fact is that the Indian ideal is Christian; the European is not. I think if Christ should come to earth to-day, India is the only place where He would feel at home. Christ said: "The Kingdom of God is within you." The Indian ideal is dharma; that is, one must develop what he has within; the Self within the self. It does not matter whether it be man or woman. Man is man. Woman is woman. Woman is not lesser man. She is the noblest conception of God's love. In her we find the embodiment of Divine Love incarnated. She is the fulfilment of creation. To torture her, to take her away from her rightful position is not only injustice, but sacrilege.

There is nothing that a woman cannot do if it is her dharma to do it; nothing that can take away her womanly qualities. From the Vedic times we see many instances where men and women both, after completing the first three stages of life and discharging their duties to society, have left their children to continue, and have themselves entered upon the life of meditation and Sannyasa: of service to all the world. That is, they have taken the wandering life, moving from place to place, ever seeking deeper communion with God, and giving of their wisdom and experience to all.

When Yajnavalkya, the great sage, was about to enter upon this stage, he said to his wife :

"Verily, Maitreyi, I am going away from this, my home. Forsooth, let me make a settlement of my property."

Maitreyi said : " My Lord, if this whole earth full of wealth belonged to me, tell me, should I become immortal by it?"

" No," replied Yajnavalkya, " like the life of rich people will be thy life. But there is no hope of immortality by wealth."

Then Maitreyi said : " What should I do with that by which I do not become immortal? What my Lord knoweth of immortality, tell that to me."

Yajnavalkya replied : " Thou, who art truly dear to me, thou speakest dear words. Come, sit down and I will explain it to thee. Mark well what I say."

Then he explained the principle that is so often and so impressively taught in the *Upanishads*, that the Universal Self dwells in the husband, in the wife, in the child, and in wealth, in the Brahmanas and Kshattriyas, and in all the world—in the Devas, in all living creatures. All this is Brahman (the Universal Spirit). Let a man meditate on this visible world as beginning, ending and breathing in Brahman.

Then Maitreyi said : " My Lord, I also would meditate upon Brahman. Let me go with thee, I care not for this wealth."

And Maitreyi went with her husband.

This spirit of devotion is the keynote of the Hindu woman. It is the dharma of the race. And it is developed by our collective family life. Those who criticise our joint family system do not understand the ideal of human civilisation that is to come. You know in India we sometimes live in a family of about one hundred people. Not simply a man and his wife, and a servant to watch the dogs; but father, grandfather, uncles of all descriptions, sisters, and aunts, even remote relations and friends, servants and guests; besides many pets — peacocks, deer, swans, cranes. Of course the houses are proportionately large, with different apartments for the different members of the family and guests, and they are always built round a court so that we have plenty of air and light. Here the elder Mother is head. All the children are brought up together. Our cousins are the same as our brothers. We have no different word. One child does not say, " My father earns money, I must have my things better than the one whose father earns very

little." It is all common property, which is administered by the wisdom of the Mother. Consideration for others is essential to harmony. Thus through mutual service and thoughtfulness we develop a high ideal of brotherhood. Through renunciation of our personal petty self we develop our dharma, the Self within the self. We learn to fit ourselves to the life around us, to feel others' joys and sorrows as ours, and thus to prepare ourselves for the larger brotherhood of the world.

For men and women equally the scheme of social and ethical evolution is : duty for the sake of duty, service for the sake of service. And in all our duties it is the spirit of detachment that is the controlling idea.

" Man has a right to work, not to the fruit of works," says Shri Krishna in the *Gita*. The joy is in the service itself. It is a service of love.

This idea of dharma as duty has given birth to the true spirit of renunciation : that losing one's life to save it which Christ taught. This spirit is diametrically opposed to the spirit of rights. Dharma is the law of renunciation and service, right the law of resistance and force. Dharma demands self-abnegation, right self-assertion.

It is the Hindu woman who has kept this ideal of service intact in all the social evolution of our race. The ideal is the same for man and woman, but we revere woman because we know that she it is who has kept the torch alight, who has given us the most perfect example of selflessness and devotion. This spirit of devotion has impressed itself upon our womanhood.

We have had many learned women. Once a great assembly of learned men and women were gathered together in the Court of the King Janaka. A great king he was in every way. There was a great debate. The great Rishi Yajnavalkya had answered all the questions which were put to him and was being awarded the prize when there rose in the assembly a woman, full of dignity and honour, and said : " Yajnavalkya, I am quite satisfied

with all that you have spoken. But I wish you to answer one question of mine. If you can do that to our satisfaction we shall then admit that we are defeated. She put the question, it was in regard to the soul's incarnation. The great Rishi answered it, and the woman sage, Gargi, was satisfied.

Learning is held more sacred in India, I think, than anywhere else in the world; but neither for men nor women is it the goal.

In our two great epics, the *Ramayana* and the *Mahâbhârata* you will find living examples of womanhood which have from prehistoric times controlled the destinies of woman in India and filled the imagination of manhood. Sita, the wife of Ramachandra, the greatest of monarchs, made with him the mutual sacrifice of separation for the sake of the people. Before that Rama had given over his throne to his brother for the sake of harmony and banished himself to the forest. Sita wished to go with him. Rama said: "How can you, a princess, face such hardships and accompany me into the jungle full of unknown dangers?" But Sita replied: "Wherever Rama goes, there goes Sita. How can you talk of 'princess' and 'royal birth' to me? Where thou art there is my throne."

So they went together to the forest and lived there as hermits many happy days, in spite of their exile. But the great trial came later, with the return of Rama to the throne and the subsequent banishment of Sita. Sita accepted her sacrifice for the people with heroic devotion. And Rama all those long years was never heard to speak the name of Sita. Only once, when for some great ceremony where the presence of the queen was essential, his ministers urged him to take another wife. Then the wrath of Rama burst forth in thunder. Never, never, said he, should any woman but Sita occupy the throne by his side. And a golden statue was made of Sita for the great ceremonial. (So unimportant is woman in India!)

This was in far-off days, you say; but let me tell you that Sita and Rama are to-day the living ideals of every child in

India. Every little girl prays: "Give me a husband like Rama. Make me a wife like Sita." And every little boy dreams of the great king Ramachandra.

Now let us come to the period of another great epic, and you will find Draupadi, the Queen of the Pandavas, sharing all troubles with the king and his brothers, in the palace, in the forest, on the battlefield.

Not only that, but to Draupadi was given the management of the entire internal affairs of the court, somewhat as if you should divide the function of the Home Secretary between a man and a woman. She had the greatest influence over the Pandavas. At every place, in banishment and on the throne, Draupadi is the great centre of the whole scene of the *Mahâbhârata*. Not only as the expression of queenly power but as one of the greatest saints.

There are thousands of nameless Sitas and Draupadis whom you will find as living examples in the womanhood of India. The whole psychology of Indian womanhood we understand in the word devotion—selflessness. That is the ideal. It is the ideal of the race, and it is women who have kept it so.

You know when we are very young we are especially liked by our grandmothers. I remember while I was very young I used often to go into her room early in the morning, and the first thing that she did was to repeat the names of the five greatest women of India. Draupadi and Sita were two of these.

Indian women have not read many modern books, but they often know the *Ramayana* and the *Mahâbhârata* from beginning to end, and that comprises the whole civilisation of the Hindu race, and the bed-rock principle of human life. If English people knew their Bible and Shakespeare as we Indians know our epics it would be a great thing for England. Our grandmothers knew the laws of hygiene. They were versed in all the medicinal value of herbs and roots. When we children were ill—any ordinary illness—our mother or grandmother cured us. We did not need a doctor. But now

we are told : "You must have such and such Western things." Why is all this? Because in food, in our treatment of disease, we are getting away from nature. Our grandmothers knew; but the present age is losing the knowledge.

Yet woman's life was by no means confined to the home. In no nation in the world's history have women fought on the battlefield for their country as have the women of the Hindu race. They have gone out on horseback, sword in hand, leading armies, either by themselves or by their husband's side; fighting the Moguls and the Pathans as the enemies of their country's cause. But never was it a war of aggression; it was a war of defence. Never have the Hindus gone out on any pretext to take another people's country. Home is our inspiration. Home is our temple. Home is our school. Let me quote what an Englishwoman, Miss Margaret Noble, one of the few who have known Indian life intimately, has said :

Anything more beautiful than the life of the Indian home, as created and directed by Indian women, it would be difficult to conceive.

. . . There is a half-magical element in this attitude of Hindus toward women. As performers of ritual-worship they are regarded as second only to the professional Brahmana himself. I have seen a temple served by a woman, during the temporary illness of her son, who was the priest. [This often happens.—H.M.] A prejudice in favour of the exclusive sacramental efficacy of man is probably due to Semitic origin. In the non-Brahmanical community of Coorg the whole ceremony of marriage is performed by women, and even amongst Brahmanas themselves, the country over, an important part of the wedding rites is in their hands. A woman's blessing is everywhere considered more efficacious than a man's in preparing for a journey. . . . A little boy is taught that whatever he may do to his brothers, to strike his sister would be a sacrifice.

One of our *Shastras* says : "Thou shalt not strike a woman even with a flower." The happiness of women is supposed to bring fortune in its train. The woman-ruler finds a sentiment of awe and admiration awaiting her which gives her an im-

mense advantage over a man in the competition for enduring fame.

What is the type of woman you most admire? Is she strong, resourceful, inspired, fit for moments of crisis? Have we not Padmini of Chittore, Chand Bibi, Jhansi Rani? Is she saintly, a poet and a mystic? Is there not Mira Bai? Is she the queen, great in administration? Where is Rani Bhawani, where Ahalya Bai? Where Sanhabi of Pipperah? Is it wifehood in which we deem that woman shines brightest? What of Sati, of Savitri, or the ever-glorious Sita? Is it in maidenhood? There is Uma. And where in all the womanhood of the world shall we find another as grand as Gandhari?

Our women have no liberty? Hundreds of our women you will find travelling from Kedarnath to Cape Comorin, inspiring the people, giving messages of God and Narayana that humanity is one. They have no veils. They have passed that stage. They are the Sanniyasini, revered by all.

Motherhood in our country is the very life and breath of the nation. We think of woman as Mother. It is the ideal of Motherhood that has saved the nation. It is the ideal of Motherhood that will save the world. Motherhood is our dream of perfection.

The nation that in the twilight of civilisation got hold of the truth that woman is not a temptress, but the perfection of man, can never torture and imprison women. To us Hindus, woman is the principle and ideal of creation. The woman-principle is God's eternal partner. We worship God as the Mother.

The future of our women must have its foundation in their past. Our social and political ideal for men and women in India will be solved by the people themselves, because "nations by themselves are made." Let the women of England and of India clasp hands for the realisation of that great ideal for which mankind is longing!

# BOOKS WE SHOULD READ

GOD, THE INVISIBLE KING. By H. G. Wells. Cassell and Company, Ltd.,  
London, New York, Toronto, and Melbourne. 1917. 6s.

Out of the most mixed and impure solutions a growing crystal is infallibly able to select its substance. The diamond arises bright, definite, and pure out of a dark matrix of structureless confusion. . . . It becomes . . . Koh-i-nor. . . . a Mountain of Light, growing and increasing . . . an all-pervading lucidity . . . no head to smite . . . no body . . . it overlaps all barriers; it breaks out in despite of every enclosure. It will compel all things to orient themselves to it.—(Pp. 205-206).

**W**E may be sure that when Saul took to prophesying he did it well. *God, The Invisible King* is an admirable, if somewhat limited, contribution to the heraldic movement: all the more valuable because entirely independent of any conscious impetus, save that of a conviction of God so fresh and vital that the new knowledge must be proclaimed. If we differ from the author on many points, perhaps most of all with his light-hearted setting aside of all "mystery and magic" as so many baubles and fetishes, we find ourselves in equally strong agreement with many statements, such as: "The true God, as those of the new religion know him, is no . . . God of luck and intervention. . . . He does not lose his temper with our follies and weaknesses. It is for us to serve him. He captains us, he does not coddle us. He has his own ends, for which he needs us."<sup>\*</sup>

Elsewhere in this remarkable book its author declares that he is the scribe of his generation; we are convinced that Mr. Wells is indeed the formulator for a vast and ever-increasing multitude to-day: those who know, desire, and feel the aspect of Immanence: those whose experience proves that God is in and with them, and are satisfied with that aspect, desirous of that knowledge alone. These minds are, naturally, impatient with doctrines of transcendentalism in every form.

They desire a clear, crystalline, yet highly articulate form of belief. Lucidity and logic they delight to honour. Long have these people desired a representative; in Mr. Wells they have found him. An impassioned sincerity, an enlightened rationality, distinguishes this facet of *God, The Invisible King*; both selection and inclusion are at work within His kingdom, through such able ministers as the author. Sincerity, sanity, and a certain intelligent simplicity characterise the inhabitants thereof. Only on one point have we discovered the faintest suspicion of sophisticated reasoning, and this in connection with "the barrister's problem" (pp. 141-147). Even here it may be that we have misunderstood, and therefore misjudged; yet the inference appeared as though honour to a client, to "see the business through according to the confidence . . . put in him" should be a secondary consideration, where Mr. Wells suggests that sorrow for ensuing injustice may take a subsequent rather than primary place in the "morale" of the man of law! This is not in the nature of hair-splitting, though it may appear so.

As to the unanimity of splendour of this uprising there can be no doubt. Men would both understand and seek after God to-day; it is equally certain that their search does not go unrewarded. The changing attitude, the inculcation of mutual responsibilities among all classes is one of the chief signs of the times, equivalent, indeed, to a proclamation of the coming, not only of the kingdom, but the King, to those who have ears to hear and hearts to receive the radiant summons; for it is summons and message both. God comes to us and we must go to meet God.

Such as Mr. Wells are appointed messengers, interpreters, scribes—more, oracles—of some ways of that coming. That there are as many ways as roads prepared

for His Feet we need not doubt. It were treason to acknowledge power and love, and to doubt inclusion or perfection of wisdom.

There are those who grow untended, alone, in silence, solitude, and darkness; those to whom no elder brother stretches out a hand, to whom no voice calls, on whom even no sense of an overshadowing presence may fall. Yet these also wait and watch for the coming. Because they

have not seen they have believed. These are the few, the exceptions.

But there is also a joyous uprising, a renewal of confidence in the comradeship and captaincy of some great yet almost human spirit who urges the world on, through blood and tears, through struggle and failure, to an ideal, divine, yet realisable realm of light and law, to the law beyond all laws. Such is God, The Invisible King of Mr. Wells.

SOCIETY AND PRISONS. By Thomas Mott Osborne. Oxford University Press. 6s.

The dangerous and desperate criminal is often only the hero gone wrong (p. 220).

It was not perhaps a mere matter of chance that the great Teacher, to whom we owe our ideal of Christian citizenship, was himself crucified between two thieves; and to one of them who repented of his sins He made the promise: "To-day shalt thou be with Me in Paradise" (p. 235).

**T**HE science of correspondences is the science of illumination. What is true of the world is true of the prison. For what are all institutions but worlds in the making. The continent of the criminal is a hemisphere in embryo. By the light of the new penology, we translate anew the blurred or feeble writing of those scripts of men whose palimpsest is man.

It is the work of such men as the author of *Society and Prisons* that gives the pledge of "God with us" to humanity: free from the sentimentalism of condescension, clear from the mental and moral vivisection of the mere materialistic scientist, the motto of his Welfare League expresses the life-work of him and his kind, "Do good, make good." To read the history of this league, its formation and working, is to breathe the air of freedom within the precincts of the prison yard. The aim of the new penology is the aim of every reformer and philanthropist who sees further than the nose-end of Bumbledom, and whose mental fibres are strands

of living tissue, not the blue and red tape of sectarian patronage and the official pigeon-hole.

The case of the young thief is typical of its kind. "Repeated confinement in children's institutions, reformatory, State prison. . . . The Mutual Welfare League . . . reawakened . . . intellectual interest in things outside himself, and cleared his mind of its warped and crooked conceptions of life. . . . He sees how much more interesting is the straight game; . . . the very difficulties in the path . . . fascinate his eager and penetrating mind" (p. 228). Throughout this joyful record of scene transformations, outer and inner, are revealed those secrets of the prison-house whose counterparts are the dungeons of the "warder" group-soul. Not the souls of warders, be it noted, but those criminal and weak temptations which are the bane of all officialdom; "punitive" measures of surveying criminal-land horizons whose highest vault is the chapel ceiling.

Mr. Osborne traces the intimate connection between prison crime and those prison codes of procedure and internal administration now gradually passing away; shows how self-discipline and the awakening of the sense of responsibility, the joy of progressive and hardly-won privi-

leges whose sanction is the sacrament of mutual trust between governors and governed, works in the prison-microcosm as in the world-macrocosm. Where honour, courage, effort, progress, adventure live and move there is the breath of life, the fire of creation, the ocean for discovery of new worlds. Where suspicion, fear, listlessness, inertia, and the hoary twins of precedent and punishment rule any realm, that country is *Prison*, whatever its geographical name. The words of the prisoners provide more expressive comment on the system than those of any lay reader or writer :

Do you realise what it is that the League has done here? It has started the men discussing the right and wrong of things, every day, from one end of the yard to the other.

So, in the wider world, come devastation, catastrophe, and unleashing of the murderous hounds of war, that all may see " how men their brothers maim," and how, when competition and self-interest reign, " the spirit of murder works in the very means of life," from the sweating of the sempstress to the Belgian hero, butchered to make a Prussian holiday. Here peace and war meet, in the paradox of life, the attraction of opposites. The Mutual Welfare League and the madness

of unleashed nations. " The right and wrong of things " are brought into the open by those uncompromising minds who see things in relation to principles, neither as sentimentalists nor materialists, but with that spiritual vision which looks beyond all shadows to the sun. These are the eagles of life, in whom daring and divine sight meet and mingle; of this union are born the children of to-morrow, that minority whose insignia of future rightness is the thorn-crown of to-day's persecution and misunderstanding.

The description of the criminal's sensation under the old régime of " beat a bad dog and he becomes good " is expressed in the following phrase :

A helpless unit in a gigantic scheme of corruption, alongside of which his own crime seems like a mere petty piece of boy's play (p. 23).

This realisation of the might of inertia and materialism comes to every daring and imaginative child, pressing with cold leaden weight on ardent spirit, mind, and heart.

It is not a book to sum up or dismiss in a brief review. It must be read, re-read, and the principles of the Welfare League applied to the world. Thereby it may win liberation from the prison of war.

L. N.

THE PROPHET OF NAZARETH; or, The Story of the New Testament from Fresh Points of View, with Chapters on the Future of Man and the Return of the Christ. By Elizabetha. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner and Co., Ltd. 1917. 6s. net.

THE Gospels are regarded by the author as a drama of initiation, of the progress of the soul through matter, and of the passage of the neophyte through the trials that lead him to perfect victory over the lower self. The new points of view are largely those of a student of evolution and the ancient wisdom through theosophical literature. The result is an eminently readable book for those people who do not shrink from the re-telling of the New Testament in ordinary prose. It is es-

pecially acceptable at this time, when the world at large is awakening to an eager expectation of the coming of the one Supreme Teacher of gods and men, by whatsoever name men call Him in varied lands.

The " Verdicts of the Hour," as contrasted with the " Eternal Verdicts " (pp. xiii-xv.), are a lesson to us all to-day; for who can be sure of the garb He will wear amongst us? The little story of Medore, introduced on page 83, touches the great controversy regarding man's

responsibility for the evolution of the creatures he domesticates for his use or pleasure. Some people will be glad to gain an idea of the contents of the Epistles of Paul and the other Apostles in the consecutive narrative form of this book; and the chapter on man's future which follows gives point to the Epistles. Throughout the 473 pages we are presented with a living Christ, whether as Jesus sojourning with and teaching the deeper mysteries

to the Disciples during three months after His crucifixion, or whether as the Christ for Whose return the whole earth is now travailing in the pain and anguish of this war.

When the hour arrives for that "coming," look not for outward signs, nor pause to consider whether He who speaks bears a pale, or an olive brow; but listen to the Voice. That voice will be the utterance of Love, detached from all the old leaning to this or that religion, to this or that race.

HINDUISM: THE WORLD-IDEAL. Introduction by G. K. Chesterton. London: Cecil Palmer and Hayward. First edition, 1916.

By Harendranath Maitra, with an Introduction by Cecil Palmer and Hayward. First 2s. 6d. net.

**I**NDIA, the contemned of the world but the beloved of the gods." How vast are the sadnesses and beauties behind these pregnant words of the author none may guess who have not passed her magic bounds. Even amongst those who have spent long years of "banishment" within her borders, the majority leave her shores without a suspicion of what they have missed. They see her poverty; they see her sun-baked bazaars; but the richness of her thought and the daily beauty of the holy time at morn and eve escapes them altogether.

Because it is necessary that we should gather what we can of the magic of that distant land and trace it to its true source, it is well to read such a book as this. We cannot finish it without finding some of our preconceptions crumbling, and if at least we have grasped the meaning of the four Ashramas and have learnt to respect Hindu womanhood we have not spent our time in vain.

The chapter on caste will make some

Westerners open their eyes; they do not realise that for true Hindus each child, even of a Brahmana, is born into the lowest caste and only rises from caste to caste as it increases in wisdom and stature. The idea of the superiority of caste over caste is only to be found amongst the thoughtless. To the wise, the lowliest sweeper performs the same office that the mother's love makes her happy in doing for her babe. Truly caste, as it exists to-day, is often more a clog on progress than a help to growth; but may not the same be said of caste (class) prejudices in the West? Both caste and class are aids to steady progress when rightly used, without the idea of superiority creeping in.

"To know Hinduism," says the author, "is to know India." This booklet only touches the fringe of the subject, but because of that, it will find a hearing and a welcome where larger tomes would not be opened. May it receive the welcome it deserves.

A. J. W.

# INTERNATIONAL BULLETIN

**T**HIS admirable and deeply interesting report from our German brothers will be read with appreciation by members all over the world. It is good to know that underneath the storm and stress of battle in every country the work of preparation goes quietly forward, and that when the war is over Brothers of the Star in all lands will spring forward to clasp each other's hands.—E. L.

## GERMANY

Last time when I reported about the state of affairs here I forgot to mention the newly-entered members, so I had better begin with it this time. The figures are not overwhelming, but the circumstances rather beautiful, so I shall tell about these—at least, as regards one case well worth mentioning.

Among the seven new members who joined the Order of the Star in the East, the first was a boy of ten in Munich. The Local Secretary, Fraulein Reiner, wrote me the following lovely incident about him: "Little Karl went to see two lady friends of his mother, who lately had become members of the Star. They had hanging on the wall the framed picture of our Head—a black and white reproduction of a photograph handed to each new member. When the child saw this picture, he exclaimed, 'O, I know this man; I have seen him often at night; he comes to me at night; he has quite black hair and a dark complexion, and he is always very kind and good to me.' Then the boy was told about this kind young man and his position in the Order of the Star. And after some time he decided, quite of his own free will, to enter the Order." And after some time his mother and his grandmother also joined the Order. He is the first German child to enter our ranks.

Although few, if any, enter the Order, I feel by what I learn from subscribers to the quarterly *Orden des Sterns im Osten*

(who also cannot be counted by scores), that their very opposition to the thought of a personal appearance of a Great World Teacher reveals the fact that there is a fervent longing everywhere among the people of all classes and conditions; only every day common sense, of the educated especially, does not allow them to own it, nor even to understand it. But there is music in the air, heavenly sounds which foretell His coming, a spiritual knowledge of His advent beyond and in spite of common sense. And He will be welcomed far and wide with unspeakable joy and gratitude, a Saviour indeed whose blessing is beginning to be felt more and more clearly, though unconsciously.

Yet another instance of His work among us here. A young man, member of the Order of the Star, entered the Army at the beginning of the world strife; some time ago he fell seriously ill with inflammation of the lungs. After some time he wrote to his brother and his sister-in-law the following letter: "When I came to the hospital I thought my last hour had struck. I was simply done. In the first night I had a vision. The Star in the East appeared before my eyes, just like the one in your picture. It smiled and beckoned me to follow it. I do not know exactly what followed, I only remember how light and happy I felt, and finally I was on the way to India. I knew then for certain that my life would be saved."

In addition to this letter, his sister-in-law, who informed me of the above, wrote: "It must be remarked that my brother-in-law wore the Star during the whole campaign, and had been saved quite miraculously from certain death in three battles. It is a star John Cordes had brought over from India; but our brother does not know this."

Another young man, having lost his star in the midst of the roar and fury of a battle, asked me to send him another one, and, in thanking me for it, he informed me that he had found his lost star.

Worthy to be mentioned as belonging to "the signs of the times," yet an event of a somewhat different kind, is the case of a lovely, gifted, young girl. She re-entered the Order of the Star in the East as soon as she became of age after having, together with her mother, been forced by her father to leave it. Even now she has to leave home and country and her loving and sympathising mother in consequence of her devotion to the Star; and in order to continue her university studies has to go to a foreign country, where generous help and hospitality has been offered to her by a very active and devoted Star member.

Our work on the physical plane (if thus it can be called), our harmonious weekly Sunday morning meetings, continue; translating and revising translations from the *Herald* and *Theosophist* for our German readers; preparing the quarterly *Orden des Sterns im Osten*, which seems to be more and more appreciated and acknowledged. Mr. Cordes is now preparing a separate edition of articles and summaries given in the *Theosophist* and *Herald* concerning "the wider outlook" of our work as to Theosophy and the message of the Star in the future, to be again an outcome of our joint work with the *Theosophisches Streben*, thus following and continuing the lines laid down in the programme of Mr. Lauweriks. I am glad to state that in our Star work we are linked more and more to Austrian members, they being very enthusiastic and able and sacrificing people, ready to foster our high cause by propagating our literature, journals, and leaflets; by writing, and through speeches and other devotional and enthusiastic work; the result of which may be summed up as a gain of over thirty new members from Austria recently registered in our joint Star lists.

Frau M. C. Hintse, local secretary for Hamburg, just sending in her monthly report, writes therein about her new method to strengthen her members and to increase interest and devotion. She will have in the future at her monthly meetings readings from *At the Feet of the*

*Master*, with Mr. Arundale's "Written Letters" in addition, giving out a meditation on some practical subject, meditated upon and acted out as far as possible during the month at home.

Thus our small office and very small community, although "unknown to history," may hope to contribute quietly their small share to the work of preparing the way for His coming.

J. L. GUTTMANN  
Dusseldorf, Konigsplatz 21.

### HOLLAND

**T**HE first work in the New Year was the forming of a National Committee for the *HERALD*, to comply with Mr. Jinarajadasa's letter concerning that point. It consists of the following members :

Miss C. W. Dijkgraaf	National Representative.
Miss L. Bayer	Organising Secretary.
Mr. Henri Bosel	For the Literary Department.
Mr. J. Lauweriks	For the Art and Education Department.
Mr. P. M. Cochins	For the Economical Part and Social Reconstruction.

Mr. H. J. v. Ginkel For the Practical Part.

We are fortunate in having Mr. Borel on this committee, as he is a very well known writer, who resided over twenty years in China, and has written very interesting books on Chinese art, religious and Buddhist deities.

Mr. Lauweriks, who has just returned from Germany, where he was first Organising Secretary for the Order, will be very valuable for the art department, as he is a well-known artist, who now has got an appointment in Amsterdam at one of the art colleges.

When the committee met for the first time the following points were discussed :

In order to give *THE HERALD* a wide field in Holland, articles from *THE HERALD* will be translated for our prominent magazines; Mr. Borel will write articles about the Star and its work in different newspapers, etc. Also he will write for *THE HERALD*; as also Mr. Cochins, who is active in work connected with reorganisation of factories, etc. Mr. van Ginkel will try to get subscriptions for *THE HERALD* by advertising it and making propaganda for it.

Members have been asked to help in all this work, and we hope that the result will show in increased numbers of subscriptions.

The Order begins to attract more and more attention from outsiders. We began with a membership roll of 823 on January 1, and at present we count 890 members.

In Leyden a new activity was started by a group working on the Service line for the abolition of Prostitution and Protection of Women. They opened a Henriette Home for unmarried mothers with their babies. When they leave the maternity home they very often have nowhere to go, as in most cases the parents of the poor girls will not receive them, and, of course, they cannot get a situation immediately. So they can remain in the home for as long as it proves necessary, till they are strong again, when a place is sought for them, if possible with the child, in order

to teach them the duties of motherhood. There is place in the Henriette Home for six at present, but soon they hope to be able to receive ten. They are taken without consideration as to which faith they belong to. At the head of the home is a qualified nurse and a lady housekeeper.

Two doctors attend the home, and each patient is examined on entering. There is also a special doctor for children.

Several public lectures have been given by different members. Mr. H. van Ginkel addressed, with great success, an audience of over one thousand people, who were all greatly interested, and heard the Invocation at the end, all rising from their places.

The preparation for the International Conference is going on steadily, so that we may be ready when the great moment comes.

We send our hearty greetings and best wishes to all brothers of the Star, all over the world.

C. W. DIJKGRAAF



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# The Herald of the Star

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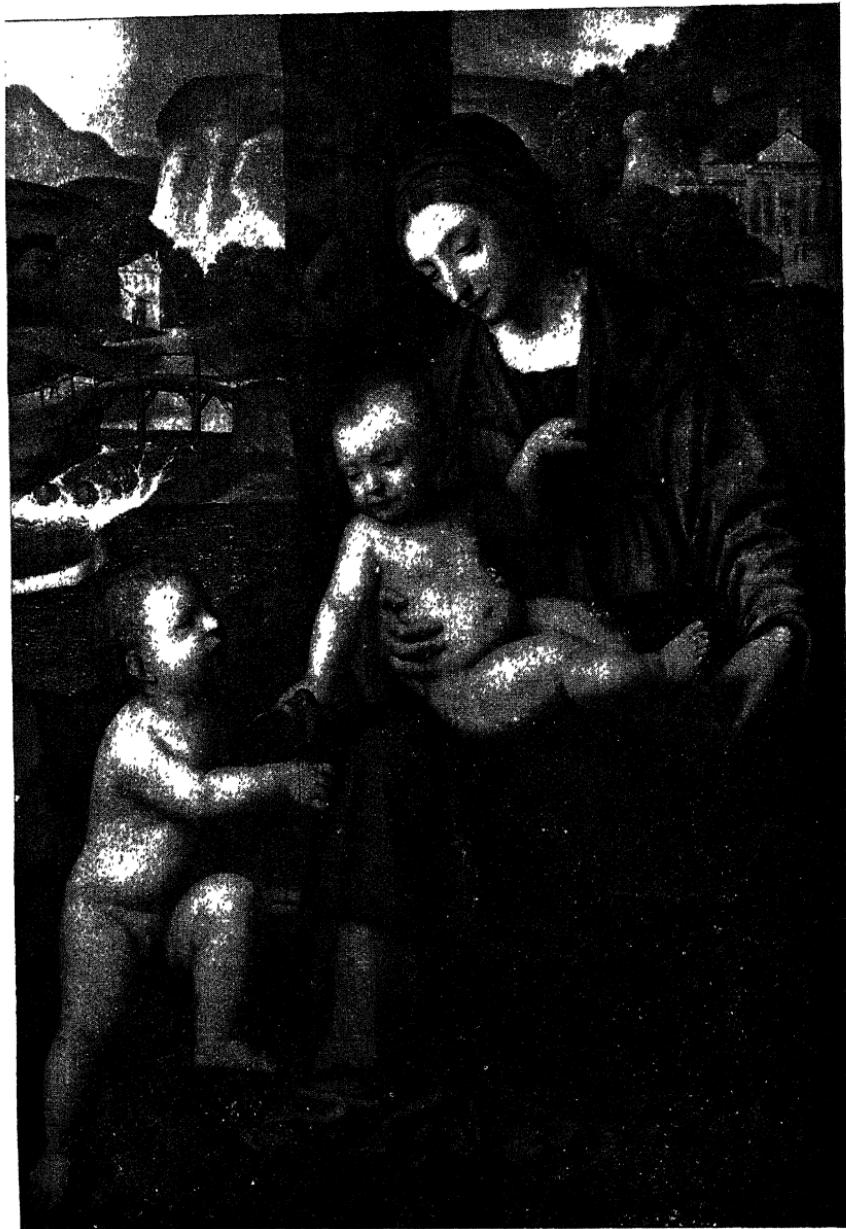
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As the *Herald of the Star* includes articles from many different sources on topics of varied interest, it is clearly understood that the writing of such an article for the *Herald* in no way involves its author in any kind of assent to, or recognition of, the particular views for which this Magazine, or the Order of the Star in the East may stand.

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This Magazine may be obtained through any of the Officers of the Order of the Star in the East. Great Britain, 6d.; America, 15 cents; India, 8 annas (Postage 1½d. extra).

United Kingdom, Europe, British Colonies, India, etc., 6/-per annum. (Post free)  
U.S.A. and South America . . . . . \$1.50 . . . . . "



MARIA AND CHILD, by Luini, Liechtenstein Collection, Vienna

*By Permission of the Medici Society, Ltd.*



# IN THE STARLIGHT

By LADY EMILY LUTYENS

*It should be clearly understood that the contents of "In the Starlight" are the personal views of the writer. Neither the Head nor the Order is at all responsible for them. But the writer feels she is more useful to her readers in expressing freely her own thoughts and feelings than if she were to confine herself to bare chronicles of events and to conventional ethical expressions.*

OME of our members have felt disturbed at what they consider the new direction that has been lately given to the work of the Order of the Star in the East. It seems to them to be a departure from the principles of the Order as first enunciated. In the beginning of the movement a greater emphasis was no doubt laid upon what we may describe as the more devotional side of our work, and now the stress seems placed upon the need for social activity and reform. But I shall hope to show that in this later phase there is no new departure, but rather is it a natural growth and development from the earlier phase. In any living organism there must be growth, and therefore change, and it would be well if members could try to sense the direction in which growth is proceeding, and the inner reason for apparent change of policy.

To my mind the work of the Order may be divided into certain categories, each of which will have its inner and outer aspect. *First*, the fundamental purpose of this Order is to proclaim the near advent of a Great Spiritual Teacher. Here we must be careful to notice how broad is the statement. The Order as such does not state definitely *who* the Great Teacher is, or when or where or under what form He will appear. Consequently we have within our ranks Theosophists, Christians,

Buddhists, Mohammedans, Hindus, and many others, each expecting his own heart's ideal, each making his own mental picture as to the way in which the great Lord will appear. It cannot be too often emphasised how important it is thus to keep our platform broad. The work of the Order at the present time is to proclaim the coming of a Great Spiritual Teacher, and not of any particular Teacher. In years to come its purpose may be changed, and its principles altered; its members may be called upon to proclaim a particular Teacher, coming in a particular form, but for the present *this is not* its work. Any member therefore who seeks to impose his particular belief upon any one else is acting in a manner subversive of the first principles of our Order.

Along this line of proclamation of a coming advent there is much work to be done, both outer and inner. Our outer work will consist in spreading the knowledge of our Order, and proclaiming its message as widely as possible. This side of the work covers all that may be called direct propaganda.

On the inner side we have to study not only the reasons which have led us individually to belief in a coming Teacher, but the reasons also which have inspired others; we have to learn tolerance and sympathy; above all, we have to try and understand something

more of the real meaning of spirituality. We are too apt, all of us, to imagine that "spirituality" if it is real is to be comprehended by the multitude. The very opposite is the case. True spirituality is so far beyond the reach of most of us, the spiritual man is so far bigger than the ordinary man of the world, that in all ages he has been misunderstood and condemned. It is likely to be the same today. We need therefore to study deeply the qualifications which go to make up the stature of the "spiritual man."

It is upon this first aspect of our work that emphasis was chiefly laid when our Order was formed. Its appeal was to the devotional side of its members.

But with the passing years we have gathered sufficient strength to go forward and develop a further phase of the movement—namely, the need for personal and collective preparation. We are sometimes inclined to forget that we have not been called to membership in this high and holy fellowship for our personal benefit and satisfaction, but that we may train ourselves in the waiting time to be efficient and practical helpers of the Great Lord when He comes.

Now, we have been told repeatedly by our leaders that He is coming as the great Reconstructor, that He is coming to help His people to build a new social order, that the destruction of the old forms, which is proceeding with such terrible swiftness, is for the purpose of releasing the life which is being quickened by the Lord's approach. This new life will need new forms, and it is in the building of those new forms that we can assist Him. What is needed now is the starting of many different experiments along many different lines of social reconstruction which can be very rapidly expanded and vivified when He comes.

But to build even these experimental forms, study and practice are required, and it is to this study and practice we are now called. All members should consider it as part of their Star work to try and become conversant with at least one aspect of social conditions, that they may begin to dream and plan out ways of improvement in that particular direction.

So many feel that because they cannot do anything definite on the physical plane, they are therefore doing nothing in any way. We can all dream, we can all think, we can all pray; our dreams may be the scaffolding of many a beautiful building if we will only put ourselves wholehearted into the dreams.

As we go about our daily business we can be thinking constructively all the time. If our work takes us among beautiful and healthful surroundings, we can in thought transfer that beauty to ugly and evil conditions, and destroy them, as it were, by the sheer force of beauty. Equally, if our work lies among the ugly and sordid things of life, we can let a stream of love and tenderness play upon them, and so set in motion forces which will eventually destroy them. The new world must be built on the mental plane before ever it can come down to the physical, and we all have our mental tricks to add to the structure.

And here, again, our work has its outer and inner side. Some by opportunity or temperament can work definitely at the outer conditions, they can study, speak, serve on committees, and do practical work of all kinds in attempting to change the present evil conditions. Many, again, are unable, either through circumstances or temperament, to do any work at all on the physical plane, but they can help by their thoughts and love to make a channel for the mighty force of the Lord, to be constantly outpoured for the help and guidance of those working in the outer world. It is for this that I have formed in England a League of Meditation, under the directorship of Mrs. Betts, who writes of this league as follows :

In the midst of so many activities of the Order of the Star, when we feel so urgently the need for helping in the work of the reconstruction of our country, when we know that there are so many calls on the members of the Order, that there is so much to work for—I have come rather to think that there is one very urgent need for every one of us. It is that there should be a definite time of silence, of great quietness, of deep and real thought.

Lady Emily has asked if we could form a League of Meditation, and that means that we should enter into our own chamber and be still, should cease to talk for a little time each day.

even cease from all activities, and bathe ourselves in the great pools of God. It has been said that "they know the pool in which He has bathed by the radiance of his face and his character."

And so, first of all, thinking of this League, of Meditation, I would think of it as a League of Quietness, of silence, of kindness and retirement. And then I wanted, as far as I could, to be quite sure that all should meditate on their own lines, that there should be no fixed form of any kind. I know it is one of the promises of our Order that we should try to think of the virtues. Each day, then, I would ask each member to promise to give up a few moments to quiet thought, not in any definite form, but with a real devotion, a consecration of ourselves to the work. I would signify no special time when we should undertake this meditation, but rather should we choose such a time as suits ourselves. And there are two reasons why it is a good thing not to have a fixed time. One time may suit one, and be very difficult for another; but another reason that I think is an even stronger one is that, if everyone who belongs to this League tries to give ten minutes to this meditation all over the country, there will be people at all times of the day turning their thoughts in that direction, so that all day, and every day, there will be a little quietness, a little silence, in which people are re-consecrating their lives to the wonderful ideal which is given in the Order. That makes a kind of ring and will have the same effect as the perpetual prayer that is offered in some chapels throughout the day by different people. It seems to me a very beautiful idea that all day prayer and devotion should rise unceasingly.

This brings me to another point, which is that although primarily the idea is quietness and silence, if we, truly, really and earnestly can think of the ideal of the Order, of the preparation of ourselves and our energies, and the consecration of our work each day, it seems to me that we shall make a great volume of thought of the very highest kind; not argumentative thought, not reasoning why this, or why that, should be done, but thought that pierces through such outer reasoning and helps the work we do. We know from study the influence of thought, and the effect of anger or of its opposite, but if we of this Order pour out one beautiful stream of understanding, love, kindness, and friendship, life will be a little easier in this storm-tossed world, because of the riches of thought that have been garnered. And so I want those of you who feel that you would like to join a League of this kind to send in your names and let us feel that we are one family trying to make a Temple-Beautiful.

Then as to our meetings, I would suggest that these meetings should be as formless as possible; for, personally, I do not like the idea of making thought forms. Rather let us, as far as possible, keep free in our quiet meditation. Read some of the literature of the Order; then quietly meditate, remembering that the moulding of the character, the making of ourselves strong

enough to rise to real meditation, is one of the great claims on us.

The outer work cannot be properly done unless the inner force is there. Both are needed, so choose, Brothers, which it shall be for you.

Let us also remember that the work which we find difficult and uncongenial is often the work which is most necessary for us to accomplish, because the very fact that we find it difficult, means that there is some weakness in us which needs strengthening; some weakness which may hinder the Lord's work when He comes. So I would say to those who are of the devotional type, "cultivate the other side of your nature, take up some practical work and study, remembering that devotion which is to be of any value must work itself out in service." To the practical I would say, "Cultivate your powers of devotion by trying to understand the ideals which inspire devotion in your brother."

From what I have written, I hope it will be realised that our Order has not in any sense changed in its principles or objects, but that it has grown and expanded to include new methods of preparation. The Lord is coming to build for us a new world, and He will require to help Him many types of builders. Let us find our own bit of work and give to it our uttermost strength and devotion, but let us not despise and condemn our brother's bit of work, which will be as much needed as our own. All are wanted, the dreamers and idealists, the students and mystics, the practical worker and business man or woman.

We have first to realise what will be the fundamental principle on which the Lord will build and then try to work it out now, in dreams and experiments of all kinds. Love is to guide us in our building. Therefore let us dream of the world that we would make for our most loved and try to extend that dream to all mankind. Study, if that appeals to us more, the theory of social polity, only let us make Love the touchstone of our study.

Or let us take up some special work of helping our fellows and learn from men and women and children what Brotherhood means in practice.

Above all should we learn to relate the work of the Star to our every day life ; our preparation to be real must go on steadily, all the time, and not be kept for special times and seasons. In the mind of the ordinary man and woman there has been too much the idea of dividing life into sections, separating the sacred from the secular. Let us not, in our Order, repeat this mistake. All days belong to the Lord, every moment of our lives should be consecrated to His service. Nothing should be outside the work of the Order ; no act unrelated to the service of our Lord. We all make mistakes ; he who never makes a mistake never makes anything. Let us not be afraid of mistakes. They are bound to be made, particularly by those who are constantly making experiments, as we should be doing. Let us boldly make our experiment, and if it does not work, let us not hesitate to scrap it, and start again. It is a criticism sometimes levelled at the officials of the Order that they are constantly making plans and suggestions and then altering them. Members often point to our magazine, *The Herald of the*

*Star*, and the changes through which it has passed, as proof of this lack of continuity. Rather should it be recognised as a sign of life. The growing life needs constantly changing and expanding forms. Personally I hope that this Order will always be a living organism, which means that it will always be subject to modification and change. We are experimenting with forms, and if the forms were not mobile they would be shattered by the expanding life.

The inner side of our work consists in helping and feeding the growing life within our Order. This is to be done by the daily consecration of ourselves to the Master's service.

The outer work consists in perfecting as far as we can the forms through which this life will be expressed in the outer world.

The outer and inner will be united as we can learn to give ourselves to Him in uttermost devotion, and to live each hour of our life in His service and to perform every action "in His name."

My studies prevent me from taking any part in the editing of *The Herald of the Star*. Till I am able to take up the duties of Editor the work will be carried on by an Editorial Board of which I am a member.

J. KRISHNAMURTI

# JOHN THE BAPTIST AS A RECURRING CHARACTER IN HISTORY

By E. F. MAYNARD

*Point is given to this article by the present persecution of Mrs. Besant in India because she dares to voice the unwelcome truth that the part of India now under direct British rule would be happier and more prosperous as a self-governing unit in the Empire; like Canada and Australia, for instance.*

*All waits or goes by default till a strong being appears;  
A strong being is the proof of the race and the ability of the universe.  
When he or she appears materials are overaw'd,  
The dispute on the soul stops,  
The old customs and phrases are confronted, turn'd back, or laid away.*

—WALT WHITMAN, *Song of the Broad Axe.*

*And when I had entered into the world,  
I came into the midst of the Rulers of the Sphere,  
Like unto Gabriel the angel of the Æons, nor  
Did the Rulers of the Æons know me, but  
Thought that I was the angel Gabriel.*

*Extract from the PISTIS SOPHIA. (Translated and annotated by G. R. S. Mead,  
with notes by H. P. Blavatsky.)*

**I**F ye will receive it.” This is a vital question, one that ever presents itself to the Great Teacher, the One whose mission it is to reclothe the Eternal Truths in language of the day in which He manifests Himself—Eternal Truths that have ever been presented to mankind from age to age, from century to century, and are always new, fresh, startling, to the generation among whom the Teacher appears.

The will, the consciousness, the ego is so wrapped, swathed, and immersed in business, convention, personality; can it awake and assert itself in the everyday world so far removed from eternal verities?

Can a still, small voice be heard in the roar and tumult of the grinding pressure of the twentieth century?

In Bible stories we are told that Moses and Elijah went away to mountain and

wilderness, there heard and saw, and returned to the world of men to translate into everyday language, to sound loudly in unwilling ears, that which had been revealed in silence and solitude.

“A voice crying in the wilderness.”

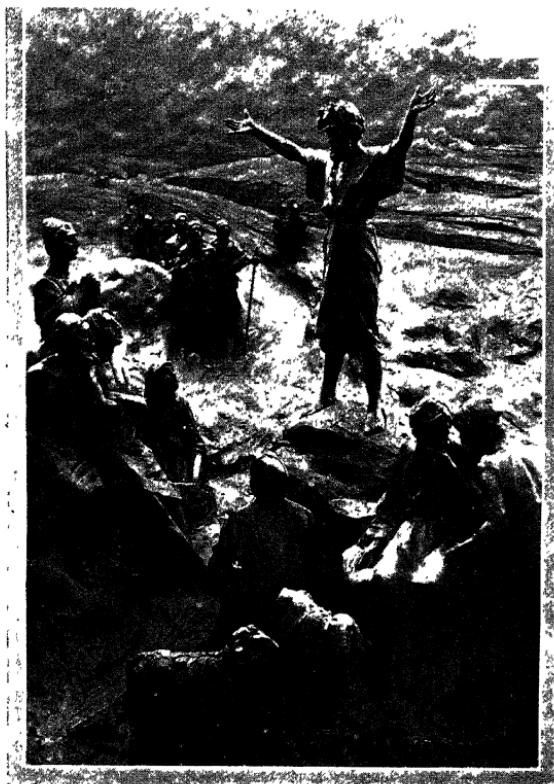
This seems to express a principle in Nature, a recurring event in the story of the ages: a wilderness, a solitary place, one alone, all these images automatically present themselves to the mental vision at mention of John the Baptist. Who was he? Was he indeed flesh and blood? A prophet, a seer, persecuted, suffering martyrdom—a man among men? Or was he a personified presentation of ever-present phenomena in the history of nations?

There seems less and less ground for reading these stories as presentations of literal facts, more and more for interpretation as statements, as parables, of

eternal events; events that occur in the worlds of reality, and body themselves forth as happenings in the physical universe, ever new, ever old happenings, like summer and winter, sunshine and

bear application to life now as when they were written; the setting, background, is Eastern, but the underlying life universal. To some, the idea that these events are not literal fact (in the generally accepted sense of the word) may come with rather a shock at first, but as the sense of eternal reality underlying them awakes, the shattering of a formal convention is found to open a way for such wonderful glimpses of height beyond height, and depth beyond depth, that the first shock is forgotten, and pain experienced at losing momentarily what seemed to be an indispensable prop, is lost in the wonder and glory that gradually dawns on the newly-awakened soul.

Bring the imagination into play, and construct new forms to hold life that is set free by destruction of old ones, realise that life never dies, it is "unborn, perpetual, eternal, ancient" (*Bhagavad-Gita II., 20*); these happenings pictured in story and allegory are ever true, they belong to the present equally with the past, form of presentation only passes, life, which is reality, is ever present, it lies around us here and now, and the



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EL PRECURSOR DE JESUCRISTO

rain, death and birth, seedtime and harvest.

The parables of the gospels deal with natural happenings in the world of Nature and men; expressed as human stories, looked at from beginning to end, they

same events are taking place in our midst. Now, as then, it may be said: "He that hath ears to hear let him hear, what the Spirit saith to the Churches."

Think of life pulsing through all forms we know and are familiar with, and, in

thought separate this life from the forms through which it expresses itself.

John the Baptist may be fairly thought of as a fact in nature, a principle, a recurring character who appears at all important stages of the world's history, incarnates in many forms, expresses itself through the medium of many personalities. Read the Gospel stories, notice how invariably he is connected with Elijah—another voice crying in the wilderness, another prophet who appeared at a critical time, and thundered against the abuses of the day, who spoke plain words to a king, no light thing to do at any period of history.

The Christ is recorded by St. Matthew, vi., 14, to have said: "And if ye are willing to receive it, this is Elijah which is to come." This sounds like a quotation from an old Gnostic treatise, which was perhaps familiar to the writer, if not, the idea must have been generally recognised in those days.

It came to pass, when I had come into the midst of the Rulers of the *Æons*, having looked from above into the World of men, I found Elizabeth, mother of John the Baptist, before she had conceived him. I planted the Power in her, which I had received from the little IAO the Good, who is in the Midst,\* that he should preach before me, and prepare my way, and baptise with water the remission of sins. This Power then is†

in the body of John. Moreover, in the place of the Soul of the Rulers, appointed to receive it, I found the Soul of the prophet Elias in the *Æons* of the Sphere, and I took him, and receiving his Soul also, brought it to the Virgin of Light, and she gave it to her Receivers, who



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JESU CHRISTO RECIBIENDO EL BANTISMO

led it to the Sphere of the Rulers and carried it into the womb of Elizabeth. So the power of the little IAO the Good, who is in the Midst, and the Son of the prophet Elias, are bound together in the body of John the Baptist.

For which cause, therefore, did ye doubt at that time when I said unto you: John said "I am not the Christ"; and ye said unto me: "It

\* This is to say, that the Power planted is the reflection of the Higher Ego, or the lower Kama-Manas.

† Notice the tense, the orthodox John being dead years before.

is written in the Scriptures, 'If the Christ come. Elias comes before Him, and will prepare His way.'" And I replied: "Elias indeed is come, and has prepared all things according as it was written: and they would have done unto him whatsoever they would." And when I perceived that you did not understand those things which I spoke to you concerning the Soul of Elias, as bound in John the Baptist, I then answered openly and face to face: "If ye will receive it, John the Baptist is that Elias who" I said "was coming."

Again come statements, "It is Elijah," "It is a prophet even as one of the prophets." *Mark vi., 15, 16.*

Unless the idea is accepted that life passes through many forms, expresses itself as fact, principle, cause, personality, many remarks made by gospel writers are without sense. To some of us these sayings are so familiar that we may have accepted them without question, or have set them aside with the rest as obsolete superstitions. Unless the principle of reincarnation is taken for granted what reasonable hypothesis can account for the following remarks:

"At that season Herod the Tetrarch heard the report concerning Jesus, and said unto his servants: This is John the Baptist; he is risen from the dead; and therefore do these powers work in him. *Matt. xiv., 1, 2.* "He (Jesus) asked His disciples, saying: Who do men say that the Son of Man is? And they said, some say John the Baptist; some, Elijah; and others Jeremiah, or one of the prophets."—*Matt. xvi., 13, 14.*

Let us draw some analogies between the period in which these stories are placed and the days in which we are living. Let us make an effort of imagination and place as background behind the figure of John the Baptist and his disciples, and Jesus of Nazareth and His disciples, the world as it is now, the world in which we are at this moment living, and think of ourselves as men and women who went to listen among the multitudes that crowded round both figures.

Everything then, as now, was in a state of upheaval; old forms seemed worn out and religion was largely a matter of ceremony, or respectability much as it is to-day. The Romans did not thrust their religious beliefs on the races they conquered, they treated the national customs as we do, when we annex countries such as India; they im-

posed Roman Law and Order, but let religious belief alone. One era was passing, a new one coming to the birth; here were new, young enthusiastic people, insignificant individuals socially, preaching revolutionary, absurd, impossible doctrine—as contrasted with accepted conventions.

Think of forms of religion in the present day: do they actually influence everyday life, and ordinary men and women? The churches are prosperous in many respects, but does a man carry his religion into his place of business? Does a woman bring it into her household affairs? Sunday comes once a week and some go to places of worship. Religion for the ordinary person is, in some undefined way, mixed up with Sunday and church-going, clearly separate from such things as buying, selling, playing games, eating, drinking, dressing, theatre-going. In a lecture given on Indian music by a European musician, it was said that the Indian folk songs are all religious; these are the songs the poor man sings as he goes along, coming from the temple, or from work; folk songs are expressions in melody of the feelings of the masses, of those who work and feel, rather than think; it is significant that in India these songs are religious, the religion of the Hindu permeates every act of life, there is no hard and fast line drawn between sacred and secular; this feeling arises out of the actual recognition of the Immanence of God, which is the special note of the Hindu religion. God is everywhere, in everything. When a child asks, "Where is God?" we sometimes say, "God is everywhere," but the phrase has no vital meaning. Yet is it not a truth? If God is not everywhere, where is He? What is He?

To many it seems, all over the world, that the light of religious inspiration is burning dim, there is no word of authority among the churches. It is recorded of the Christ, that "the multitudes were astonished at His teaching: for he taught them as one having authority and not as their scribes" (*Matt. vii., 28, 29.*) This authority, what is it? Not dogmatic assertion surely? Is it not a quality that

humanity recognises intuitively, quite apart from the reasoning faculties? It only asserts itself by its own inherent right; when a speaker tells of what he knows, speaks from first-hand knowledge born of personal experience, we realise the truth of the saying, "knowledge is power."

Yet though multitudes gather round the prophet, the voice crying in the wilderness, side by side with assent coming from the heart, there is always contradiction and opposition coming from the head; the separative quality of the mind instinctively rejects an upheaving force breaking up accepted conventions. Has society ever been known to welcome the iconoclast? Has any reformer, any voice crying in the wilderness, led an easy life? What sort of men were Elijah and John the Baptist? How were they treated by the ruling powers? Think of Ahab's treatment of the Prophet Micaiah when he thundered against his sins and warned him not to go up to battle; later in history (to take examples at random), what sort of treatment was meted out to Giordano Bruno, John Huss, Luther, Savonarola? Have we improved? When prophets (we mostly call them social reformers) thunder out accusations, pour contempt on our favourite sins, tell us of judgment that must fall, do we welcome these unpleasant truths? It is true that we do not burn them; we have discarded the rack and the professional torturer, and have replaced these old - fashioned methods by forcible feeding and a medical man, who tells the victim that it is not death that will be the sentence, but mental breakdown, and possible incarceration in an institution for mental wrecks. When the victim is at death's door he is released and modern skill does its best to patch him up in order that the torture may be repeated; that was a method tried by Englishmen a year or two ago. Mediæval English chivalry used the stake for Joan of Arc, modern chivalry devised the Cat and Mouse Act.\*

Compare the Gospel account of John

the Baptist's preaching with sayings of a modern prophet and social reformer. John begins by addressing his audience as "Ye offspring of vipers!" Not altogether gentle words these!

"Ye offspring of vipers, who warned you to flee from the wrath to come? Bring forth therefore fruits worthy of repentance, and begin not to say within yourselves, 'We have Abraham to our father,' for I say unto you, that God is able of these stones to raise up children unto Abraham.

"And even now is the axe also laid unto the root of the trees: every tree therefore that bringeth not forth good fruit is hewn down and cast into the fire."

And the multitudes asked him saying, "What then must we do?" And he answered and said unto them: "He that hath two coats, let him impart to him that hath none; and he that hath food, let him do likewise."

And there came also publicans to be baptised, and they said unto him, "Master, what must we do?" And he said unto them, "Extort no more than that which is appointed to you." And soldiers also asked him, saying, "And we, what must we do?" And he said unto them, "Do violence to no man, neither exact anything wrongfully: and be content with your wages." (*St. Luke iii., 7 and following verses.*)

Annie Besant in *The Changing World* (Lecture I., given in London during the summer of 1909), under the heading, "The Deadlock in Religion, Science and Art," says:

When those who have are ready to sacrifice, then the dawning of the new era will be seen in the sky that is over our earth; when wealth and education and power are held as trusts for the common good, ah! then will come the laying or the foundations of a better and nobler State. When the educated man and woman remember: "This education of mine, bought by the ignorance of thousands, who have laboured in order that I might be educated, really belongs to them, and I must give it back to them in service, in order to pay the debt that I have contracted to them"; when the wealthy man feels: "I am a steward, not an owner of this wealth which has come out of the labour of thousands," then Brotherhood is beginning to show itself upon earth. When the gentle and refined realise that gentleness and refinement are meant to be shared, and not shut up away in drawing-rooms to guard them as though they were delicate Dresden china that must not be used for fear it should be broken; when that day comes, we shall be nearer the beginning of a great social change. It must be by renunciation, by self-abnegation, that the foundations of that great brotherly civilisation will be laid.

\*"Torture was employed to procure confession of guilt, and, as the rack was not to be used twice on the same person, the judges said, on the second or third application, 'We are only continuing the process, not repeating it'."—*Witch Trials of the 16th Century*, by Joseph Clayton.

We see what our systems are if we go over the water to America, where they have full play, without anything to prevent their complete development. There are one or two things that strike us in America of a rather remarkable character. First the growth of the man who builds his own enormous fortune on the deliberate wrecking of the small fortunes of others.

\* \* \* \* \*

Such men are called "wreckers" in America, but they are honoured in society; they build hospitals and even churches; they do all kinds of things with fragments of the wealth that they have taken; but I tell you that, although not by the law of the country, yet by the law of righteousness, those men are worse and more to be condemned than the burglar who steals the jewels of a lady or the gold plate of a millionaire. He is punished heavily when he is caught, and he deserves to be punished; burglary is obviously wrong; but worse than that open burglary that the law punishes is the hidden burglary of the brilliant brain against the stupid brain, which robs people of the result of their labour in order to accumulate it within the wrecker's store.

John was far too vigorous and outspoken to be ignored by the authorities, so we now find him in prison:

For Herod had laid hold on John, and bound him, and put him in prison for the sake of Herodias, his brother Philip's wife. For John said unto him, it is not lawful for thee to have her. And when he would have put him to death, he feared the multitude, because they counted him as a prophet.

We might find many further modern analogies here.

Finally why was John executed after all? In order to gratify a vain girl. Herod did not wish to have him killed, it is said (*Matt. xiv., 9*): "And the king was grieved; but for the sake of his oath, and of them which sat at meat with him, he commanded it to be given; and he sent and beheaded John in the prison." This deed was done, not because Herod wished it, but because he feared what other men at the banquet might think! He thought more of his own prestige than of justice and human life—is that quite unlike those in authority in our own days?

What is the standard to-day as to important or unimportant? Take an ordinary daily paper as expressing the *vox populi* of ordinary standards of proportion. The *Morning Post* gave whole pages of details of the Crippen murder case, speeches for the prosecu-

tion and defence in full, as well as detailed evidence given at great length; so with a notorious racing scandal. On the other hand, notable women Suffrage cases were carefully edited, compressed into two columns at most, as against whole pages in the former case; speeches for the defence always left out. A judge said of one of Mrs. Pethick Lawrence's speeches that it was the best he had ever heard in the Court, but it was not reported. Daily papers are for the reading of the average Englishmen; editors know the taste of the people they have to cater for. Mrs. Pethick Lawrence is a great reformer and speaks burning words from a high moral standpoint. We naturally do not care to have our social and legal humbugs exposed to the public gaze, and the Press respected this prejudice. A murder case, political scandals (the Marconi inquiry, for example), were of such vital interest that pages instead of columns were given to reporting them. Now, as then, our prophets and reformers draw multitudes to hear them, crowds filled the Albert Hall at Suffrage meetings, crowds listened with bated breath to Mrs. Besant's lectures in the large Queen's Hall, but we do not see an account of such things in the daily papers, they are taken up with speeches by well-known politicians.

What waves of self-sacrificing enthusiasm swept over the scene when thousands of pounds were collected in less than half an hour, in answer to appeals for funds at Albert Hall Suffrage meetings! If anything parallel had occurred at an ordinary political meeting, if an appeal from Sir E. Carson or Mr. Lloyd George had been answered in such fashion, placards in every direction would tell the tale; it seems fair to say that prophets still cry in the wilderness.

With all our modern civilisation and progress is not the world in as sore need of spiritual light and healing as when the Christ last walked our earth?

How much influence has the national religion on national affairs? Does it guide, restrain, above all lead?

At a Congress, Lord Hugh Cecil urged the Church to wake up and take again its

old position as leader; among other trenchant remarks, he said, "that the Church never came into anything until the time had nearly passed for doing any good." Consider any social question, any question that is vital, that stirs feeling and awakes discussion, what part does the national religion play? The Church usually waits to follow public opinion before taking a decided stand; in fact, often denounces at first, and ends by following and giving its patronage. Do men and women nowadays turn to the Churches for light and guidance? If they do, have the Churches light and guidance to give?

The Christ's denunciation of lawyers might very fairly be applied to-day, "Woe unto you, lawyers! For ye took away the key of knowledge: ye entered not in yourselves, and them that were entering in ye hindered."—*Luke xi., 32.*

Shattering of forms that have grown too rigid sets free the imprisoned life, which surges up in response to the life without, and the discovery is again made, that the unity of essence which we call life, underlying diversity of form — permeating and building new forms as the old wear out, remains ever steadfast, eternal, imperishable, an ever-old truth, an ever-new discovery.

Faced with these upheavals, these startling appearances of old truths clothed in unfamiliar forms, what can we do? How are they to be met? What can be said or thought about occurrences that seem to be unprecedented? It is useless to look to our neighbours for guidance, they are in the same straits themselves—uneasy, perplexed, doubtful, on the one hand; while on the other side stand dreamers, enthusiasts, idealists, sunning themselves in new light, basking in the warmth of newly risen sun-rays: these are the people to whom are brought "good

tidings of great joy that shall be to all the people."—*Luke ii., 10.*

Here is the key-note: good tidings, great joy, and in the days to come, as the many become attuned to the keynote set, they will belong to all people. First the few, the dreamers, enthusiasts, those who have eyes keen enough to pierce the veil shrouding the immediate future, those who have hearts large enough to share their gifts, the power and energy to pass on the good tidings received; then, "when the crooked has been made straight and the rough ways smooth" (*Luke iii., 5*) the feet of the many shall pass along, "and all flesh shall see the salvation of God."

A light shining in darkness, a voice crying in the wilderness: comes this light, this voice, from heaven or of men? Judge ye. But how shall we, with eyes blinded in mists of earth life, see light? How may we test messengers, by what criterion, by what standard shall they be judged? Does our Gospel story give any clue? First we find a warning:

"Beware of false prophets, which come to you in sheep's clothing, but inwardly are ravening wolves. By their fruits ye shall know them. Do men gather grapes of thorns, or figs of thistles? Even so every good tree bringeth forth good fruit; but the corrupt tree bringeth forth evil fruit. . . . Therefore by their fruits ye shall know them."—*Matt. vii. 15, 16, 17-20.*

Does the voice promise ease, wealth, worldly blessings? Or does it call to heights and depths? In neither may ease be found. Those who have ascended the mountain heights and those who have descended the depths of the abyss, tell tales of their experience, bring back indelible marks, graven into the depths of their being, but these signs are never those of easeful living, of blissful calm and peace.

"He that hath ears to hear, let him hear."

# DAUNTLESS HALL

*By K. T.*

MRS. ALSTON has opened a workroom for women at the Dauntless Hall in Willesden, and here she teaches spinning and weaving to those who are neither young nor strong enough for munition works. This a work of national importance, as it supplies a healthy means of livelihood to those who are unsuited for work in the ordinary way. Looms have been constructed under her own supervision, and some beautiful materials have been turned out which are on sale at the Alston Studio, 8, New Bond Street, W. A generous public, appreciating the wholesome texture as well as the finished beauty

of the hand-woven materials, will not fail to support a movement which is doing so much towards the bettering of the con-



*Photo by Claude Harris, Ltd., 122, Regent St., W.*

MRS. ALSTON AT HER SPINNING WHEEL  
WEARING DRESS OF HER OWN WEAVING



*Photo by*

*[Mrs. Alston.*

MISS VIOLET ALSTON SPINNING FROM THE  
DISTAFF

ditions under which so many women labour.

There are six looms in use, and curtains, blankets, rugs, etc., are made to order. War has slightly raised the price of things here as elsewhere, but all profit is devoted to the training of new workers, who are paid wages during their training and are, therefore, in more comfortable circumstances than they otherwise would be.

The factory system, producing, as it does, immense quantities of ready-made clothing of all kinds, has been accepted by

the public generally on account of the low price, and in consequence any idea of artistic dignity in dress has been done away with.

We are living in a time of revolt against much that was shoddy in the days before the war, and there is a striving for more real and healthful development in almost every department of life.

If Mrs. Alston finds the support her scheme merits, there should be a welcome return to the honest homespun and hand-woven materials which were in great demand a few years ago.

The workroom is open to visitors every day from 10 a.m. to 6 p.m., and Mrs. Alston takes private pupils by arrangement.

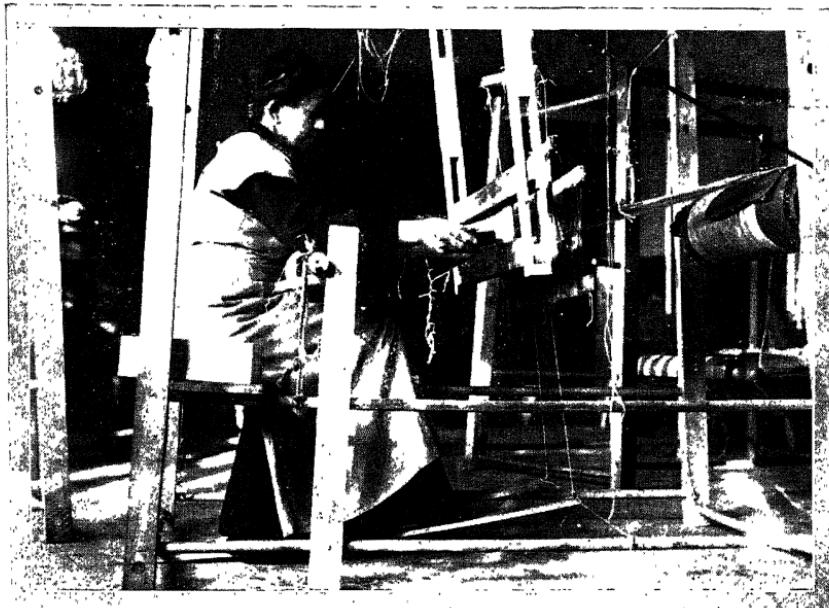


Photo by]

[The Alfieri Picture Service, Red Lion Court, E.C.  
SHOWING THE WEAVER AT THE LOOM

## VAIRAGYA

### I.

**A**LL moods, or high or low,  
Are pastures for the spirit. Turn not thence,  
Thou who life's amplitude wouldest know !  
But feast thy fill  
Freely, and having fed—cease and be still !  
Then shalt thou feel, with subtle-sharpen'd sense,  
How out of each at length  
Is born an inward strength ;  
How every transient, shallow-seeming mood,  
If that it be but understood,  
Doth darkly, somewhere, somehow, make for good.

### II.

See ! like a sudden eclipse, the Soul's dark night  
Sweeps down and, swift, blots out the light !  
Ah ! then, how cold and drear,  
How bleak and inhospitable,  
How unlike heaven, how like to hell,  
Seemeth, alas ! this earth we hold so dear !  
How in each casual eye  
Love's genial fount seems dry,  
And every passing face reveals a sneer ;  
Till every sweet, remember'd grace is fled  
From earth and sky,  
And the whole world, the whole wide world, seems dead !

### III.

Brother, if that dark mood sweep over thee,  
O ! fight it not !  
But let its deep and bitter flood flow free.  
Aye ! let it blot  
The very sun, the very sun' from heaven !  
And then be still !  
Check the outrushing Spirit ; gather the will !  
And in the secret fastness of thy heart  
Sit thou aloof, apart.  
Lo ! in that stillness shall be given  
The deep interior sight  
Of a sublimer light,  
And with illumin'd vision thou shalt see  
That mood's high Mystery.

## *VAIRAGYA*

### IV.

That Spirit-anger, that rebellious hate  
For Man's o'ermastering fate,  
That sick revolt at Joy  
Which makes each pleasure cloy—  
O ! shun them not !—For, brother, soon or late,  
To each one clothed in mortal sense  
Cometh that dark experience !  
It is the Valley, where the Pilgrim Soul  
Halts in her course and turneth towards her goal.  
The bitter cry it is, to them that roam,  
The cry of pain—the cry that calls them home !

### V.

O ! then, hold on !  
Let it not go, that mood, till thou hast press'd  
From forth its harsh and bitter skin the wine  
Of light and peace divine,  
The nectar of illumination !  
For, if that draught thou fear to strain,  
O ! think not that dark mood shall give thee rest !  
Again it cometh, and again !  
Nor shall it cease, till its fierce pain  
So deep into thy Spirit burn,  
That thou, at last, shalt see thy goal—and turn !

E. A. WODEHOUSE

# SEX EDUCATION THROUGH THE SCHOOL

By NORAH MARCH, B.Sc.

*The Author of "Towards Racial Health" is an exceedingly helpful lecturer on right sex development in the young, and parents can gain many valuable suggestions from her experience.*

**M**ANY factors in present-day social life are contributing very heavily towards the demand which has long been made by thoughtful people, for some definite custom in the direction of preparing young people adequately to meet the various eventualities of life associated with sex.

It has been, and still is to an almost wholesale extent, our custom to leave out from our instruction of children any reference to their ultimate responsibilities in this direction, and any training to which they have been subjected which may have had a healthy influence over this particular sphere of their moral and physical health has been more fortuitous than inspired, yielding advantageous influence by chance rather than by plan.

Very often those individuals whose lives have been secured to paths of perfect integrity have failed in the process to achieve perfect happiness and complete development, for the experiences to which they have been submitted have been antagonistic to their inborn impulses to such a degree, and the conventional ideas

which have been instilled into their minds have come so much into conflict with their natural seekings for self-expression, that an unwholesome restriction instead of a wholesome direction of mind growth has taken place; the nature has become emotionally warped and chilled.

The morality which is the outcome of indifference to passion is comparable with the honesty which accompanies sufficiency of riches, and not with that which is hand in hand with poverty. Some people do not steal because they are indifferent to other people's goods; they are negatively honest. He who under great provocation steals and repents is a more honest person. Only he whose need for other people's goods is great and who refrains from borrowing or stealing is possessed of positive honesty. A positive morality should be our goal.

The problem of sex education is not to be solved by stultifying, or by ignoring, the natural impulses of all normal people, but by recognising those impulses, identifying their importance (to the individual and to the race), and achieving an adjust-



NORAH MARCH, B.Sc.

ment between the natural impulses of the individual and the restrictions of the group. This will involve a wiser training of the individual towards the promotion of balance and control, and an alteration in the social environment so that it may become provocative of healthy growth—moral, mental, and physical—instead of being, as is now too extensively the case, prejudicial.

Nor is this scheme impossible of performance, for a thorough appreciation of the powerful influence which sex exerts over the life of each one of us gives a constructive bias to our plan. Modern knowledge concerning sex is gradually making its way out from the depths of specialist literature, and coming within reach of all of us. The great Law of Life-Preservation governs all organisms, and because the life of each organism is finite the need has arisen for each organism having means of transmitting life to new organisms of its kind. Thus has parenthood in all organisms—plant and animal alike—arisen, sex being the device by which, in all except a comparatively few lowly types, parenthood is brought about. Man, the highest organism evolved, obeys the same law in the same way. There is no difference in kind, just difference in degree. The one divine law governs all.

Not only is sex the means of life preservation by transmission, but it has provided very largely the stimulus through which the progress of organic races has been made,\* and is, in each individual of the more highly organised types, a profound stimulus to development, most acutely so in human life, growth of mind and growth of body being largely attributable to the stimuli which sex, physically and mentally, gives† Of theulti-

mate happiness to which sex may lead through love, marriage, and parenthood, and through happiness, to complete efficiency, we do not need to enlarge upon; it is obvious to all of us.

The whole of our modern knowledge concerning sex goes to show us that therein we have a force which, both physically and mentally, is of tremendously constructive potentiality, making for the complete efficiency and highest happiness of each of us. But these forces, particularly in the mental sphere, are very subtle in their adjustment, are liable to ill-balance, to disorganisation, to incomplete evolution, each and all of which are prone to bring about some imperfection in mental or moral development—perhaps both.

The task of sex-education, thus, is two-fold, being partly concerned with the prevention of ignorance, and largely concerned with the preservation of entire physical and mental health in order that thereby, the individual may reach the full promise of efficiency and happiness which the sex-endowment gives. Moral health and mental health must be united, not mutually exclusive. Ethical guidance, a necessity arising from man's custom of social life, must be given to minds prepared both for its reception and for its assimilation into conduct.

Obviously the solution of so complex a problem as sex-education is in this light seen to be does not lie in the hands of any one group of persons; but all of those who have the privilege of exercising influence over child-life are called upon to direct that influence towards the same goal. The best will follow when all those influences—home, school, labour, social, and religious—are co-ordinated and, guided by knowledge, inspired by the vision of sex as the master-force, are working together towards the promotion of the best in, and for, the child.

While we believe that the intimate personal details of sex-instruction could, in most cases, be given best by the parents, we are bound to recognise that the vast

\* See *Evolution of Sex*, by Geddes and Thomson. (Contemporary Science Series.)

† The essential sex organs—the ovaries and testes—are glands, producing secretions which, through the stimulus they give to the body, are largely responsible for physical and mental growth throughout life, and specially responsible for the development of all those characteristics which distinguish one sex from the other. This glandular function is supremely important in promoting the health and growth of the individual; the other function of the sex glands, the production and liberation of gametes (the elements of potential parenthood) concerns the life of the race. Sex energy in the mind is only partly concerned with

conscious sex interests and expression; it is in its unconscious activities the source of much of man's high mental capability.

majority of parents, as yet, do not see the need for it, or, if they do see the need, are, through various causes, which we need not here discuss, unable to do it. Thus, generally speaking, parents stand in need of persuasion and of help. Next to the home, the school may be the most potent influence in a child's life, for most of the waking hours of a child's most impressionable years are spent at school, and, moreover, nowhere have we such a wide possibility of reaching the parents as exists through the schools.

Some head teachers are already making first steps to secure the interest of the parents. In some cases, in certain secondary schools and boarding schools, it is the custom of the head teacher to require that all new pupils should have, before entering the school, instruction on the facts of parenthood sufficient to protect them from the necessity for promiscuous search for information on these subjects, and sufficient to provide forewarning in regard to the possible manifestations of pubertal change, in order that by this forewarning, rightly given, they may be safeguarded from possible shock and mismanagement of health. Such head teachers not only require this preparation of new pupils, but are ready to give assistance to parents by offering suggestions as to how the subject may be introduced and dealt with (lending them leaflets, books, and so on), and they often offer to act *in loco parentis*, if desired. When doing this, the teacher seizes a psychologic opportunity of talking to such a new pupil privately, in a friendly way, giving the child to understand that the conversation is taking place with the full consent of the parents.

In other cases, where an attempt to approach the parents is being made, the head teacher has invited them to a meeting, in which a speaker (either the head teacher or some authority on the subject) gives an address, showing the need for new steps, giving suggestions as to what should be done, and, at the same time, assuring the parents of every help possible through the school.

In one case the head teacher has called privately on the parents of each of his

pupils—an elementary school in this case—with a view to obtaining their sanction to something being done towards the better moral safeguarding of their boys. He met with a wonderfully sympathetic response from these parents, but a general acknowledgment that they themselves could not do it and would be glad to have him act for them.

It is very important that steps should be taken to ensure the approval of the parents, in order that no unpleasant results, through omission to do this, may prejudice the good work.

Children vary very much in regard to their curiosity concerning sex and parenthood. Most children ask questions concerning the origin of babies before they reach the school age. These first early questions should be answered truly, though simply; not untruly or evasively, as so frequently happens. These early questions, more often than not, come to the mothers. Should it happen that they do not come to the mother, she is apt to say: "My child has never asked." But in all probability the child has asked someone else, as was the case in a certain family, where a grandmother was in charge of the *ménage*, when a new baby had come to the family circle. One of the little girls asked her grandmother where the new baby had come from, and was punished by the grandmother for asking such a question. The child naturally did not ask the question within the family circle again, but started out on a voyage of discovery among playmates. It may and does sometimes happen that a child will ask a teacher this—to the child—all-important question, and the teacher must use very wise judgment in dealing with the matter, using her (or his, as the case may be) knowledge of the child's nature as a guide. Some children would ask in perfect sincerity, confident that they were coming to the right source for information, and other children, probably of older years, and of somewhat haphazardly-gained information and experience, may ask out of sheer erotic interest or with intent to provoke talk upon a subject which they themselves feel to be taboo. To the sincerely-asked question

the truth, briefly and simply, should be given, just as naturally as the question is asked, using some illustration culled from the child's knowledge of nature by way of explanation. Probably most teachers, being called upon to do this, would find it advisable, in order that no misinterpretation may be placed upon the teacher's step and also with the intention of directing the mother's attention to her child's needs, to inform the child's mother that the question had been asked and answered—indicating the reason for answering it and the nature of the reply given.

With regard to the provocative question, one can only say that each case must be considered by itself. One can point out, however, that any embarrassment shown by the teacher will inevitably create a bad impression, and any untruth or evasion is likely to be detected and jeered at behind her back. A frank reply, whether it be a plain question, "Why do you ask?" or whether it be a more definite answer, will create an infinitely more dignified impression than will embarrassment and evasion. "Why do you ask?" may possibly be followed with, "Well, if you are seriously wanting to know, I will tell you," or "I will ask your mother to tell you," or "Tell me what you know about it already." With these or similar introductions the desired information may be given, very special care being taken to endeavour to remove any undesirable impressions which the seeker may have previously gained. It may be difficult to dispel the cloud under which such a child's knowledge concerning sex lurks, but is not an entirely hopeless task.

To proceed now to a more systematic consideration of the sex-education problem, information on the subject of sex and its purposes should find its way gradually and unobtrusively into the fabric of childish knowledge—an attainment possible if questions are answered as naturally as they are asked. Moreover, although sex ultimately becomes supremely personal in its interest, it is just one manifestation of the natural law governing all life, and its processes are not exceptional to man. Appreciation of this universality of the law gives a

breadth of mental horizon which is infinitely healthy and helpful, and the earlier we begin to build up these wide conception in the child's mind, the more fortified will that mind be to withstand the personal invasion of sex later on.

It is in this connection that the school can do so much, for, by a judicious treatment of nature study, and later, of biology subjects, in which the study of plants and animals should include the parenthood processes instead of excluding them, a gradual acquaintance with the laws governing life may be made. The various activities, individual and racial, should each be studied, using the same terms and phraseology throughout, and explaining the functions of the higher organisms by reference to the lower ones for illustration. By this means, not only will the beginnings of a broad-minded contemplation of life be fostered, but the child will be supplied with terms and phrases in which to clothe its ideas, a specially necessary step, in so far as sex is concerned, for all that the majority of people have, in this connection, at command, is a vocabulary of awkward, if not actually vulgar, terms, and a facility only with cumbersome, often unpleasant and obscene phraseology.

These nature-study lessons should be well planned, based upon the study of actual living plants and animals, for the care of which the pupils themselves should be responsible, and while in no way over-emphasising the racial process (for that would probably be as insanitary mentally as the present exclusion of it is), should definitely incorporate that process.

By this means the child's mind may be prepared for the development of such ideas as may arise in connection with human life. One teacher, in giving such nature-study lessons, found that the human note was frequently sounded, as, e.g., when making a study of a certain caterpillar, which, when touched, curled up, thus protecting its vital organs, some of her pupils referred at once to the way in which a boy or a girl will bend forward when threatened with a blow—the one impulse, self-protection, being responsible for each action.

Some children, on learning of the method of parenthood in plants, soon see therein the explanation of human parenthood; but others fail to make this derivation, and it is in connection with this great need for individual consideration that one would specially plead for sympathetic cooperation between home and school—the school supplying opportunities for grasp of general principles, the parents, fully informed of the work being done through the school, being ready to take an interest in the child's work, and to develop it as each child needs. No two children are likely to put the same questions; no two children are likely to have an identical trend of interest. Thus one can do no more than urge that whatever be the child's questions—crude though they may be in expression—they should be appreciated as sincere and truth-seeking in their object, and be answered adequately. Parental teaching can do much towards imbuing the right spirit. One does not suggest that an unduly sentimental appeal should be made to the mind not ready to assimilate such, but that, in all this teaching, a dignified, self-respecting attitude towards the human body should be developed.

These nature-study lessons should ideally begin under home guidance before the child goes to school, and be continued through the school years in the form of elementary nature study at first, developed later at the secondary school period into more advanced biologic work.

If a more or less impersonal attitude towards all the body functions is, partly by these ways, cultivated, and if the mind is accustomed to the idea of the body having racial organs and functions, there will cease to be any great gap to bridge over in reference to physiology and hygiene of those organs. In some American schools and colleges this has been done so successfully that the physiology and hygiene course includes references to the racial organs and to venereal diseases. Much depends upon the mind preparation which has been made, as to how information on these subjects is accepted. In one of the schools in Philadelphia—a high school for girls—for several years a course of lessons on "Domestic Sanita-

tion and Eugenics" has been given to the elder girls. The work begins with a study of the home, then proceeds to the family, discussing this to a considerable extent from the eugenic point of view. The following topics are included among those which receive consideration during the forty weeks' course :

**First Term :**

*A study of the home.*

The moral, the economic, and civic value of the home.

*Household equipment.*

Furnishings, lighting, heating, and plumbing.

*Injectious diseases.*

Means of transmission; tuberculosis.

*Alcoholism.*

Considered from the eugenic, social, and personal point of view.

*Home Nursing.*

**Second Term :**

*Parenthood.*

Adolescent changes in boys and in girls; reproduction considered from the biologic standpoint, using the fish, frog, bird, and mammal as types.

One lesson on marriage, one on care of the expectant mother; six lessons on care of the baby.

Venereal diseases as prejudicial to child life, followed up by further details regarding these diseases—social pitfalls, prostitution, etc.

The school has never experienced any objection to the course expressed by the parents, some of whom have positively expressed approval, while, when the work was first introduced, seven years ago, in a shorter course, and the opinion of the girls themselves as to whether they had found the lessons helpful was sought, not one adverse opinion was sent in. These pupils themselves, knowing it was the first year for such a course to be given, advised the teacher to repeat the course to the new class for the succeeding year. Of course, public opinion in America is riper for the introduction of such work than here; more ground has been broken. The teacher reports, for example, that most of the girls already had a hazy notion about venereal diseases. But the cultivation of public opinion is moving very rapidly here, and already one hears suggestions that something might be done through the schools to promote better education for parenthood.

So far we have dealt with the biologic and hygienic aspects of sex-education, and we see that their full value does not lie in instruction alone. The ethical aspect is of equal importance and is equally capable of absorption in the school scheme. Many opportunities arise in the pursuit of humanist studies, of inculcating a high ideal, not merely of the sex relationship and its functions, but of the possibilities of personal development which may be the outcome of such mental and spiritual contact. Here, because it gives such freedom for mental and spiritual contact, lies an immense value in co-education. More often than not, when such opportunities of giving directive teaching arise in the school, the teacher omits the critical part or slurs it over, or takes no notice of it, all of which devices merely serve to concentrate the pupil's attention on the point, with the added disadvantage of having created a wrong impression in the pupil's mind. One is not, of course, suggesting a selection of lessons focussed definitely and only upon some sex problem, but just that such incidental opportunities of giving a strong moral bias as do arise in any well-balanced course of literary, Biblical, historical, and social studies, should not be allowed to pass by unutilised. The best ethical training is derived incidentally rather than pointedly. The general atmosphere of the school life, if of a high moral tone, tempered by sympathetic understanding of the immature mind, its needs and its reactions, will and does prove of incalculable benefit in the effect it creates.

There is yet another aspect of sex-education which we must consider, and which may be greatly developed through the school life. The health of body and of mind to a very great degree depends upon the habits of body and the habits of mind. The earlier these habits are initiated the more effective do they become as regulators of conduct. Here, again, is a call for sympathy in working between the home and the school, both of which influences should be guided into agreement by a thorough appreciation of the needs of child development. Training

in physical habits is perhaps less subtle than training in mental habits, for the adult is so disposed to forget the experiences of childhood that, in unwise, he often attempts to impose an adult standard of conduct upon a mind too immature to conform to it. Both parents and teachers require to have a very wise understanding of the intricacies of child development in order that the supervision and training which they may impose upon the child may not be prejudicial to full, well-balanced development of body and mind. In no sphere is this wise understanding so necessary as in connection with sex, in order that, by the initiation of right habits of body and of mind, the child may achieve development in perfect health and serenity. The prevention and cure of sex malpractice, which is so extensive in school life, is a matter which all teachers as well as parents should bear in mind.

All healthy young minds seek vigorous self-expression, a natural demand of growth, and they should have many avenues opened up to them in order that through their individuality they may select. Herein lies the great value of athletics, hobbies, intellectual and creative, social, philanthropic interests, from which all young folk make their selection; and here, in the cultivation of these interests, lies another function of the school.

Many of our difficulties in social sex adjustment arise through the wrong attitude of mind which one sex bears towards the other. We must seek to cultivate a mutual respect, an *appreciation* of differences instead of an intolerance leading to depreciation, a comradeship which shall make for greater civic and social efficiency, and, especially in girls, an independence of thought, all of which may be done without prejudicing the emotional sensitiveness and without eliminating the love-life. Co-education, wisely administered, would seem to be one of the means by which all this may be achieved, recognising that one of the values of co-education lies in the opportunities it affords for an appreciation of sex differences as well as

a recognition of sex equalities. But failing co-education, the right attitude of one sex towards the other may be largely promoted through the general atmosphere which obtains in the school and in the home, which should be wise, tolerant, and dignified, without any of the petty restrictions and absurd provocativeness that so frequently characterise the unenlightened atmosphere. A mutual, sincere respect of one sex for the other should form the basis of our social fabric, instead of the pseudo-respect which is so often the result of our narrow-minded restrictions, and which has led to so many social disorders. That sincere respect will come when each sex understands and appreciates, not only their mutual dependence upon, but their mutual independence of, the other. Modern educational effort is directed towards the upset of tradition in regard to the training of girls, who need self-expression through broad interests just as much as boys do. Independence of thought and of action are a great safeguard. In this connection one would draw attention to the influence the school may exert towards directing a girl's interests along lines of work, whether of social service or through some profession or employment. Not only does such employment render her independent of marrying for the need of a home, but it tends to give her that width of interest which shall act as a healthy counter-influence to the narrowness which a rigidly domestic life may impose. Mothers need width of interests just as much as fathers do if they are to be supremely efficient in their motherhood.

To be complete, our interpretation of sex-education must recognise the ultimate goal of sex—parenthood—and should, therefore, have a definite bias towards education for parenthood. This is too wide a subject to discuss at the conclusion of an article; one must be content with indicating that, through the many school subjects (hygiene, domestic

economy, arithmetic, literature, history, handicraft, and so on) there are many opportunities, not only of implanting the eugenic ideal, but of giving instruction which shall have a practical application upon the administration and performance of domestic affairs, for which, while there should be division of labour, the responsibility should be equally shared by the parents.

In conclusion, it will be evident that few teachers as yet are ready to enter into this new field of education. Though many of them have the right inspiration, the welfare of the child, at heart, comparatively few have as yet all the knowledge they would require to carry out their part. No specialist is needed, but a perfect co-operation in aim should infuse the teaching of all the staff. The nature study and biology teacher can do much; the hygienist as much; the teacher of literature, of history, of arithmetic, of religion, each of them, likewise, can do much. Each and all should have such an understanding of the development of the child that they would direct the school life in the interests of growth and health. Especially would we point out that during puberty, the period of transition from childhood to adolescence, is special care and understanding necessary, for this period is very critical in the history of the individual.

At present, therefore, let us educate the educators, and at the same time make what efforts we can to alleviate the conditions under which the great majority of our nation's teachers work—large classes, crowded time-table, little home sympathy, poor remuneration, and so forth. In no profession does personality count for so much as in the teaching profession, and no personality can exert its full influence under cramped and unsympathetic conditions. Let us, then, enter into this campaign on behalf of the teachers and, by the cultivation of public opinion, make it possible for them to go forward.

# INDIA'S GRAND OLD MAN

By HARENDRANATH MAITRA

INDIA'S Grand Old Man—Dadabhai Naoroji—has left us. We do not grieve for him, whom death has taken in his ninety-second year, but for the Motherland passing through a most critical time. Although Dadabhai was no longer doing any active work in the field of politics, that sacred department of human activities, he was a constant inspiration to his countrymen, and even from his "Retreat" at Versova he was sending his ceaseless benediction to those working in the cause of India's amelioration.

But do people really die? We have assurance from the Divine lips :

As the dweller in the body experienceth in the body childhood, youth, old age, so passeth he on to another body; the steadfast one grieveth not therat. The unreal hath no being; the real never ceaseth to be.

As a man casting off worn-out garments taketh new ones, so the dweller in the body, casting off worn-out bodies, entereth into others that are new.—(*Bhagavad Gita*)

In whatever shape or form we take the idea of reincarnation, Dadabhai is not dead. The Self is eternal. It is ever-progressing. Eternal evolution is its destiny. The seed seems to decay in order to bud out as a great tree. We die so that out of our life greater lives may come. The ceaseless activities of Mr. Naoroji have entered into the hearts of the Indian people, and his spirit of love, which is the guiding force of all good works, has fired the enthusiasm of young India, and has kindled a hope, a faith, a burning passion to serve the Motherland. Consecration! Every Indian heart vibrates "to that iron string."

Mr. Dadabhai Naoroji was born in Bombay on September 4, 1825. He was the son of a Parsi priest. Nearly one thousand years ago the Parsi community

came to India to take shelter from tyranny and oppression in their own country of Persia, and India, the land which has given shelter to all races and colours, creeds and castes, did also stretch forth her all-protecting hand to the disciples of the *Avesta*. The students of religions of the world know that the Parsis were a branch of the great Aryan race. In coming to India they but came to their own, and since then the two communities have lived together, thought together, worked together. The Parsis have also adopted one of the languages of India, their spoken languages being Gujarati, derived from Sanskrit.

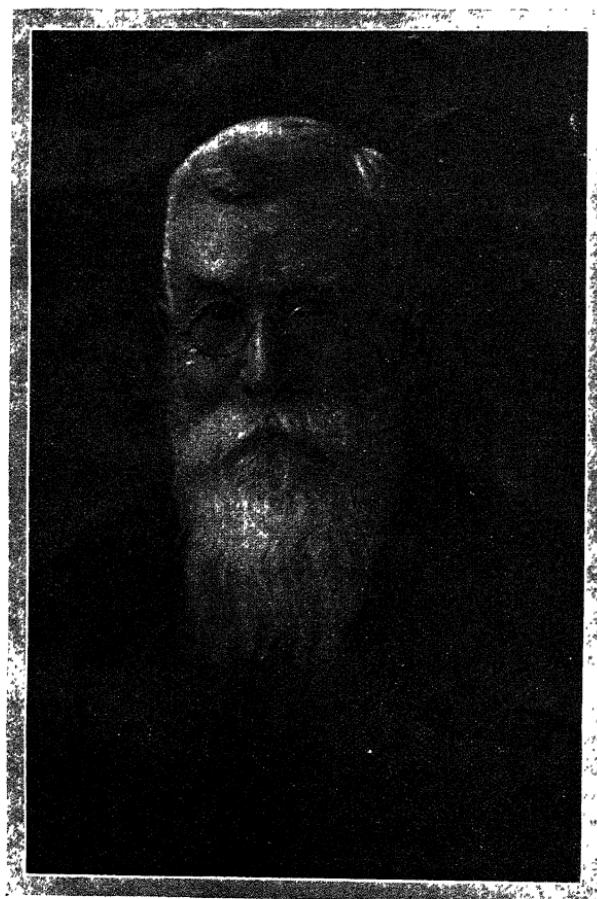
When Dadabhai was four years old his father died. The whole responsibility of the child fell upon his mother and, like many another great man, Dadabhai has often said, "If there is any good in me it is due to my great mother."

On account of the poverty of the family Dadabhai was educated in a free school in his early days, and ever afterward he cherished in his heart a strong desire when opportunity came to fight for free and compulsory education for India. He reaped the benefit of free education, and he wanted that all his countrymen should reap it also. He later on entered the Elphinstone College in Bombay, and soon made his mark both as a scholar and an athlete. He was very strong physically, and he had a bulldog tenacity of will and purpose.

The then Chief Justice of Bombay, Sir Erskine Perry, who was also the President of the Board of Education, offered to bear half the expenses should Dadabhai care to read for the Bar in England; but he was prevented by his own people, who feared that he might become a Christian. He then took a Professorship in his own

*alma mater*, but he resigned that post some time after and came to England to take up the duties of London manager of the Parsi firm of Cama and Company. He had already made his name in Bombay as one of the intellectuals and as a

work since then. He established the first Girls' School on the modern basis, and he was the father of many other social reforms. He also started the Gujarati weekly, the *Rast Goftar*, or "Truth-teller."



DADABHAI NAOROJI

pioneer in many social reform schemes. He was instrumental in establishing many literary and scientific societies, libraries, museums, and gymnasiums. He started the Bombay Presidency Association in 1853, which has been doing magnificent

Mr. Naoroji was a ceaseless worker. In England he began in right earnest to work out the destiny of his country. In his heart of hearts he was very extreme in his thought, but he managed somehow to temper everything with a spirit of modera-

tion. That was the secret of his life. He wanted to uplift his country, the country of his adoption, his "Motherland," as he was so fond of calling her, to her ancient glory and ideals.

He fought for the restriction of age limit in Civil Service examination, and in 1870 he was the prime mover in the agitation which secured the admission of Indian candidates to the Indian Civil Service. His correspondence with the India Office on public questions was voluminous, and he founded the East India Association. Later on he ceased his active co-operation, as the body had entirely passed into the hands of the retired Anglo-Indians.

He then, in conjunction with Mr. W. C. Bonnerjee, established the London Indian Association, which still exists, and Indian residents of every rank and class here gather together to work for their Motherland. The London Indian Association is doing excellent work in educating the British mind, and its present indefatigable secretary, Mr. Sorabja, is never tired of doing service for his country and keeping high the flag which was unfurled by Dadabhai Naoroji.

Dadabhai fell into financial difficulties as the result of attempting to help a friend, but he had already earned a reputation in the English commercial world for his honesty and integrity, and the Governor of the Bank of England, who was one of his creditors, was among those who bore public testimony to his merits and abilities. He went back to Bombay in 1869, and was received with great acclaim. He later returned to England to give evidence before the Fawcett Committee on Indian finance. The remarkable evidence which he gave shows the strength of his mind and tenacity of will. He ransacked all the barren statistics and unmasked the poverty of the people of India and its cause. And he quoted in his second Presidential Address over the Indian National Congress the then Secretary of India's remark, which he expressed in a letter to the Treasury, dated January 26, 1886:

The position of India in relation to taxation and the sources of the public revenues is very peculiar, not merely from the habits of the

people and their strong aversion to change, which is more specially exhibited towards new forms of taxation, but likewise from the character of the Government, which is in the hands of foreigners, who hold all the principal administrative offices, and form so large a part of the army. The impatience of new taxation which would have to be borne wholly as a consequence of the foreign rule imposed on the country would constitute a political danger, the real magnitude of which it is to be feared is not at all appreciated by persons who have no knowledge of, or concern in, the government of India, but which those responsible for that government have long regarded as of the most serious order.

Mr. Naoroji was appointed as Chief Minister of Baroda, but did not hold the post long. He was nominated by Lord Reay for his Legislative Council in Bombay in 1885, and in that year he was one of those who founded the Indian National Congress along with Mr. Hume and Mr. W. C. Bonnerjee. On returning to England he became a Member of Parliament and in season and out of season he championed his country's cause; a most difficult thing to do amidst a people whose imagination fails to grasp the real situation of the country they are supposed to be the trustees of. India is ruled by a Parliament in which there is no Indian member, and only one of two English, to represent nearly four hundred millions of the Indian people. It is no wonder that the Mesopotamia campaign went so wrong. India is loyal to Britain, otherwise she would have been up in arms at this crisis, and would have demanded Home Rule, not after the war, but now. As the officials have failed, it is British Democracy that will solve India's problem; that will give back to India her own birthright, for which, among others, England's greatest woman, Mrs. Annie Besant, is working and suffering. Her name echoes in India. The spirit of Dadabhai Naoroji will bless her from Heaven, because it is his cause that she has taken up—the cause of the Motherland. In the words of one of England's great writers of to-day, Mr. H. G. Wells:

The time is drawing near when the Egyptian and the natives of India will ask, "Are things going on for ever here as they go on now, or are we to look for the time when we, too, like the Africander, the Canadian, and the Australian will be your confessed and equal partners?" Would it not be wise to answer that question

in the affirmative before the voice in which it is asked grows thick with anger?

It is with the hope that the anger may not have to grow thicker and thicker that the Indian National Congress is working, and Dadabhai is one of the great Builders of this National Home—if not the Builder. It is Dadabhai who has said :

Britain can hold India, as any country can hold another, by moral force only. You can build up an Empire by arms or ephemeral brute physical force, but you can preserve it by the internal moral forces only. Brute force will, some time or other break down. Righteousness alone is everlasting. Well and truly has Lord Ripon said that "the British power and influence rests upon the conviction of our good faith more than upon the valour of our soldiers or the reputation of our arms."

The Indian National Congress has been doing a great work without any recognition from the rulers. And it is over this great National assembly that Dadabhai Naoroji has presided thrice. To us Indians it is a great Home in which all differences must cease, all jarring notes be hushed, all castes and creeds be gathered together. Is it not good to see that the representatives of the 400 millions of people gather together once a year to deliberate upon the past, the present, and the future of their country?

The sitting of the National Congress in December is the anniversary of the Motherland in India. To Indians the

Motherland is the Mother. It is not only poetry and romance, it is real. The more we struggle the stronger becomes our conviction. The more we suffer for the Mother the stronger is our Love. After all, what country has not gone through the struggle for self-expression? It is true of the nation as of the individual. And some countries have suffered even more than India. It has been very well said by Mr. Polak :

In India to-day complaint is made of a few hundred internments of people, who are suffering for their patriotic convictions. . . . But what is it compared with what has happened in Russia? During the period of a generation many thousands of Russians, men and women, were spirited away from their homes, and none knew what had become of them. Some died in military fortresses, but most were exiled to Siberia, and thus compelled to live out their lives amidst the severest climatic and the most horrible social conditions, because of the love that they bore their country; until it seemed as though the Russian Government were determined to people the uninhabited lands of Russia in Asia with the best intelligence and the most ardent patriots of European Russia.

It is for the love that we Indians bear our country that we must suffer. We are working through constitutional agitation. We shall fight on. It is not India alone that is India's outlook. She sees the day will come when India and England will march together hand in hand to the great goal of World-Federation. Dadabhai Naoroji worked for that.

## EARTH: LIFE

**A** LITTLE while we pause—then pass  
As mirrored shapes across a glass;  
But with our passing should be born  
A memory sweet as breath of morn—  
That those who follow us may find  
Life sweeter, fairer, and more kind.

A. M. SMITH

# “WHEN THE BOYS COME HOME”

By E. J. SMITH

*These rousing and inspiring words from the Chairman of the Health Committee of the Bradford Corporation, who, during the last eight months, has spoken so plainly on Maternity and Child Welfare in our pages, will find many eager readers.*

**I**N these days when men are tempted to look at the war from every point of view except that which compelled us to enter it, one may be forgiven for trying to put first things first. Belgium, which had neither lot nor part in the quarrel, and was supposed to be protected by treaties signed by those who had, was over-run and its people ravished; the grossly immoral doctrine that “necessity knows no law” was deliberately adopted by a so-called civilised Power; premeditated and diabolical “frightfulness” was ruthlessly pursued as a recognised canon of war, and everything which peace-loving citizens hold sacred and dear was thrown into the melting-pot.

It is no exaggeration to say that the Kaiser and his caste are entirely responsible for this colossal crime, and that since its inception they have converted all the Powers allied to Germany into so many satellites, whose peoples have become their puppets and their victims—a process which, if victory ultimately rests with them, they will extend over the whole of the nations engaged in the War. Consequently, the question now being decided is whether the world shall be governed by its people for its people, or by its kings for its kings; and if that mighty issue is permitted to be switched on to a siding by minor, however important, considerations, not only will the German democracy be permanently enslaved, but we shall be thrown back into a world dominated by all the hellish forces upon which the Fatherland is at present relying for victory. Under these circumstances, we

cannot be too forcibly or too often reminded that to the extent to which the people permit their attention to be diverted, they will unconsciously become the tools of this uncivilised civilisation. It was to deliver the world and its future from such an immeasurable catastrophe that the Empire’s heroes volunteered to fight and, if needs be, to die.

These singularly high-minded sons, who believed there were even more important things than life itself, and that one of them was to defend at all costs those sacred causes that make men and nations truly great and free, saw the scientific tyranny of brutal and callous militarism exalted and worshipped as a deity, threatening the coming of that long-looked-for day of deliverance of which the Russian revolution is alike the first fruits, and the harbinger of equally glorious victories that must follow. The very fact that they abhorred the taking of life with loathing and hatred left them no choice but to stand between the victims and their oppressors as gladly as they would have displayed the same unselfish disregard of danger in protecting the life they were now compelled to take, and it is safe to say that History will neither be slow to adorn its pages with records of their valour nor to appraise these at their proper worth, whatever may be our attitude to the inexhaustible obligation under which they have laid us.

Said one of these heroes to a lady who had been asking why a common habit had not already been acquired, “I wouldn’t like to do anything that would disappoint

my father." Not long after—in the great advance of July 1, 1916—that noble son led his men "over the top" with the magnetism and inspiration of a fearless soldier, a trusted leader and a worthy friend. He has not been heard of since; but a letter written immediately prior to that terrible ordeal leaves no room for doubt that in that solemn hour of indescribably awful experiences he—like so many whom the Empire is privileged to revere—touched the zenith of life, as, allied to duty and to God, he risked his all for honour and freedom and truth, for his native land, his home and his loved ones; and last, but by no means least, for that mighty army of innocent and helpless children whose little feet have still to come along the world's highway, and who *must* inherit what it is our privilege and responsibility to help to fashion. It is in the light of such facts that one feels what a gloriously fertile achievement it would be if the nation could celebrate that great day, "when the boys come home," by welcoming them to a land which in their absence had opened the way to a nobler conception of life and its duties.

That can only be done by transforming the colossal power of wealth from an appalling menace to a redeeming agent, and its use from selfishness to service. The exigencies of war, like the experiences of peace, prove that it is capable of being converted to either, but since the introduction of machinery and steam power, which made its accumulation easy and dangerous, it has been used to dominate in turn international relationships, the nation's civil life, its industries, its politics and its Press, and has become an almost insurmountable barrier to democratic emancipation, philanthropic enterprise, and religious work. It rests like a dead hand on the finest aspirations of men, and though the nation's abstract faith remains Christian, its concrete practice is mercenary.

One of the few compensating advantages accruing from the titanic struggle that is now being waged is the unceremonious manner in which it has compelled us to throw precedent to the four winds, and by adopting remedies as drastic as

the diseases they were intended to cure, enabled us to achieve what in the piping times of peace was regarded as impossible. The Government has regulated finance, taken over the railways, limited profits, commandeered investments, bought food, reduced the hours of sale on licensed premises and made many other equally suggestive departures from the beaten track which demonstrate its ability—present and perspective—to deliver the people from their greatest enemy. At the same time and under exactly the same circumstances, wealth has been proving its indifference to public well-being, for where it has been permitted to go untrammelled it has battened on the nation's necessities, while our heroes in the trenches have been forfeiting prospects and life for a pittance. And those whose cold, callous, and calculating propensities have extracted most plunder, and who hope the war will continue in order to swell their blood money, have added insult to injury through seeking to divert attention from the fact by becoming the pioneers of rigid economy in public expenditure to the detriment of both health and education, on the specious plea of financial necessity, as though, forsooth, weaker bodies and duller minds could compensate the State for their ill-gotten gains.

The future internal peace and prosperity of the country demand that wealth should be subjugated to welfare, which alone can justify its existence; for in view of the truly wonderful fact that over five million men from every city, town, village and hamlet in the land, volunteered to surrender lives full of promise and careers overflowing with material prospects on the altar of vicarious sacrifice, and that those near and dear to them have worked excessive hours and abnormally hard in making munitions and meeting the needs of the civil population—for children have been turned out of the schools to work and infants have been deprived of maternal care that mothers may contribute their labour to the common store—the country must hereafter belong to every man, woman and child in it, in a totally different sense to when the duties of war were delegated to a standing army and

navy. Where all have fought all are entitled to share the results of a victory that would otherwise have gone to the Germans, who would have made short work of our vested interests and the fabulous wealth they enjoy. Indeed, it must be obvious that the State and the people must in future bear a new relationship to each other, and one which shall result in a mighty uplift of the masses.

It has far too long been erroneously assumed that wealth and wisdom were synonymous terms, though knowledge and experience prove that each may, and very often does, exist without the other. Indeed, it is time that instead of pampering and spoiling men with money, and giving them credit for all the virtues they do not possess, we begin to ask, not what a man has, but what he is, for :

The rank is but the guinea stamp,  
The man's the goud for a' that.

The democracy cannot permit the ever-tightening grip of the ruthless tentacles of wealth, and live. Our noble lads who are dying on land and sea for our inheritance, increase by that very act the sacredness of our duty, not only to protect the freedom which our fathers won against this relentless foe, but also the obligation to hand it down to our children encased in the casket of the added reforms which its wise and strenuous use undoubtedly makes possible.

The nation has been torn asunder, its people are prepared for drastic and far-reaching changes, and it is for earnest men and women to determine now the character into which it shall be fashioned when it is put together again. The hour has struck, and the mighty forces of wealth and power are already anticipating and preparing for the future by speaking glibly about “ the war after war,” in order to still further increase their opulence and extend their command over men. But it is well to remind such that we have not come into the world for the specific purpose of capturing its markets and doing the whole of its work in order that a few may be abnormally rich and the remainder correspondingly poor.

War is hell, and life is too precious to be for ever thrown into its jaws to per-

petuate international strife and insatiable and overweening ambition. These lads are all somebody's, and we are entitled to ask statesmen to justify their statesmanship by finding a better way; for the world is one, and the sooner we break down the barriers that divide and extend the boundaries of goodwill that unite, the sooner shall we be justified in condemning Prussianism, and make such an appalling blot on civilisation as is now being thrown across the pages of history impossible.

If a new Britain is to rise phoenix-like out of the ashes of the war, our industries must be measured not alone by the wealth they create, but by the constantly rising standard of the lives of those engaged in them.

There never has been a successful attempt to promote a more equitable distribution of wealth that has not proved a national blessing. To provide adequate wages and regular incomes does not spell ruin but that wider circulation and increased spending power by means of which industries prosper and wealth grows. How can we succeed by keeping our customers poor? Old age pensions have proved to be not only pensions for those of seventy years and over, but also for industry; and both they and the Insurance Act have tended to create a more stable and prosperous home trade, which depends neither on armed peace nor actual war, but upon a form of patriotism which is willing to do the duty lying nearest it, and use the favoured position, natural advantages, and unlimited wealth of this glorious sea-girt isle to promote a richer, fuller, and higher life for all within its freedom-loving shores.

That type of patriotism promotes its own reward, for, like mercy, it “ blesses him that gives and him that takes”; and how, indeed, can we refuse to respond to the opportunity and the obligation when we look upon those “ riddlings of creation ” that tower in rugged grandeur towards the sky; the roaring torrent that leaps with the joy and ecstasy of youth into the verdure-clad and bounteously fertile valleys below; the wealth and varying hues of the foliage out of which the birds pour their music through

the livelong day; the fascinating glory of the setting sun and the inspiring wonders of the heavens that tell their never-ending story of Him who has bequeathed this gracious inheritance to man. Why in such an elevating and purifying environment are men degraded?

Surely there is something wrong with the uses to which our heritage has been put, and one is driven to the conclusion that the multiplication of fortunes in the hands of few men, the tyranny of vested interests, the incredible and unscrupulous power of wealth to dominate, direct and control men, to set up one and pull down another without appearing to act at all, nay, even to convert democracy itself into an instrument for its own uses, is the fundamental cause of our national perils; and that, horrible as is the war abroad, it is but the beginning of an even more momentous life - and - death struggle at home, unless we cease the English occupation of trying to lop off branches of evils, and apply ourselves to the higher and more imperative duty of cutting away their roots; for, in the meantime, we are engaged in the Sisyphus-like occupation of rolling the stone up the mountainous slopes of monopolies and vested interests, while wealth is taking its ceaseless toll of life by hurling it down again.

Our noble lads at the front are hourly facing death in the trenches and on the seas to protect your liberties and mine. That is the supreme sacrifice. What are we doing to recognise their devotion and to reward their valour, for, "The absence of high aim, not low achieve-

ment, is our sin"? We cannot let them come back to the mean, sordid and inordinate power of wealth; but they will have to, unless you and I get into the trenches here and now, and with a fidelity and heroism akin to theirs, determine to enlarge their inheritance and fight for their rights.

There is no limit to the money available for killing men abroad, and it is time the richest country in the world gave up urging lack of means for saving them at home. The responsibility for determining the character of the new kingdom is grave, urgent and imperious. Not what we give towards that great end, but how much in proportion to our means, be they little or much, money, ability or time, must determine the quality of our citizenship. The past lies heavily upon us because those who inherited its privilege were frustrated by the progressively increasing, ill-directed and selfish power of wealth, and such meagre victories, for political, social and industrial reform as are recorded, were won only after long weary years of labour, sacrifice and loss.

The inestimable debt we owe to our heroic sons, without whose stupendous efforts and unparalleled sacrifices the inheritance our fathers won would have fallen into other hands, imposes an obligation that fortunately for us is accompanied by an opportunity no less great for drastic, far-reaching, and redeeming change. Shall our children's children suffer because we have betrayed so mighty a trust? What is to be our answer, "when the boys come home?"

### THE IDEAL CITIZEN

**H**E will be good to his wife and children as he will be good to his friend, but he will be no partisan for a wife and family against the common welfare. His solicitude will be for the welfare of all the children of the community; he will have got beyond blind instinct; he will have the intelligence to understand that almost any child in the world may have as large a share as his own offspring in the parentage of his great-great-grand-children. His wife he will treat as his equal; he will not be "kind" to her, but fair and frank and loving, as one equal should be with one another; he will no more have the impertinence to pet and pamper her, to keep painful and laborious things out of her knowledge, to "shield" her from the responsibility of political and social work, than he will to make a Chinese toy of her and bind her feet. He and she will love that they may enlarge and not limit one another.

H. G. WELLS

# TRADES THAT TRANSGRESS

## IV.—Kid Gloves, Tortoise-shell & Caged Birds

By G. COLMORE

ARE gloves made of the skins of animals really more elegant and more comfortable than gloves made of thread or wool or silk? Is it common sense or custom, is it artistic taste or fashion which prescribes the wearing of kid gloves?

The kid glove trade is one of the trades that transgress the law of love, and it transgresses it gratuitously, since there are numerous materials other than kid out of which gloves can be made; whereas kid cannot be obtained without the destruction of life and very great suffering on the part of the animals whose lives are destroyed. Those lives are many. In one town in France 1,200,000 dozens of gloves are manufactured in the year; in one town only; and in many towns, not in France alone, kid gloves are made.

To many people it will seem unimportant that thousands of kids are slaughtered before they are weaned; on many the fact that certain gloves are made from the skins of unborn calves taken from dead or pregnant cows will make little impression; but there are surely few who will be callous to the suffering caused to those animals whose fate it is to provide the softest and most delicate skins. For the skins are finer, and also stretch more easily—to make the long suede gloves that cover sleeveless arms—if they are taken from living animals. Sleeves would be more merciful than these long, fine-quality gloves; less costly, too, in money and in life; but fashion demands them and commerce supplies them, and only the few care to enquire to what processes the skins of goats and kids, of lambs and calves are subjected before they figure as gloves that can be bought in the shops.

Human beings profit by these processes, yet, as in many of the trades that transgress, certain human beings have to be sacrificed to secure the profit of the money-

mongers and the pleasure of the fashion-mongers; and though kid gloves may be pretty to look at, the processes through which they pass—apart from those which cause death and pain to the animals from whom the skins are taken—are not all pretty to contemplate, not all pleasant to the men who help to make them. Here is a description of one of them :

The sheds where the next process is carried on are somewhat dark (we are warned not to come in if we object to the stench), and the floors are covered with slimy mud of a dark-greenish hue, altogether more like badly-kept stables than workshops. Here are a number of large tubs containing urine, into which the skins are thrown to further soften them. That they may take the dye satisfactorily it is necessary that urine should thoroughly and evenly penetrate the skins, and this is accomplished in the following manner : Men with feet and legs bare half-way above the knees stand in the tubs and "work" the soaked skins in the urine with their feet for twelve hours. This process is known as *fouler-aux-pieds*.—[From "Kid Gloves" in pamphlet entitled *Food and Fashion*.]

To not many of the people who use tortoise-shell combs and hairpins, who possess tortoise-shell trinkets of various kinds, does it occur to enquire how the shell or skin which is so pleasant to handle and so charming to look at is separated from the tortoise. Not many, or the trade would come to an end, for those who enquired would cease, as soon as they learned the truth, to use their combs and hairpins, or take any pleasure in their trinkets.

Let Darwin describe the methods of the turtle fishers. In his *Naturalist's Voyage Round the World*, he says :

We saw several turtle, and two boats were then employed in catching them. . . . A man standing ready in the bow dashes through the water upon the turtle's back; then, clinging with both hands by the shell of its neck, he is carried away till the animal becomes exhausted and is secured. Captain Moresby informs us that in the Chagos Archipelago, in this same ocean, the natives, by a horrible process, take

the shell from the back of the living turtle. It is covered with burning charcoal, which causes the outer shell to curl upwards; it is then forced off with a knife, and before it becomes cold is flattened between boards.

And the turtles? Killed? No, the solace and the sanctuary of death is denied them: it is denied them from the motive which appears to annihilate every trace of humanness—the motive of commercialism. Sometimes the turtles succumb to the torture inflicted upon them, but not if the fishers can help it; for the shells grow again as the nails grow in human beings, and the animals who survive the operation of shelling are put back into the sea in order that they may fit themselves to undergo a repetition of the agony. Without this agony the trade could not go on; and the trade is immense; immense and very lucrative. The best qualities in tortoise-shell fetch from four to over five pounds sterling a pound; and in one year more than seventy-six thousand pounds were sold in London alone. Because the trade is lucrative the traders will not give it up. Its destruction lies in the hands of those who buy the traders' wares.

These two trades—the kid glove trade and the trade in tortoise-shell—are trades that need have no existence; nobody needs tortoise-shell, everybody can do without kid gloves. Another of the trades that transgress, and which needs not to exist one whit more than these, is the trade in caged birds. The keeping of captive birds is hardly kind; the trade which provides the captives is definitely and abominably cruel.

It has been argued that the keeping of caged birds is "a pleasure to poor and rich alike." It may be so, for there are sentimental people who profess to love the imprisoned things they have deprived of liberty; but the practice, however pleasurable to the jailors, is full of pain to the birds. Wild caught birds often refuse food and die from the sheer misery of captivity; and the keeper of a bird-shop in Shaftesbury Avenue, charged with cruelty to ten small birds, pleaded in extenuation of his offence that: "Every bird in captivity breaks its feathers at the side of the cage." The cruelty in this

case was that the birds were confined in small cages, that they had very little food and no water; and the testimony given by a bird-catcher, for the defence, designed to help the plaintiff, puts the seal of condemnation on the trade; he found nothing connected with the stock, he said, to which anybody could take exception. Anybody in the trade, he should have said, for the traders do not take exception to dirt, starvation or semi-starvation, cramped space; these are common, not uncommon, in the trade. Mr. Ernest Bell, in his paper contributed to the Animal Protection Congress, thus describes his visit to a bird-shop in Scotland:

The place was so filthy it was more than unpleasant to go inside. There were rabbits, guinea-pigs, bantams, pigeons, fancy mice, and the unhappy birds; the cages set on shelves in the foul, dark interior and in the window. Skylarks, finches, linnets, yellow-hammers, robins, and many other birds, home and foreign. Almost of all of them looked sickly, and many of them appeared to be dying.

"How much?" was asked.

"Redpolls 6d. each, linnets 1s., larks 2s. 6d., chaffinches 2s. 6d." ; and so on.

"Your prices are high?"

"You must consider how many of the birds die, and we must make up for the loss."

"No wonder they die in such an atmosphere!"

"We can't keep them in a drawing-room, and the door is open!"

Sometimes in these shops small birds are destroyed by mice: in one shop fifty small birds were found dead or dying one morning, their feet and wings having been gnawed by mice.

Besides the bird-cager there is the bird catcher, and one of the abominations of the trade is the cruelty inflicted upon the decoy birds. These, Mr. Ernest Bell tells us, are of various species, and they are "tightly braced with strings which often cut into their flesh. In some cases they are kept moving all the time by a long string which the catcher holds in his hands and jerks continually to make them flutter about."

And the suffering is not great in degree only, but in extent, for the trade is a big one. In the villages around Cambridge the boxes of birds caught in one day only were enough to fill a trolley. Scores of nests on that one day contained

young birds left to starve to death because the parents were captured. The birds are packed in small boxes about four feet high without food or water; on one Saturday morning fifteen boxes arrived on Cambridge platform from a dealer in Newcastle for the use of a single bird-catcher. But they travel further, these trapped birds, than from Cambridge to Newcastle—they are sent, some of them, to the United States. On one voyage 80 per cent. died, and those who survived arrived weak and half-starved.

And after the miseries of the capture and the travelling come the miseries of captivity and the bird-shop. Mr. F. H. Spender tells of a visit he paid to one of these shops:

Many of them are beating their little bodies with frantic flutterings against the bars of their cages. A bullfinch in an agony of terror is waltzing madly round its cell until it finally drops against the bars panting and exhausted. The skylarks, with a flutter upwards, knock their heads against the tops of their cages. One of them, lying with his breast against the bars as if he would catch a glimpse of the sky, the grey London sky, is singing as if his heart would break. And then he lies with his eyes closed. The frantic efforts made by these poor birds to regain their freedom are surely the

best proof of the outrage on their nature that keeps them in this miserable confinement. Let us enter the shop, where there are rows of similar small boxes in which all kinds of birds are imprisoned. Here is a linnet all puffy, hiding its head in its back feathers, and when one whistles to it, it only raises itself to creep further into the recesses of its prison. It is dying, and the bird-shop man admits that "many of 'em go that way." It is impossible to get the right food, for many of these little birds are eaters of insects and grubs. In other words, they die of slow and lingering starvation. —*The Caging of Birds*, by Ernest Bell.

Think of it! And think of Shelley's wonderful and beautiful poem: "To a Skylark." There is as vast a difference in the feeling of that poem and the feeling of the trade as the space is vast between earth and sky. But then Shelley had vision, and the traders see only the money; and the public likes caged birds. And likes to hear them sing!

Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest thought.

So Shelley sang in that same poem of his. Our sweetest songs! And theirs—the captives? Some of the songs that sound so sweet are the outpourings of longing and of anguish.

## IESUS AND THE ILL-TREATED HORSE

AND they came to a mountain whose ways were steep, and there they found a man with a beast of burden.

But the horse had fallen down, for it was overladen, and he struck it till the blood flowed. And Iesus went to him and said: "Son of cruelty, why strikest thou thy beast? Seest thou not that it is too weak for its burden, and knowest thou not that it suffereth?"

But the man answered and said: "What hast thou to do therewith? I may strike it as much as it pleaseth me, for it is mine own, and I bought it with a goodly sum of money. Ask them who are with thee, for they are of mine acquaintance and know thereof."

And some of the disciples answered and said: "Yea, Lord, it is as he saith. We have seen when he bought it." And the Lord said again: "See ye not then how it bleedeth, and hear ye not also how it waileth and lamenteth?" But they answered and said: "Nay, Lord, we hear not that it waileth and lamenteth!"

And the Lord was sorrowful, and said: "Woe unto you because of the dulness of your hearts, ye hear not how it lamenteth and crieth unto the heavenly Creator for mercy; but thrice woe unto him against whom it crieth and waileth in its pain."

And he went forward and touched it, and the horse stood up, and its wounds were healed. But to the man he said: "Go now thy way and strike it henceforth no more, if thou also desirest to find mercy."

# KURUKSHETRA

By E. V. HAYES

## I.

**T**HERE are some women whose innate purity the most depraved men will honour.

Cynthia Moreland was such a woman, though it would be unfair to Alastair Whittaker to say that he was such a man. He was gay, irresponsible, but not unresponsive to the finer things which haunt man through his pilgrimage. He had sufficient money to gratify the first two characteristics, and, at one time, in his own judgment, sufficient to gratify the third. At heart he was a thoroughly decent fellow, and as Cynthia Moreland took up various "crazes," as he playfully called them, he was always anxious to be her sleeping partner in every one of them. His advice, if worldly, was generally wise, and he said good things unintentionally, which Cynthia often found useful afterwards in her lectures and addresses.

Cynthia Moreland was what her lady friends called "awfully clever"; she had personality, which is better than mere good looks, and when combined with good looks, is irresistible. She had run the whole gamut of the higher aspirations: Social Reformer, then decided Socialist; Suffragist, into Suffragette; Eugenist and Advocate for Social Purity. And she was a doughty champion for all these causes, as her opponents could testify. And Alastair followed her through all the changes, though at heart he remained unregenerate, the gay man about town, light-hearted and flippant. Save for one thing: he hated, with something of Cynthia's own fervour, vivisection; and there was always a wonderful tenderness in his eyes when he talked to a dog.

He lost Cynthia for a week or two, while he toured for a holiday, just before the Forces of Odin were let loose again and the Great War came, shattering many a quiet dream.

He met her in Regent Street one even-

ing, just leaving the Queen's Hall, after a lecture.

The usual greetings and explanations followed.

"What is your latest, Cynthia?" he asked.

Cynthia smiled quite happily. She had two reasons for doing so: you could not be offended with Alastair, and she had something—the latest—which made her very happy.

"All my crazes have merged into one," she replied.

"Which is? . . . "

"When I first started to do something with my life," she said, "I worked for men. Then I worked for women. There were so many ready to help men, and so few (when I started) to help my own sex. Then when the woman's cause grew mighty, I sighed for some other forlorn cause to defend and advocate. I found it in the cult of the unborn babe and the child."

"And in the cult of the animal—don't forget that," he added gently.

She smiled again.

"I left that largely to you, my partner and my friend. It was the one cause you really loved apart . . . "

"From what—apart from what?" he asked very quickly.

"Apart from your pleasures," she answered more quickly yet. "You make a serious work of pleasure, Alastair, seeking it so resolutely."

"Perhaps," he said, and there was a trace of bitterness in his voice. "But what forlorn cause do you champion now?"

"I have found one who is likely to revolutionise my life," she told him, "though he is only a lad."

A shade of pain passed over the man's face, to be instantly quelled; she saw it, and to herself she said: "He is not so weak after all. There is character in him. If I could only . . . "

" May I tell you, Alastair, all about it? " she said aloud. " It may be the first craze you will not approve of."

" I will hear first and give judgment after, " he said.

" It was three days ago, " she began. " We—that is, a party of Socialists, Anarchists, Feminists, and other horrible cranks—were returning from Hyde Park, where we had had an open-air meeting. We all got in at the Tube station, Marble Arch. The train was nearly empty, and there was only one young man sitting in the carriage we entered. He was reading, and only just glanced up at us as we filed in, and then glued his eyes on his book again. I sat beside him. The book he was reading was Sir Edwin Arnold's *Song Celestial*. I grew rather interested and looked at him intently. He was very young, quite a boy, just the ordinary good-looking English boy of nineteen. The man sitting on the other side of him was a very aggressive sort of Anarchist Communist, very extreme in his views and his way of expressing them. For some reason he began to talk Socialism to my boy. Refused to be put off by the boy's apparent inattention. Forced an argument in the end. Said something which my boy did not approve of. He looked up; in his eyes was the most wonderful expression I have ever seen; a soft light seemed to play over his face. We all got talking. My boy's voice was very musical, very gentle, yet full of manliness. I saw a dream fulfilled. A pure boy passing into a noble manhood, rich in promise. Ah, Alastair, you cannot guess all that that means to a woman like me! "

The man's face twitched a little.

" I cannot guess all; I can guess some, " he said.

" I grew fascinated as he talked, " she went on. " In that few minutes he tore illusions from me which I had hugged for years. It seemed that light poured on me from his voice, his face, his eyes. It was an amazing experience."

" And the others? " asked the man.

" Some forgot to change at Tottenham Court Road, " she answered.

" And what is the cause associated with

this young man? " asked Alastair, watching her keenly.

" Put in a word, mysticism, " she said. " Young as he is, he is one of those elect souls on whom the Divine Light has streamed. He has wonderful powers of healing, so they say. Remember, I have only known him a very short time. His cures are very subtle. His dream is a union between the best elements in Hinduism and Christianity, forming a new and mighty religion, the religion of the future. He says his work is that of preparation only: a Greater than he will come to build on the foundations about to be laid. I cannot explain everything in a few minutes and among all this noise. But his personality is wonderful, young as he is."

Alastair sighed.

" I should like to see him, " he remarked.

" Come with me now; I am just going to see him. He is sharing rooms with a medical student who is devoted to him, almost worships him, in fact. Do come! I cannot describe all he is. You must know him for yourself."

" What does he do for a living? " he asked.

" Wait till you have seen him, " she replied cryptically.

## II.

They arrived at the flat in Doughty Square, Russell Square, where the medical student lived, and the wonderful youth with him. Some four people were there, one of whom was the medical student himself. Cynthia, in answer to her companion's query, said the youth was not yet present. The student, Maurice Atherstone, greeted them cordially.

" Chris will be down directly, " he said. " He has been cycling all the afternoon, and has gone to change."

Cycling! That sounded human. Alastair felt relieved.

" His name is Chris? " he said to Cynthia.

" Yes, Chris Golden. The name suits him."

Somehow, Alastair managed to get into conversation with the medical student. It

was not easy, for he was very retiring and diffident—for a medical student—but Alastair had a way with him. While Cynthia conversed with the other occupants of the room, these two talked of Chris.

"You ask me if I believe in him," said the student. "That is a funny way of putting it. You will realise that when you have seen him. He makes no great claims to warrant any special effort of faith. He is just Chris Golden. But he is wonderful for all that. We have been very intimate friends since boyhood. He is a good footballer, rower, swimmer, boxer. He is not a bit effeminate or gawkish. He is tremendously virile, self-confident, and easy. He has a figure a sculptor would rave over. There is a marvellous light in his eyes . . ."

He paused for a moment.

"Yet he has been called to a very wonderful work," he went on. "I knew that three years ago. He has been preparing since. It was then that his Call came; that the Spirit of God descended on him; that he passed the first initiation. Phrase it how you will. Do I shock you?"

"No, not at all," Alastair assured him.

"It was so simple and yet so sublime. I was with him. There had been a football match. Our side had won. We were very happy. As we left the football field, Chris turned on me suddenly. 'What did you say, Mo?' I looked at him. 'I did not speak.' He went red and a little confused. 'What is up, Chris?' I asked him. We had no secrets from each other. He said: 'Mo, I thought I heard someone say, "When you have finished playing, I would like to have a word with you." There was no one else near. We went to our dressing-room. There was some horseplay there, as we dressed, just as you would expect among boys. Chris was as active as anyone. Presently he stopped, and went a little pale. I was watching him. 'What is the matter, old man?' 'Mo . . . Someone *did* speak. He—whoever it was—just spoke again—the same words: "When you have finished playing, I would like to have a word with you." 'Who would say a thing like that?' I asked him. 'I don't know—yet,' he answered, and went on dressing, the

gaiety gone from his face. We went home together. We sat talking in his bedroom—his retriever was with us—we avoided the—the *Voice*. The dog began to romp, and Chris romped with him. They rolled together on the floor, the dog growling playfully, Chris laughing. Suddenly Chris pulled himself away, and looked intently across the room. The dog gave a long deep growl, and with eyes of living flame gazed in the same direction. Then he bolted through the open door. I rose. 'You don't mind, Mo? I would like to be alone.' I went out and shut the door behind me. What did it all mean? I waited an hour. I would have waited a day and a night if necessary. Chris came to me, his face illumined, his eyes shining. For the third time he had heard the *Voice* saying: 'When you have finished playing, I want to speak to you.' It was a *Voice* which, when it speaks for the first time, does not expect an answer. At Its second call, It expects to set the soul that hears It wondering yet unafraid. At the third call, It demands an answer, or It does not speak again. And Chris answered: 'I have finished playing. I am ready.' And from a *Voice*, It became a Figure, wonderful and benevolent. Yes, Mr. Whittaker, there in that room a Figure stood and conversed with the boy. The Figure of Whom? Chris knows. We have a hope that some day we shall know, too. I have. He bears no name when Chris speaks of Him. He is the *Master*—my Friend—that is how Chris speaks. But in Chris's hands you will frequently find a book—the *Bhagavad Gita*—the Song Celestial. Sometimes I think—but there are thoughts that lie too deep for ordinary thinking and too sacred for ordinary speech."

The thrill in the medical student's voice passed into the listener's body; a strange clamminess swept him, as if he had touched something passing the mind of man.

Then Chris Golden came into the room.

Like a halo of soft glory lay the golden hair on the finely chiselled head and tossed lightly on the white, lofty brow. The grey eyes were bathed in light, and the unsullied purity of a noble soul had its sacra-

mental sign in the spotless firm skin of face, neck, and hands. The figure of Apollo was not more manly in its bearing than the figure of this lad, which the grotesqueness of modern garb could not altogether hide. As he greeted his friends, his voice had a music which lingered. His visitors had now increased to twelve, five of whom were medical students, acquaintances of Maurice Atherstone. He spoke in an easy, interesting way; the tone of the platform was never more absent: he spoke of medicine, surgery, and rational aids to the cure of disease. There was no rant about him; he admitted that the work done by the medical faculty was immense, valuable. But it was impatient. Drugs were used, because they brought immediate relief, or seemed to. He showed how Nature cures without violent drugs, if you give her time. But the impatience of the medical man he attributed to the fervent longing to cure. "You are so eager to relieve suffering," he told these students. "You want to see quick results. But Nature, when her laws have been defied, readjusts herself slowly. A man comes to you. He is a nervous wreck. Business worries! Blessed word —worry! It covers a multitude of sins. If you don't cure him quickly, he will think you are no good. Be straight with him from the start. You can be cured if you will spend in getting rid of disease half the time you took in contracting it. There is no royal road to perfect health. An agnostic once said that if he had been God, he would have made good health catching. He needn't have said that. God has made good health catching, and every one of you students can be germ carriers—of health, not of disease."

They listened attentively; they fired questions at him; it was good to see how their intelligent faces showed their appreciation. He was no charlatan; his knowledge of all that concerns the medical science was amazing; he told these students things they did not know, which they could afterwards verify as correct. He did not say: Throw away all the physical aids to health and believe. He asked for a great scheme of healing

which should include the best elements in spiritual, mental, and physical medicine.

Afterwards, talking with Cynthia and Alastair, the latter said:

"You must be a great optimist if you think you will persuade the medical man to your views. Others have tried and failed."

Chris Golden smiled.

"An optimist is one who leaves his overcoat off in March," he replied. "A pessimist keeps his on till the end of May. It depends entirely on the weather which is right. Others have failed. But the medical faculty might be ready now."

Alastair and Cynthia walked home together.

"What do you think of him?" she asked.

"He has personality," he answered guardedly.

"Do you still want to know how he earns his living?" she said mischievously.

He smiled; they understood each other.

"I am not in the least interested," he replied.

"There is a great future before him," she observed. "I am sure of it. I am glad you like him."

The Great War broke; the Gods of Battle were enthroned again, and Attila and his hordes found themselves reincarnate in a world that had thought never to give them housing again. A week after the war had burst over startled Europe, Cynthia Moreland sought Alastair with weeping eyes and agitated face.

"Alastair! He talks of enlisting! Oh, you must stop him. Go to him—he thinks a lot of you. Please go, and ask him not to. His life is too precious! He must not!"

Alastair listened to her tearful protestations patiently.

"I am not surprised," he said.

"Surely you have not encouraged him!" she cried vehemently.

"I have not discouraged him, Cynthia. Our country is in great danger."

"One man more or less will not save her," she protested.

"Suppose every mother, every sister, every wife said that!"

"But Chris is different! He does not understand. He is being carried away by the madness of the moment."

"On that madness in the hearts of our young men, England's future depends," said Alastair gravely.

"He is so young. Barely twenty. It is murder to send him out. The dreams we have had concerning him! You must talk to him, Alastair. You must see that he is wrecking his life."

"I do not see that, Cynthia," he answered bluntly. "Other women are sending out their menfolk. Men are going—artists, writers, all kinds. I know a young musician who has joined up. If he escapes from death and mutilation, his hands will be ruined for playing the violin. There is a time of sacrifice before us all."

"Are you joining?" she asked.

He coloured.

"I am over the age limit—at present," he replied.

"Is that why you take it so naturally that Chris should go?" she demanded bitterly, and regretted her gibe immediately.

"I am sorry, Alastair—I did not mean that. But see Chris. Surely there is some work of national importance he can undertake! Chris in a bayonet charge! Chris sticking inches of steel into Germans! It is horrible!" She shuddered.

"Yet the book he loves so well—the *Bhagavad Gita*—was written on a battlefield. Perhaps Chris has heard his Master say: 'Arise! Fight! Slay all thine enemies! By Me they are already slain!'"

In spite of her pain, she gazed wonderingly at the earnestness of the one-time *flaneur* of society.

"There is greater work to be done," she argued. "Alastair, tell him that some of those who love him can never again see in him the young John the Baptist they once saw, if he goes to spit death from a rifle, or soil a bayonet with

the blood-rust of a brother man. Where is Peace? Where is Brotherhood? Chris with bloodshot eyes and frenzied face plunging after some poor wretch—to—to murder him. Yes, murder him!"

"You do not understand, Cynthia," he said helplessly.

"Then you won't dissuade him?" she cried.

"I'll see him," he said cautiously. "I cannot dissuade him from the teachings of the book he treats as a *Gospel*."

"He has meant something to you," she pleaded. "There is an earnestness about you that is new. I am proud to see it."

A tone of pleasure came into the man's face.

"Yes—he and the war together. I have tried to be serious for a long time—to please you. I have ceased to try; it has become natural to me. I never went very far wrong. My name was against me. People thought I was a relation to an almanac. I was a bit fast . . . but not more than five minutes. I am very glad I ever knew Chris Golden."

Her face lit up with joy.

"I am so glad. Surely you must admit that his work in the world is too great for him to be spared for a battlefield."

"Most of the world that matters may be on the battlefield ere long," he replied. "Still, I will see him."

He saw Cynthia at her flat the next morning. She sprang up eagerly.

Did you see him? What did he say?"

He took her hands gently.

"I saw him, Cynthia. This morning, early. Just had time to say good-bye to him as he moved off the Horse Guards Parade with about forty other recruits. He looked very happy."

She tore herself away from him, and, throwing herself into a chair, burst into tears.

"Another illusion gone!" she said bitterly, looking up.

"For me as well as you, Cynthia. For some time now I have believed in Chris in spite of my reason. Reason said he might be a fraud, a fool, a charlatan,

a fanatic. This morning I saw he was none of these things."

"He is a fanatic, at all events," she retorted. "I am bitterly disappointed in him."

"You will not be so disappointed in me," he remarked, "because my life is not so precious. I want to tell you, Cynthia, that by reducing my age a little on official papers, I have obtained a temporary commission in the Army."

"You also!" She sighed deeply.

"I shall try hard to get to the same regiment as Chris," he said.

She sprang up.

"Promise me that you will look after him! Give me your solemn word that, as far as you can, you will look after him!"

"I promise that solemnly, Cynthia. I hope I may get the chance."

"Are you going anywhere this afternoon, Cynthia?" he asked her after a pause.

"Yes. I am attending a Peace meeting at St. James's Hall."

"What! You have turned Pacifist! Cynthia! This looks like being the first forlorn cause where I cannot follow you."

"War is terrible!"

"So is German Peace," he said abruptly. "And worse than terrible—dishonourable!"

"We ought to have evolved beyond war," she said.

"But we haven't. That is the plain fact, Cynthia. And plain facts are ugly things."

"I have fought for men, for women, for children. Now I fight for humanity," she said.

"Chris and I will fight for humanity also—in Flanders."

"Perhaps it is useless to argue," she said, holding out her hand.

\* \* \* \* \*

### III.

With hands that trembled, Cynthia Moreland tore open her first letter from Alastair since he and Chris had left for somewhere in France. From Chris himself she had only received the little printed

postcard: I am quite well . . . Letter follows at the earliest opportunity." But here was a real letter, telling what might be told.

"Your vision of Chris with bloodshot eyes and foam on his lips going over the top is not likely to be fulfilled. He is a stretcher bearer. Dangerous work, but not, as you would call it, murderous. He is idolised. . . . Somehow every wounded man he attends gets well. And gets his heart's desire. 'I long for Blighty,' said one slightly wounded man. 'You are going there,' said Chris. And he did, though it seemed unlikely. He talks philosophy. Yes, Tommy can talk on philosophy! Chris has to explain Reincarnation, Karma, the Occult. You find strange comrades here. One raves about *Peer Gynt*; one tackles social problems; another admits that he half believes in Spiritualism. And Chris can hold them all. At rest, away from the trenches, he sings at their concerts, plays billiards, shows himself as an athlete. They admire him. The British Tommy admires any man and any man's philosophy if he has a good punch in him, and can make himself conspicuous on a football field. He is a power here. Silently. You hardly know it. A lot don't. They are just better men without knowing why. There are certain barrack-room yarns that are never repeated in front of Chris. . . . It is a wonderful tribute. For myself, I got my second star yesterday. There is some hard fighting before us. We are quite ready. . . ."

The woman cried with joy. How foolish she had been! Chris a stretcher bearer! Trying to save rather than to destroy. It was destiny! Some of his followers who had doubted when he went to the war should know this. He would come back, his work done, his influence used for good over these many men. Perhaps some would remember him when the war was over. Help him to form the great religion of which he dreamed. She saw him, the teacher, the illuminated, crying in the future days of peace: "Prepare ye the Way of the Lord! Make straight His paths. The Kingdom of God is within you. When Righteousness decays,

then, O Bharata, I arise from age to age. And such an Arising is not far distant." So she fancied she heard that rich, manly voice with the boyish ring about it.

Some weeks went by; she, too, faced her bombardment; her peace meetings were interfered with; she was hustled and treated roughly by a crowd while urging an early peace.

It was a forlorn cause and she knew it, but she was used to forlorn causes. And she had not risen to that sublime height when the teachings of the *Gita* were perfectly carried out. In her heart there was some resentment still that Chris had been taken from her. Her last "craze" was "passion stained"; not altogether free from personal bias. The Easter-tide of 1915 drew near; it was Holy Week; Catholic churches with their mystery and their sorrow attracted her from Palm Sunday onwards. She saw the Procession of the Palms; the oft-repeated chant: "Blessed is He that cometh in the Name of the Lord." So Chris had come—in the Name of One who had still to come—Whom Chris knew was coming. On Maundy Thursday she saw the Mystic Washing of Feet by a Prince of the Church in imitation of his Lord's humility, aye, and of his Master's kindness of Heart. She saw the Sacrament, like a dead Christ carried to Its altar of Repose, amid the strewing of flowers and the fuming of incense. And, returning home, she had a letter handed to her. From Alastair. She sobbed till she thought her heart must break, till a dull band of pain came across her forehead and settled there.

"It was all over in a few minutes. . . . He did not suffer much. I went out to where he lay . . . he just smiled. I got a cushy one and am coming home. Let me see you. I can say more than I can write."

Dreams! All fled in a second of time! Sunshine! Blotted out in one remorseless moment! Only pain, bewilderment, and utter loneliness left. The Church had never known a devotee keep a Good Friday fast more rigidly than this broken-hearted woman, whose lips touched no food from that sad Thursday morning

until the Saturday. From the bitterness of her thoughts she sought refuge once more in the Catholic Cathedral. It made her sorrow worse. All the Images were veiled save the piteous figure of Christ on His Cross; the lamps were extinguished; the Sacrament was gone from the Tabernacle; and the Tabernacle door flung open. The altars were stripped, and through the vast building swept the piercing desolation and grief of a Church mourning for her lost Lord. And in the woman's soul there was a cry: "Is it not Good Friday in thine own heart?"

Alastair Whittaker came to her on the Easter Monday. He had a ribbon on his breast—the ribbon of the Military Medal. All convention was swept aside. She just wept in his arms; he held her patiently till the outburst was over, his own face quivering.

Their conversation was too sacred to be hacked about, and too long for verbal repetition. Till . . .

"You have won an honour, Alastair?"

"Yes," he said lightly. "Just a matter of luck, really."

"Shall I tell you how I think you won it?" she asked him.

He avoided her eyes.

"You went out—when he lay there—and at the risk of your own life tried to bring him in."

He neither denied nor affirmed.

"God will reward you, Alastair." A sob came from her.

"I am already rewarded, Cynthia. He smiled at me before he died."

"I was jealous of you both," she said. "Jealous of his friendship for you right from the start. You got so attached to each other that I seemed left out in the cold. I wanted him all to myself, I am afraid. Yet it was as a sister, a mother that I loved him. As Mary loved the Boy Jesus. After all he belonged to the world, not to me."

"You said you were jealous of me, Cynthia. Did you mean anything by that? Jealous of me! Forgive me, I have no right. . . ."

But her eyes told him that this was not a matter for forgiveness.

In April, 1916, they were married, and at Eastertide, 1917, Alastair managed to get leave again—on urgent family affairs.

He went to her room as one entering a sanctuary; the room was full of beauty and of peace. There was a shrine there: a Great Statue of a Mighty Teacher, a conception which in some subtle way suggested the Indian Krishna and the Christian Christ. Daffodils and white narcissi were piled up about the feet of this superb image. A lamp gleamed like a star among the floral offerings; two sticks of Indian incense sent thin blue streams of scented smoke up into the Majestic Face of the Teacher. Books lay there: The Song Celestial—the one Chris had used, and the Gospel of St. John. Cynthia lay, with eyes closed. He went over to her softly, but not so softly that she did not hear him.

She opened her eyes, and it seemed to him he was looking into the face of an angel.

‘My dearest husband!’ she said, and clasped him round the neck. Then . . .

“Something wonderful has happened, Alastair. Good Friday has passed; Easter is here.”

He did not quite understand her.

“I never dreamed of such a thing,” she went on. “It was too amazing, too—impossible! I had a dream last night, Alastair. Chris came to me. In a body made of fire and flowers. Pure and wonderful as an Archangel. He spoke to me, and he called me . . .” she trembled.

“He called me *Mother*,” she whispered. “‘Mother, I have come back to you.’ He grew smaller and smaller, till he was no larger than *this*, and exactly the same in appearance.”

She lifted the coverlet of her bed, and showed the tiny babe near her, asleep.

The man kneeled as before some heavenly sacrament.

Cynthia spoke softly to the sleeping babe.

“*Chris!*”

The child opened its eyes for one brief moment, then closed them again.

She turned and kissed the bowed head of her husband.

“You understand—*now!*” she whispered.

He nodded. Outside stars were clinging to the royal mantle of God: in the room where the Mother and Child were, there was a great Peace.

## THE WATCHMAN

**W**HAT of the night, watchman, what of the night?  
O say, thou gazer at the silent skies,  
Is there no sign yet of the Eastern Light  
To bless these weary eyes?

Nay, Pilgrim, all the earth lies sleeping still,  
And the soft moon shines upon tree and hill.

Good Watchman, what of the night? O wearily  
I toss upon my dark and lonely bed,  
The slow hours pass like storm-clouds, drearily,  
And the moon has fled.

Peace, Pilgrim, Evil is abroad this night,  
Angels of darkness strive with spirits of Light.

O Watchman, watchman, tell me, what of the night?  
Is it the grey of morning that I see?  
Are not the eastern hills now faint with light?  
Is there no promise of the dawn to be?

All's well with the Night, O Pilgrim. Lo! afar,  
I see the eastern light of Morning's Star.

F. G. P.

# THE MUSIC OF THE FUTURE

By ANN<sup>A</sup> KRAMENSKY

THE Sun sends its herald at the dawn, and before we see the King of Day in his glorious beauty we are visited by the first golden and pink rays of Ushas.

Art has also its heralds. Whenever there is a new unfolding of beauty, the message comes to humanity through some of those troubadours whose mission it is to be on the watch-tower and to salute the dawn. It is natural that on the threshold of a new age the Spirit is seeking new forms for its expression, and therefore art has a quite special mission to fulfil, especially in the countries where a new sub-race is to be formed. And so we

see in Russia a most interesting movement, which finds expression in the seeking of artists for new forms and for a new rhythm in art, as it were. We see it in the paintings, especially in the sacred, the temple-art, so to say; we see it in architecture, in poetry, and in a very striking way in the field of music.

The genius of Scriabine and the young Russian school of music have already attracted the attention of the Western world. The work of the Art Circle of the Theosophical Society in Russia is full of great promise, as it has in its midst some remarkable artists, working on new lines, and it is elaborating a most interesting

## THE GOLDEN FLOWER

*Allegretto à la brise*



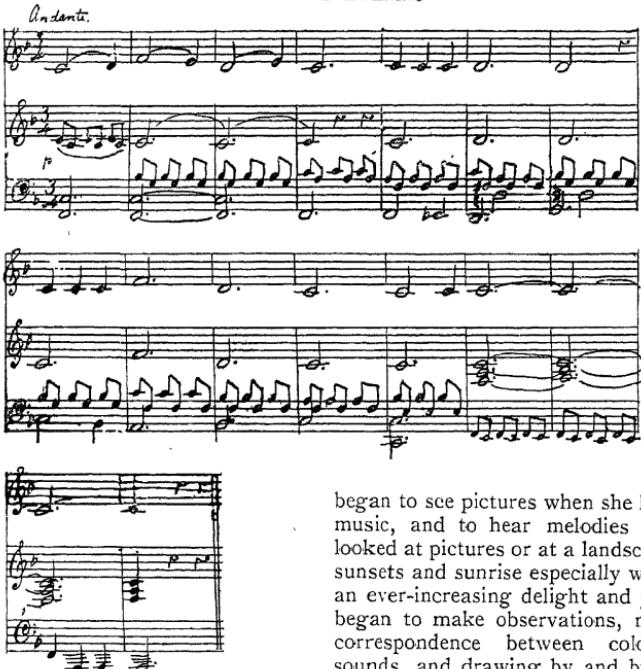
scheme for the future. Its president especially, Madame Alexandra Ounkovsky, the renowned violinist and composer, has a record of wonderful work, and her method, based on colour-sound correspondence, is a true message for the future. She applies it already in the People's Conservatory, where she was appointed a professor some years ago.

The biography of Madame Ounkovsky

not far away from Moscow), and Madame Ounkovsky, especially after the death of her husband, devoted herself entirely to teaching. She gave violin and singing lessons almost the whole day, and at night she came back from town to her old-fashioned house on the border of Kaluga. It stands on a hill, and has a charming view of the river and the woods.

It is at this epoch of her life that she

#### A PEACEFUL EVENING



is very interesting. Having brilliantly completed the Conservatory course in Petrograd, she began to travel through Russia with her husband, an artist also, and together, having founded an opera-company, they visited the remotest parts of Russia and organised concerts and operas. Many years were spent in this pioneer work. Later on they opened a musical school in Kaluga (a little town

began to see pictures when she listened to music, and to hear melodies when she looked at pictures or at a landscape. The sunsets and sunrise especially were to her an ever-increasing delight and joy. She began to make observations, noting the correspondence between colours and sounds, and drawing by and by a whole colour-sound gamut. But when she spoke of her discovery her friends laughed at her, and so she worked in silence and loneliness, afraid to speak of her colour-sound songs and pictures, not quite sure whether she was on a right road. It was then that I met her and that she came in contact with Theosophy.

I was making a tour, travelling and lecturing in Russia, and I came to stay for a few days in Kaluga, where we had already a little branch of some ten members under the presidency of Madame

\* An article on the same subject is being printed in the *Theosophist*.

Helene Pissareff. At one of my lectures Countess Sophie Tolstoi, a member of the Theosophical Society (the daughter-in-law of Count Leo Tolstoi), brought her friend Madame Ounkovsky, with whom she had taken singing lessons. After the lecture we had a friendly talk with members, and suddenly Madame Ounkovsky asked a question about the possibility of a cor-

much-loved professor at the People's Conservatory.

Gradually she has worked out a whole method of teaching based on colour-sounds, which she applies to her pupils with great success. Not only do her pupils learn music well, but they begin to look at life in a new and joyful way, for the first thing she teaches is the science

### THE VALSE OF JOY



respondence between colours and sounds. Our interest was aroused at once, and Madame Ounkovsky, seeing our interest and sympathy, began to relate her observations and experiences. From that memorable day she became a member of the Theosophical Society in Russia, and worked with a new courage and joy at her colour-sound music. At present she is living in Petrograd. She is the president of our art circle, and a well-known and

of seeing beauty and of bringing it into one's life. Beauty for her means harmony with law, the good law, which expresses itself as love and wisdom in our life, and as number, colour and sound in nature and in art. Her lessons are full of light and inspiration, and her pupils are so happy that they are sorry to go when the lesson is ended, and they always crowd there long before it is time to begin. She brings pictures and delightful car-

grammes, through which she explains her method to them, and she strives to develop their intuition.

She relates how she gets her pictures. Looking at nature, say, at a sunset, she

mood of the landscape (peaceful or stormy, melancholy or joyful, &c.), and tries to live in it, so to say. Gradually she begins to hear a certain melody, which she writes down. Then she harmonises it

## THE SONG OF THE SEA-GULL



hears some sounds which come always with certain colours. She notices the ground-sounds and then the overtones, ground-sounds and then the over-tones, just as various nuances accompany the main colours. Then she observes the

and composes one of her charming pieces.

She has drawn from her experiences the whole colour-scale, beginning with Do (Red) and ending with Si (Violet), just as in the *Secret Doctrine*. Thus she has the rainbow transmuted into music. She has found later also the correspondence of numbers with sounds and colours. So her scale runs:

1	2	3	4	5
Do	Ré	Mi	Fa	Sol
Red	Orange	Yellow	Green	Blue
6	7			
La	Si			
Dark Blue	Violet			

For her every landscape is a song and every melody is a picture. On the basis of her theory she can sing the snow, the sunrise, the moonshine, etc. She has worked out presently a whole method of teaching music, which has been recognised as a rational and scientific one, and as one which gives wonderful practical results. But to understand her method we must hear some of her songs, which are always illustrated by a picture; for she is also a painter and draws lovely pictures.

Let us give some illustrations:

The first song is called "The Golden Flower."

It is a yellow flower, very much like the Lotus, floating on the water. The sky is very blue, the flower is yellow, and the rising sun illuminates it with pink rays. (Sol, Mi, Do.) The flower is floating on the water, and the music gives the movement of the waves. The poet addresses the flower:

You golden flower, water-flower,  
You take birth in the water,  
But you bloom over the water.

The mood is tender and contemplative.

The second song is called "A Peaceful Evening."

The sun has set and nature is enwrapped in twilight. The colours are dim, all flowers have gone to rest. The poet sings:

A peaceful evening has come,  
Everything goes to sleep,  
The flowers sleep in the garden,  
In the garden, over the river.

The mood is tender and very peaceful.

The third song is called "The Waltz of Joy." This is a joyous song. The spring is coming, everything rejoices and begins to flower. The sunlight is bright, the air

warm and fragrant, the mood happy. Here we have all the bright and tender colours of the spring—beautiful blue, golden, pink, rich green, sweet violet, the whole gamut. The three-measured song, like a waltz, expresses the joy of nature. The poet sings:

How bright, how warm and lovely!  
The sunrays pour into the room,  
Everything around blooms and sings,  
The spring is coming with the sun.

The fourth is a song of the sea-gull.

The sky is very blue, the sun shines brightly, the sea is dark-blue, with a shade of green and violet. The ground notes are: Sol, Mi bemol, La bemol and their over-tones. The sea-gull flies up and down and sings.

The sky is high and blue,  
The sea is big and deep;  
I will fly up to the sun,  
I will throw myself into the sea,  
And again I shall fly off to the sun,  
High up into the sky.

The sky is high and blue,  
The sea is big and deep.

The mood is one of joyful freedom.

Madame Ounkovsky has not only composed songs for children, but also beautiful pieces for the violin, the piano, and orchestra. She has also some prayers and hymns; her Pater Noster was performed at the Theosophical Congress at Stockholm.

Once, in a dream, she saw a beautiful radiant Being, who sang some words from the Gospel. As she woke at dawn, she still heard the solemn melody. She wrote it down with the words of the angels during the Bethlehem night:

Glory to God, high in Heaven,  
Peace upon earth,  
And good will to men.

No. 5

glory to God in the Highest and on earth peace good will toward men

# THE LINGERING GODS

## A Short Study of the Mediæval Legends of the Greek and Roman Deities

By *F. HADLAND DAVIS*

*The Gods re-incarnate as do men, and in the old mythologies we catch distorted glimpses of their functions. In this article we have a collection of stray stories, the growth of misunderstood happenings and local legends.*

**A**NATION'S Pantheon is subject to change, for the gods of the people are the thoughts of the people along spiritual or semi-spiritual lines. They bear a close resemblance to their worshippers since they are both part of the same manifestation. Some of the deities of Greece and Rome were exceedingly amorous. They rejoiced in music and song, in feasting and dancing. They had, according to Homer and other writers, a hand in the wars of their worshippers, while some of the gods were not averse to loving earthly maidens, and seem to have regarded their charms with no less favour than the charms of goddesses. Olympus was a gay mountain rather than a holy one, as we understand the meaning of holy to-day. The gods could perform every kind of miracle except the miracle of absolute fidelity and absolute love. They drank to the full the cup of sensual pleasure, but had they lived to-day as human beings, though they were always more human than divine, they would certainly have spent most of their time in the divorce court. These merry deities reflected unbridled material joys with immortality in which to gratify their passions. They served their day and purpose. They brooded lovingly over Nature, made religion joyous, and called forth the best in art and literature. Though the great forces of spiritual change have deposed them, they linger still.

It will be remembered that in ancient times the Titans broke loose, and, "piling

Pelion on Ossa," stormed Olympus and compelled the gods to seek shelter on earth. Many went to Egypt and avoided detection by assuming the forms of animals or some other kind of metamorphosis. Driven from their sacred mountain, no longer presiding over their temples and watching the pouring out of the blood of sacrifice, they led a precarious and most humiliating existence. Their noon-day glory had passed away and they had reached the beginning of the Twilight of the Gods.

That Twilight was destined to become still more uncompromising, for, in the third century after Christ, Christianity lit such a beacon-fire of spiritual consolation that all other fires, including the Twilight of the Gods, were in danger of being finally extinguished, or, as we prefer to express it, swallowed up in the greater glory of a greater truth. The message of Christ had nothing to do with dance and song and merry potations of ambrosia. It was the Way of the Cross, of renunciation, of losing one's life to gain it. The ancient gods found themselves in a sad predicament. The victory of the Titans was bad enough, but with the conquest of Christ the deities of Greece and Rome found themselves tottering over an abyss from which there was little chance of escape. A spiritual wind was blowing hard against them. It made them totter and reel, and not all Jove's thunderbolts or all the wisdom of Minerva or all the sweet music of Apollo could check for a moment the inevitable change.

It is worth noting that those third century monks, whose duty it was to spread the Christian faith, did not regard the old gods as mere figments of a pagan imagination, neither did the Roman Church scorn to adopt certain pagan ritual. They realised that the gods of Greece and Rome had once been extremely potent influences, and might conceivably regain their former power if they were not very stringently dealt with. The priests of Christ sought out the old deities, made use of fire and exorcism, and razed the pagan temples. Once more the ancient gods became refugees. They were compelled to earn a living in Germany and elsewhere. The once mighty Apollo became a shepherd in Lower Austria ; but while mixing with cattle-breeders he occasionally threw discretion to the winds and began to sing. A monk chanced to hear him, and struck by the marvellous sweetness of the shepherd's song and also by his beauty, he had no hesitation in proclaiming him to be one of the old pagan deities. On the rack he confessed that he was Apollo. Before he was executed he requested that he might be allowed to sing to the accompaniment of a zither. This favour was granted, but the performance was so wonderful and the beauty of his face and form was so enchanting that many women loved him as they watched and listened. They afterwards sickened on account of the intensity of their passion. Apollo was duly executed and buried. It was thought by the ecclesiastical authorities that Apollo in his grave had become a vampire. It was believed that if his body was removed and impaled upon a stake the sick women would recover ; but when a band of monks went to the grave they found it empty.

There are dismal legends of Mars during mediæval times. It is said that he served as a peasant under Froudsberg and witnessed with unspeakable agony the storming of Rome and the laying waste of that great city. In East Friesland we find stories of the later history of Mercury, disguised as a prosperous Dutchman, who on certain occasions, Charon not being available, conveyed a boatful of souls to what was known as White Island, also

called Brea or Britannia. Heine, to whose essay, "Gods in Exile," I am much indebted, writes : " Does this perhaps refer to White Albion, to the chalky cliffs of the English coast ? It would be a very humorous idea if England was designated as the land of the dead, as the Plutonian realm, as hell. In such a form, in truth, England has appeared to many a stranger." Does Mercury row his boat to-day ? If so, then the souls of many brave British soldiers would fain cross to the White Island for a last farewell.

After the second great rout of the gods, legend reports that Bacchus dwelt somewhere in the Tyrol. There he led a kind of dual existence, becoming, as opportunity served, alternately a god and Christian monk. He had, as we shall see, anticipated Stevenson's *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde* with a startling and original difference.

By the side of a large lake in the Tyrol stood a hut. Here a young fisherman lived who earned a modest livelihood by fishing and rowing travellers across the lake. On one occasion, during the autumnal equinox, he was suddenly awakened by a sound of knocking on his window. Never before had travellers wished to cross the lake at so late an hour. When he opened the door he was surprised to see three closely-muffled monks. They did not require his services, but wished to borrow his boat. He complied with their request, unfastened the vessel, and retired to bed. In a few hours the monks returned. One of the party pressed a silver coin into the fisherman's hands. The young man shivered, for the touch of the monk's fingers was as cold as ice.

Every year, precisely at the same time, the priests returned on their mysterious mission, and always the fisherman experienced a sensation of horror when a coin was thrust into his hand by fingers devoid of a warm, human touch. The fisherman had already received six visits from these strange monks, and as the seventh autumn approached, stirred by curiosity, he was determined to discover their secret. He accordingly placed a pile of nets in the boat, which would secure him a safe hiding-place. Thus concealed,

he was resolved to cross the lake with the visitors, and learn if possible the nature of their enterprise.

Once again the hooded travellers came to the hut and demanded the boat. Unobserved the fisherman stepped into the vessel and hid himself among the nets. As a rule it took an hour to cross from one side of the lake to the other, but to the surprise of the fisherman the voyage that night seemed to take only a few minutes. The fisherman was still more surprised when on peeping from his hiding-place he saw a forest-glade which, though familiar with every inch of the lake and its surroundings, he had never seen before. There was something ghostly about that forest-glade dotted with flowers like no flowers that ever grew in the Tyrol. Lamps hung from the trees, roses glowed in vases, and hundreds of men and women, either lightly attired or not attired at all, were making merry in the tall lush grass. They wore wreaths of vine-leaves, either natural or made of gold and silver, and vine-branches were twined round golden staves.

The joyous company of youths and maidens, all with strangely white faces, hastened to welcome the new-comers. The fisherman, trembling beneath his nets, saw one of the priests withdraw his cowl, revealing a repulsive face and sharply-pointed goat-ears. The second monk discarded his monastic robe and a bald-headed fellow with grossly distended belly stepped on shore. The remaining monk also thrust aside his garment and with a laugh tossed his crucifix and rosary into the boat. He stood forth clad in a robe that shone with the brilliance of a rare diamond. His lips were delicately curved, his limbs were rounded, and his waist was as slender as that of a young girl. He had no sooner entered the forest than the women caressed him, crowned him with an ivy-wreath, and flung a leopard-skin upon his shoulders. The astonished and terrified fisherman, who by this time had crept on shore, saw a chariot drawn by two lions. He saw the youth of dazzling robe and lovely countenance step into it and drive off with a shout of laughter, while men and women followed him, drinking from time to time

from a large wine-cup. The triumphant chariot was preceded by a company of youths and maidens who played upon flutes and tambourines, triangles and trumpets.

The fisherman was witnessing, without knowing it, a Bacchanalia. He had looked upon Dionysius, seen the lewd antics of Bacchantes, Fauns, and Satyrs. He saw a Maenad lean far back, exulting in her wantonness. He saw the Corybantes piercing their bodies with swords, finding a sensual joy in pain. He listened to wild mad music that seemed to turn his blood into a consuming fire. Sick with horror and disgust, he managed to grope his way back to the boat and creep beneath the nets. Presently the monks returned, put on their monastic robes, and, concealing their faces, pulled for the fisherman's hut. We are told that the fisherman managed to get out of the boat and conceal himself behind a clump of willows without being observed. When he had taken the usual payment the monks departed.

These strange adventures had deeply and very unpleasantly impressed the simple-minded fisherman. He had witnessed scenes that to him savoured of the Evil One, and for the sake of his soul he deemed it expedient to go to a neighbouring Franciscan monastery and there to receive absolution for his folly. When he met the superior of the monastery he was horrified to find that he was no other than the comely youth who had ridden in the golden chariot. The superior, having listened to the fisherman's story, addressed him as "Beloved in Christ," dismissed the tale as a drunken dream, and advised the poor trembling fellow to be more sparing with wine in future. Having also advised the fisherman not to repeat the story, he bade him go to the monastery kitchen where he would receive light refreshment. Here he recognised the butler and cook as the other two monks who had joined in the orgie.

In a distant island, known as the Island of Rabbits, the crew of a Russian whaling-vessel discovered an exceedingly old man dressed in rabbit skins. They found him sitting before a brushwood fire and beside him a much battered eagle denuded of

plumage save for a few quills on its wings. His other companion was a hairless goat with prominent udders.

When a Greek sailor commenced to talk, the old man suddenly rose from his stone seat. His head almost touched the roof, and, in spite of his great age, there was something of kingly dignity about him. He called the Greek sailor his countryman, and with glowing eyes mumbled the names of old Greek cities, names which none of the sailors had ever heard before. The old man went on to describe with enthusiasm and remarkable detail some of the bays, mountains, rivers and peninsulas of Greece. He lingered over his account lovingly, tenderly.

One Greek sailor chanced to talk of the place where he was born, of a ruined temple where he used to wander looking at figures carved on marble. He went on to inform the old man concerning a hollowed stone, which was once used for the blood of sacrifice, and which had many a time served him as a receptacle for pig's wash!

As soon as the sailor had finished speaking the old man sank into his chair with a groan and began to weep most pitifully, while the bird, with a loud cry, commenced to attack the crew, and the goat to lick the old man's hand.

The sailors, horrified by what they had seen, hurriedly left the island. When on board, a learned Russian, who had been told the story, said that the old man was undoubtedly Jupiter, the bird no other than the eagle who had once carried his thunderbolts, and the goat Jupiter's old nurse, Althea, who had suckled him in Crete. The god revered by Homer, sculptured by Phidias, the terror of the world when in an angry mood, beloved of many, many goddesses, is forced to wear a mantle of rabbit skins, to sit in a lonely island half hidden by icebergs !

The old gods have indeed fallen. It was destined that they should fall. Let us honour them still. The Twilight of the Gods is rapidly disappearing. The pale primrose light will soon fade away and a new dawn will end their long pathetic lingering. We are bound for a Holy Mountain that is not Olympus, for a country that is not Greece. We see a Light that is not a thunderbolt of Jove. We hear a Song that is far sweeter than the songs Apollo used to sing. The old gods are nodding in the Twilight, and soon they will fall asleep never to wake again. We have heard the Voice of One greater than they, and having heard it we do not run back into the pagan past but with great joy step forward into a new day.

### THREE GATES OF GOLD

**I**F you are tempted to reveal a tale  
Some one to you has told  
About another,  
Make it pass, before you speak,  
Three Gates of Gold—  
Three narrow gates :  
Then you the tale may tell,  
Nor fear what  
The result may be.

First, *Is it true?* Then, *Is it needful?*  
And the next is last  
And narrowest, *Is it kind?*  
And, if at last, to leave your lips,  
It passes through  
These gateways three,

N. T. K.

# JUDGE NEIL'S NOTIONS

*By GEORGE BERNARD SHAW*

**B**Y a happy coincidence the moment at which the United States threw themselves into the European struggle to destroy life was that in which they threw themselves also into the European struggle to save it. President Wilson was the protagonist of the first operation and Judge Henry Neil of the other. But the conditions of the conflict differ. The killing was regarded in England as glorious, and was being conducted with prodigious energy; the saving was regarded as impertinent, and was being very vigorously and even indignantly obstructed. Even the argument that England could have had a million more soldiers if she had been willing to spend even a pound a head on keeping them alive until they were one year old had little effect, possibly because, as they would have been killed anyhow, it did not seem to matter much. Besides, there are such a lot of other things to worry about.

Judge Neil had the great advantage of having no other business in England than to save the babies. Also he seemed to know by instinct what the Germans had demonstrated at enormous expense in Berlin by the institution of the Empress Augusta's House, where children are given all the costly advantages that can be conferred on them by an institution which is exhibited to all Europe as a model of its kind and a wonder of the very latest scientific hygiene and baby culture, with the remarkable result that a child brought up on the mud floor of a Connaught cabin can have had its life insured at a much lower rate than a Kaiserin Augusta child if anybody should happen to think of insuring it at all. Judge Neil, a man of powerful originality, conceived the startling notion that as a child must, after all, be looked after by somebody until a trustworthy combined incubator, stomach pump, and vacuum cleaner is invented, that somebody may as well be the child's mother. He proposed, in short, to tear

the children from the aching arms of the official guardians of the poor and the beadle, and fling them naked on the maternal breast. Unnatural as it seemed, the notion had its good points. It was much cheaper; and the children did not die of it as they did in the constricting caresses of the official custodians. Within reason, even a bad mother is better than a good beadle.

Judge Neil had another fresh idea. He did not dispute the rule that "the poor in a loom is bad." When the poor mother was trotted out and exhibited as necessarily a bad mother, he pointed out with the simplicity of Columbus that the way to get over her poverty, and consequently her badness, was to give her some money. When the experiment was only half a success in America he said, "Give her twice as much money," which being done, the experiment became wholly successful. There was no mystery about the matter: you take a woman whose child is a crushing burden to her, and you make it a source of revenue. You get rid of the very objectionable sort of child stealer called an Uplifter, and make the child the uplifter and the mother the uplifted, a process which, as the mother carries the child, ends in the child being uplifted too.

Mothers' Pension is a popular title; but it is not an exact one. As the pension is not given to a mother who has lost her children, it is clearly a child's pension for which the mother is made trustee; and it is well to insist on this so as to be prepared for the case of the trustee proving untrustworthy. When Judge Neil came to England he found, among the other eccentric arrangements of this most unreasonable country, that we had actually instituted Old Age Pensions without ever thinking of the far more pressing need for Young Age Pensions, and he set himself to persuade us that we had begun at the wrong end. A still crazier discovery was that a woman with illegitimate children could by

a familiar every-day process of law obtain a pension of five shillings a week for each child provided she selected the father from the well-to-do class which can afford such luxuries. No doubt this arrangement tends to abolish class hatred by encouraging affectionate relations between the proletariat and the bourgeoisie; but Judge Neil could not be made to understand why a respectable married woman, struggling to bring up six children, should have a starvation pittance doled out to her with every circumstance of bitter, humiliating, and continuous insult, whilst a less scrupulous one should have twice as much

without any worse ordeal than facing just once a smile from a magistrate and his staff.

The Judge makes helps instead of hindrances of these anomalies. They enable him to show us what fools we are in a good-humoured manner. He is gaining ground here as he did in his own country. The right idea only needed the right man to drive it; and Judge Henry Neil seems to be the right man.

Judge Neil will continue his Mothers' Pension Campaign, with headquarters at the Strand Palace Hotel, London, until Christmas.

## THE AUSTRALIAN SCHEME

By JUDGE HENRY NEIL

*Judge Henry Neil, of Chicago, Father of the Mothers' Pension System, has made his headquarters in London at the Strand Palace Hotel, and from this centre he is speaking at meetings all over the country in explanation of his scheme, which has been adopted in thirty of the States of North America. We published an interview with Judge Neil last June, together with his photograph.*

**I**N the Commonwealth of Australia, amongst much of the most advanced legislation that has been produced anywhere in the world for the social happiness of a people, there exists a measure which, five years ago, was brought into existence without much publicity, with the engaging modesty that characterises the Australian when he tackles a big subject.

The Australian Maternity Allowance is a thing which stands by itself. It is unique. It is a free gift of the nation to those to whom it is ever in debt, the mothers of its children. The method of the grant is delightfully simple. To every woman who gives birth to a child, either in Australia or on board a ship proceeding from one port to another in the territories of the Commonwealth, a sum of £5 is paid by the Commonwealth Treasury. Most State grants are loaded with many "buts." The Maternity Allowance has only those which are needed to safeguard it from imposition. It asks for no contribution from the recipient, either before or after the event. Simply it is laid down

that it shall be payable only to women who are inhabitants of Australia or intend to settle in that favoured country. And the Allowance is naturally made only in respect of a child born alive, or one that is certified to as being, in the medical term, "viable"—i.e., one capable of sustaining life. But the essential point of the scheme is that the money is paid to the mother. Around her person circles the whole principle of the measure. For, in their wisdom, the Australian statesmen have laid it down as a safe formula that a mother should be provided with the means necessary to protect her own health and that of the future citizens of Australia in the best interests of the Commonwealth. And, further, that in the providing of this simple humanitarian comfort there shall not attach to it any stigma of charity; for such a condition would be the surest kind of insult to the independent pride of the Australian people.

Simple means are provided for conveying the money to the mother. A minimum number of documents is presented, in ordinary cases, for the certificate of the

mother's attendant. Where the child is not born-alive, or dies within twelve hours after birth, a medical certificate (unless the case be exceptional) must be furnished, certifying that the child was a viable child.

The Act of the Federal Parliament which initiated the grant was introduced in 1912 by the Prime Minister, the Right Hon. Andrew Fisher, now the High Commissioner of his country in London. He had, of course, to meet a great deal of public opposition. There is in Australia, as in all countries, a considerable section of conservative thought that is naturally opposed to anything new. This section naturally opposed the new measure. But, strangely enough, the most vehement opposition came from the Churches. It was not confined to any one Church either. Anglican as well as Nonconformist regarded it as a "premium upon vice." However, the prelates notwithstanding,

the Act was placed upon the Statute Book. The progress of its results is instructive. In the first year of its operation, 1913, 83,475 claims were paid, amounting to £412,375; in 1914, 134,998 claims, amounting to £674,990; in 1915, 138,855 claims, amounting to £694,275; in 1916, 131,943 claims, amounting to £659,715. And it should be remembered, always as a record in such matters, that the cost of administration amounts to something like 1 $\frac{1}{3}$  per cent. So that it may be established that the Allowance is availed of by all classes in Australia. It is administered at a minimum of expense, and with a maximum of facility. And it is incontestable that already it has saved uncounted suffering, has promoted previously unrealised comfort, and has raised motherhood in Australia to the level of definite national recognition.

## INTERNATIONAL BULLETIN

### SWITZERLAND.

June, 1917.

**T**HE work of the year ended last Sunday with an open meeting held in the large lecture room of the Theosophical Society.

Our members' roll has increased this year (actually 280), the Order spreading for the first time in Eastern Switzerland.

The work has been going on steadily, different activities have begun as the natural outgrowth of our joyful hope, and groups of all kinds meet now in the "Star Room," planning present and future work. One of our groups is busy with the study of the "Montessori method" and with "Education as Service"; another has taken up the "Œuvre du Vestiaire," providing poor people with garments of all kinds.

Four of us have opened a vegetarian restaurant under the name of "The Star

Dinner." We are most happy with the result, as fifty to sixty people come to us daily, mostly artists, teachers, and women of the middle class, who are unable to live on their small income in the present difficult conditions.

A small, blue-papered drawing-room, with cosy arm-chairs, allows them a short rest after their meal.

Every Saturday afternoon, at five, we hold our "activity meeting," where proposals or schemes are discussed and where our members can put forth any idea they have concerning the work of the Order.

May the humble seed sown in Switzerland with love and devotion grow and bear fruits, and may days of intense Service come for our small country, who has to help Europe in such a special way in the actual war.

MARIE-LOUISE BRANDT,  
National Representative of the  
Order of the Star in the East.



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# The Herald of the Star

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As the *Herald of the Star* includes articles from many different sources on topics of varied interest, it is clearly understood that the writing of such an article for the *Herald* in no way involves its author in any kind of assent to, or recognition of, the particular views for which this Magazine, or the Order of the Star in the East may stand.

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B. P. WADIA.      ANNIE BESANT.      G. S. ARUNDALE  
INTERRED JUNE 16, 1917, FOR FREEDOM'S SAKE.

*“Kindly convey my heartfelt sympathy and gratitude to Mrs. Besant and tell her that her martyrdom for the cause of suffering humanity will produce more good than any small favour that might have been thrown to us to silence our clamour.”—SIR RABINDRANATH TAGORE.*



# IN THE STARLIGHT

*By LADY EMILY LUTYENS*

*It should be clearly understood that the contents of "In the Starlight" are the personal views of the writer. Neither the Head nor the Order is at all responsible for them. But the writer feels she is more useful to her readers in expressing freely her own thoughts and feelings than if she were to confine herself to bare chronicles of events and to conventional ethical expressions.*

**W**E are devoting a considerable portion of our magazine this month to the question of Trade Unionism. An important Trade Union Conference will be held in London during September, and our members should try and study the questions which will there come up for discussion, as they all have a vital bearing on the future.

As we hope that many who are not members of this Order will be receiving our magazine this month, for their benefit I propose in these notes to cover once again old ground as regards our own members, and to reiterate the principles of this Order and the work it has to accomplish in the world.

To whatever religion in the world we turn, we find in all alike a tradition of the existence of great Spiritual Beings, those great Sons of God who are truly human and yet divine, who represent for the men and women of those particular faiths the highest and noblest ideals of the human heart; those Elder Brethren of the race who come periodically to teach this tired old world how God would lead man's life.

In Western lands the name of the Christ embodies for His followers all of sweetness, strength and wisdom that the human heart can contain. But few Christians realise that, dear as their Master is to them, equally dear to their brethren in the East are the sacred names of the Lord

Buddha, Shri Krishna, the Prophet of Arabia, or Zoroaster.

However far back we go in the study of religious history, ever these Mystic Figures loom before our eyes, august and beautiful, speaking to man of the divine possibilities of his own nature, affirming anew the age-long truth that because all men are one in essence, so all men shall, in course of time, reach to the "measure of the stature" of the redeemed and glorified sons of Light.

If this tradition holds true of the past, is it unreasonable to speculate on the possibility of such a Life being once more lived among men in the present or the future? Has Humanity so thoroughly learnt all its lessons that it has passed beyond the need of further teaching? Surely not. Can we say as yet that Brotherhood and Co-operation are the ruling factors in men's lives? This war alone would give the lie to such a statement. It is, indeed, a significant fact that for some years past men's minds all over the world seem to have been turning towards the possibility, nay, more, the probability, of the advent of one of these great Elder Brothers of the race. Men saw how much in the world was out of joint; how, in spite of the increase of fabulous wealth and luxury, on the one hand, there was a corresponding increase of poverty and misery on the other hand. It has been well

said that the tears of the poor and the miserable undermine the thrones of kings," and for those who had the open vision this mighty modern civilisation was seen to be crumbling like the civilisation of the past under the weight of poverty and misery produced by its mad race for material gain. Is it any wonder that there were prophets and seers who, believing that the spiritual was the only real, looked for the coming to earth again of a Son of God to lead his people out of the wilderness of selfishness and greed into the promised land of Love and Brotherhood?

It was in response to that world-wide expectation that this Order of the Star in the East was founded to draw into one body all those who shared this hope, no matter under what form it was expressed.

We believe that a Great Teacher will soon appear in the world, and we wish so to live now that we may be worthy to know Him when He comes.

Note how very broad and comprehensive is the first Principle of our Order. We do not seek to define *who* this Great Teacher will be, or the manner, time, or method of His appearing. We name Him by no name, for to name is to limit and define, and there can be no limitation to the heart's ideal. Too often we quarrel with each other over the labels we affix to our ideals, and while worshipping in reality the same Spirit, we condemn our brother for the form in which he seeks to clothe that Spirit. In our Order we have members of every religion in the world, and were we to begin to dogmatise as to the particular form which the Great Teacher will wear, or the name by which He will be known among men, we should all start quarrelling. Wiser is it to concentrate our thoughts on a spiritual ideal, to learn of the ideals of others, and what they mean to them, to rid ourselves of prejudices which blind the eyes to Truth.

Many Christians to-day believe that all the signs of the times are a fulfilment of those prophecies which the Christ made to His disciples, indicating the signs which should precede His second coming. It is difficult to read the twenty-fourth chapter of Matthew and not be struck by the extraordinary similarity between the con-

ditions He outlines and those that prevail in the world to-day. No wonder that in the midst of the misery and bloodshed and horrors of the present time there are yet to be found those who can "lift up their heads and rejoice" because their "salvation draweth nigh." He will come as of old to them that "sit in darkness and the shadow of death," with comfort and healing in His hands. He will come, our Great Emmanuel, to bring Peace and Love to this war-stricken world.

But not only do Christians look for the coming of their Master; but in other lands and among other races the preparation grows even more rapidly. In India, the Holy Land, ever ready to give welcome to saint and Rishi, the message of our Order spreads by leaps and bounds. The Hindu has always taught of great cycles of time, following upon each other, guided in their evolution by God-inspired Teachers and Leaders. So to him it is natural to see in this world-war the closing of one cycle, the opening of a new, and all his traditions point to a spiritual advent which shall inaugurate the new age.

In Buddhist lands the word has gone forth that the great Rishi Maitreya the Bodhisattva, the Lord of Compassion, will shortly come to earth to heal and bless the nations. In Burma a Buddhist monk is preaching of the coming of the Great One, and thousands follow his teaching and are striving to live in preparation for the great event. In Thibet the Teshu Lama has commanded the erection of an immense figure of the Maitreya Bodhisattva to be covered with gold leaf, the offerings of the faithful, who hope their pious work will be completed at the coming of the Lord.

So from East and West and North and South the cry goes up, "How long, O Lord, how long?" and the answer rings forth over the world, "When ye have made ready, then I come."

That, then, is the purpose of this Order of the Star in the East—to proclaim the coming of a Great Spiritual Teacher, and to prepare the world to welcome Him when He shall come.

How can He help us? What can one

man, however divine, do to heal the world's pain? Why do we want fresh teaching when we have not begun to live the old? These questions naturally spring to the mind. It is true we have not begun to live the old teaching, which is true for all time, and why? Because we evade our responsibilities by saying, "When Christ came to earth He knew nothing of the complications of modern civilisation; He had not to deal with any of the problems of our complex modern life. His teaching is beautiful, possible of application, perhaps, for a primitive, pastoral people, impossible in this hustling, bustling world of to-day, where if a man attempted to live in the spirit of the Sermon on the Mount he would be swept into the gutter." If a Truth is ever true, it must be always true; if Love and Brotherhood be God's laws for His children, they can be applied to modern problems as well as to the most ancient. And so the Teacher comes not to give fresh teaching, but to show us how to apply the eternal principles to this modern world with all its problems and complications. "Love is the fulfilling of the law," all law, human and divine, to-day as truly as yesterday. What we need is to have amongst us One who can speak with authority and not as the scribes; one who *knows*, and does not merely *believe*; one who is Love incarnate.

Could one man, even divinely inspired, influence the world to-day? Yes, surely, for the world is united to-day, as never before, by train and steamship, post and telegraph. An important speech uttered by a great statesman in one continent is before nightfall the property of the humblest reader of a newspaper in another hemisphere. Time and space have been abolished by the marvels of modern science. To-day, as never before, may there ring through the world "a voice which shall call the sons of men together."

But shall we recognise that greatness which is of the Spirit and not of the flesh? or are we of those who shall mock and add our parrot-cry of "impostor" to the herd? If history repeats itself, it is not by outward signs that we shall know Him; He comes not as a King crowned in

glory; a monarch clothed in the panoply of rank. Rather are we likely to stumble over the old difficulty of familiarity. "Such a one a Teacher! Why, we have always known *that* man; his parentage and antecedents are of doubtful origin. Don't you remember such and such a rumour spread about him, the awful things that so-and-so said? No, we are not to be taken in by an impostor like that."

So do we ever build nice comfortable walls of conventionality and respectability around us, shutting out the truth that might shake us from our pleasant dream.

The Christ has become glorified with the glamour of the ages upon Him; but I often wonder if those who glorify Him to-day would have owned His companionship in the flesh. An Eastern Jew, one of a despised and downtrodden race, a carpenter, a dangerous social reformer, going about preaching sedition among the peoples, the associate of outcasts and criminals and harlots, a very low character indeed, and to add to his other misdeeds, he poses as a spiritual teacher! Clearly a man who is mad and has a devil, and who should be destroyed.

I don't think our respectable Christians of to-day would welcome back such a Christ—He might disturb their complacency and self-esteem! Just because we all have so many prejudices—and it is prejudice more than anything else which blinds our eyes to truth—it is good sometimes, I think, to imagine, as a hypothesis merely, if you will, the possibility of Christ's return, and see whether there are any circumstances under which He might appear which would make it difficult for us to recognise Him.

We think, for instance, that He would certainly be a Christian, and yet to what particular sect in the Christian Church would He choose to belong? If He came as a Catholic, Protestants would reject Him; if as a Protestant, he would be rejected by Catholics and Protestants alike, except by the particular sect to which He adhered. Or supposing He came not as a Christian at all, but as the adherent of one of the more ancient of the world's faiths? Christians would be far

more concerned with trying to convert Him than in learning from Him.

If He came from the East, the home of spirituality, the East which has sent forth all the world's great Teachers, would His greatness be recognised in the form of a despised coloured man? Would the proud and arrogant people of the West sit at the feet of a coloured man to drink at Wisdom's spring? In some of the British Colonies He would not even be allowed to land.

Or assume the possibility that, this being the woman's age, the Great One might clothe Himself in a woman's body. There is no sex to the soul; the vehicle which is used is for the expression only of the Truth within. Should we be ready to accept a woman's place in our midst as the supreme Teacher? Would the Church welcome to its pulpits and altars the Master as a woman?

We all may hold our own ideals, our own conceptions of how Christ's second coming may take place, beautiful and sacred dreams which fill our hearts with peace and gladness. Far more important is it to study the dreams of others, and to let our imagination dwell on possibilities which evoke our prejudices and anti-

pathies, for then shall we widen our hearts and minds till we have no prejudices left, but can look at Truth with the open vision.

The Supreme Teacher of Angels and men must of necessity be infinitely greater and more wonderful than any conceptions we may hold of Him. In this preparation time we can at least practise how to stretch and expand our spiritual imagination that every day we may embrace a wider field of Truth. Only as we learn to vibrate truly to every note of spirituality which is struck in any form can we really hope to answer to the call of the Highest. We do not want a Christ on anyone else's authority; indeed, He will be no Christ for us unless our recognition of Him comes from the soul within. But in one way, and one way only, can we be certain that such recognition will be ours, and that is by studying His image in the world around us, His likeness in the hearts of our fellow-men.

So the message of this Order of the Star is all the time a message of Love—Love to the Master for whose coming we prepare, and Love to the brethren in whose hearts that Master is always imaged.

### NOTES ON SOME OF THIS MONTH'S WRITERS

**M**ISS MARGARET BONDFIELD is one of the foremost champions of the claims of the woman employed in industry, and has devoted a considerable portion of her life to organising women into Trade Unions. She is an authority on the Trades Boards Act, and has been a considerable thorn in the side of the Ministry of Munitions in her attempts to gain equal pay for women rendering the same services as men. An ardent Socialist, she is identified with the Independent Labour Party, on whose National Administrative Council she sits. She is a well-known speaker at all the great gatherings of the Labour world.

Mr. G. D. H. Cole, who is a fellow of Magdalen, represents a type of young man that was coming more into evidence previous to the war. University men were taking a more practical interest in social politics and were identifying themselves with the actual claims of organised labour. He is the author of two standard works on modern industrial conditions: *The World of Labour* and *Labour After the War*.

Mr. George Barker is a member of the Executive Council of the Miners' Federation of Great Britain and of the South Wales Miners' Federation. He is miners' agent for the Abertillery District of Monmouthshire, and is, therefore, charged with the business of negotiating with the employers in this district on all matters affecting the workmen.

# THRESCORE AND TEN

## A Biographical Fragment

By JAMES H. COUSINS

*In this article, Mr. Cousins, who is now Vice-Principal of the Theosophical College, Madanapalle, sketches the picturesque background of humanity and nature against which the life of the Protector of the Order of the Star moves from day to day and from night to night, as she traverses India on her mission of religious, educational, and social regeneration in preparation for the coming of the World Teacher.*

**I**N India you measure railway journeys otherwise than by distance.

"Tirupati is only a rupee from here"—one shilling and fourpence—a student informed me as an inducement to climbing over seven hills at 140 degrees in the sun to the specially holy shrine of an avatar of Vishnu. Usually, however, the measure is, "You get there tomorrow," which leaves a good margin for the washing of innumerable rows of pearly teeth at sunrise at a station pump, the said teeth being surrounded by the lineal and orthodox descendants of the beard of the prophet, Mohammad, surmounted by a scarlet fez, or by the shaven face and head of the Hindu, with or without a white linen turban.

The Malabar coast, on the west of the Indian peninsula, is within the "tomorrow" radius from both Madras and Madanapalle. Calicut—the landing-place of the first European by sea, Vasco da Gama—is a little over four hundred miles from both. The railway time is about twenty-four hours, which is not exceeding the limit; but I found a new unit of measurement, a purgatorio which fell incontinently into an inferno, and ended in—

But I anticipate.

I had accepted an invitation to preside over the first Malabar Students' Conference, and left Madanapalle for the station, seven miles off, on Saturday, April 21, at one in the afternoon, by jutka—that is, a flat-floored thing on two wheels with a half-moon roof of plaited coconut palm-leaves, drawn at a furious

zigzag, and in an occasional nervous circle, by a wiry pony over bumpy roads.

In rural India one always reaches the railway station an hour before the time table and the train always starts an hour after. This makes the first stage of the journey five hours to the junction of Pakala. Here you change from one local line to another, and after a further three hours reach Katpadi, where you change for the main line from Madras to the west. It is eleven o'clock at night, and you have done about seventy miles in ten hours. The platform is strewn with what appear to be human beings, stretched stiff, and wrapped in sheets. They are not mummies, or the *débris* of a battle, but Indians whiling away the hours between trains in slumber.

In an hour the Western mail comes in, fizzing and important, and there is a hurried, garrulous and variegated resurrection. A compartment marked II. stopped conveniently opposite my pile of *samans* (baggage). One bench had a sleeper stretched upon it: the other was vacant. The door was locked, and my energetic efforts to open it (in the way in which hurried male persons keep working at a door that they know to be locked) awakened the sleeper. The figure slowly arose, and a voice that aroused a hundred echoes in memory and affection said,

"Wait a moment, please."

Imagine saying "please" at midnight when awakened out of sleep! In the dimness of the carriage a head was seen, with white hair that was either a little too long for a man or much too short for a

woman : then I saw it was *she*, she whom thousands in the West love under the formal title of "Mrs. Besant," but whom thousands in the East revere as the "Mother" Vasanta, spring.

I apologised for the disturbance. She explained that it was quite natural, and would probably occur at every station except those at which the platform was on the other side of the carriage on which the notice was fixed showing that the carriage, owing to a crush at Madras, had been promoted to first class, and was "Ladies only." I had to rush to find a seat, and whirled through the following dialogue (*staccato, agitato*) with the guard :

"Second?"

"Full."

"What shall I do?"

"Wait for the next."

"And if it is full!" (This sarcastic, as the next was half a day later.)

"Wait for the one after that."

"No thirds?"

"Full." (This turned out to be false.)

"Floor?"

"Stacked with *samans*."

The coolie who was in charge of my baggage—a lithe, young bronze statue dressed in a piece of rag, came to me smiling. He had found a space for one in a third-class carriage labelled "Europeans and Eurasians." Then began the purgatorio stage. A young man's feet banged against one side of me as he lay stretched in a fidgety sleep ; on my other side was an empty space opening to the next compartment. I could not lean against the feet. I could not lean against the space. To lean back against bare boards in a jolting train is not easy ; to lean forward on *samans* packed shakily on the floor, and incapable of adjustment, is no easier. But somehow I kept hold on a sense of humour, and felt dimly through the drowsiness and fatigue that it was good to be there, with *her* at the other end. In my wakeful sleepiness scraps of memory detached themselves from the darkness. I saw a vast amphitheatre packed with the choicest souls of a great metropolis. A small, white-clad, short, white-haired lady came on to the

platform. The people rose, hushed in reverence. . . . A long flight of stairs led up through the smell of printer's ink. She was in front of me, her bent but strong body poised on small shapely feet, a brown case in her hand. I came on behind feeling the stress of a rapid ascent in the tropics. At the top she paused, turned to me, and with a jaunty smile said,

"I sha'n't die of heart disease."

Then she sat in her editorial chair and worked with practically no cessation from 9.30 till 4.30. At five she was on the top of a high wall giving instructions about a building for young men, since completed ; half an hour later she put off her shoes on the threshold of a sick Indian to whom she was taking comfort and medical care. . . . I smiled as I recalled a paragraph from an illustrated Sunday London paper by a journalist whose articles were advertised as epoch-making, but who was so far removed from knowledge of the things that make epochs that he referred to her as being away from all activity for humanity and sitting on some Himalayan peak with Mahatmas in a state of perpetual meditation—so far from, and yet, in a sense that some know, how near to the truth. . . . And there she was crossing India from east to west, as she had done from north to south, and in every possible direction, time after time, putting more travel, and work between 4 a.m. and 10 p.m., into a week than many another busy person would put into a month—and all on the verge of seventy.

Purgatorio ended in two hours at Jalarpet, the junction for Bangalore, but it ended on the down grade. I had struck the Anglo-Indian exodus from the plains to the hills. A horde of men, women and children stormed the whole length of the train and captured it by sheer weight of numbers and incalculable stacks of tin trunks, rolled-up bedding, tea-baskets, gun-cases, and other adjuncts to several months of leisurely life at Ootacamund, 7,500 feet up the Nilgiri Hills.

Then the inferno began. We were twenty, in a space that should only have had six sleepers, on a summer night near

the Equator. A soldier who had been sleeping on the top shelf (Indian trains have upper berths like a ship's cabin), and whose heavy-booted foot had dangled close to my nose all through purgatorio, was unceremoniously dragged down to the civilian level and his place taken up with a weird tangle of *samans*. For six of the most elongated hours imaginable we oscillated between a feverish jocularity and a nodding silence : an old gentleman, unusually ruddy of cheek, kept a fan going without ceasing for the benefit of a row of ladies and children : a young man of not very marked intelligence gazed periodically at me and, divining my second-class status, murmured, " Hard luck."

At 5.30 the new day revealed us as a set of wilted human flowers that a dawn-Devi might have swept away without our feeling any sense of outrage or mustering any power of protest, so swollen-eyed were we, so pasty, oily and dusty. From then until seven I manœuvred the details of my baggage together, and at eight, instead of seven, I got them abstracted from the mess at Podanur, the junction for Calicut to which I knew she, too, was going to preside at a Conference of the Theosophical Society and to attend the District Conference on general public affairs. Here ends the inferno.

Lakshman, her "boy"—that is, a Hindu man with bushy beard whose chief business in life is to let everybody know that he owns "Mother"—was everywhere at once transferring her *samans* to the new train, where there was room to spare and a welcome sense of freshness. I settled my belongings in a comfortable corner and then looked about spectatorially : which sounds ill-mannered, and inconsiderate to her ; but one thing you have to learn, when the Karma-Devas do you the honour of pushing you within her orbit, is that when she needs you she will call for you. All the same, I wandered round the outskirts of the crowd that grew at her carriage, carrying with me a carefully concealed sense of proprietorship and a readiness for any emergency.

There was an air of keen interest on the Podanur platform, and I felt very

important when her eye caught mine and she smiled a smile that meant conversation. Had I consulted a mirror previously I might have run less risk of being drawn into the accusing vicinity of her cheery freshness after a night that to her also, as I learned, brought some acquaintance with the nether regions. I found a needed official for her, and noted how very small she was as he courteously stooped to hear her request. She stood at the door of her carriage in her white *sari* (Indian dress) and bare head. There was about her that sense of imperturbability that invests her with largeness and power beyond mere weight and size ; but occasionally, as she conversed with a couple of Indian gentlemen, there would flash out the smile that gathers in the grey-blue eyes like a glimmer of moonlight and draws the tides of one's being toward her in spontaneous reverence and affection.

I had existed through the horrors of the night partly on the hope of a good sleep on this last six-hour stage of our journey. But sleep vanished before an evident excitement that grew as we approached the coast ; and in the moving intervals between crowded stations at which she was the focal point of friendly eyes there was the challenge of the glorious peaks of the Nilgiris, and the southern eminences of the long vanishing chain of the Western Ghats on which the monsoon breaks in a furious beneficence when the time comes for the south-west wind to bear on its shoulders to the thirsty land its water-pots filled at the inexhaustible fountains of the Indian Ocean. My carriage gradually filled ; so did hers ; so did the thirds. Everybody seemed to be going westward : even big rivers that never appeared on a school map moved thitherward through a land that grew increasingly fertile and prosperous. The dry water-courses of the east coast and the central plateau were left behind with bullock-drawn wells and irrigation canals, for Nature here was abundant and certain in her blessed gift of rain.

At some station a deputation invaded her carriage, read her an address, put a thick garland of blossoms about her neck,

and cheered as the train moved on. . . . Then I must have dozed in the dusty heat of a tropical noon in an open-windowed train. . . . I became dreamily aware of a sound that grew rapidly louder. It might have been a mixture of winds in trees, waves on pebbles and waterfalls in deep glens. Suddenly it became human and defined itself as a long cheer. It was Calicut at last, and a dense mass of happy and enthusiastic humanity in Indian bodies on the long platform, eager to welcome her who, from Mount Everest to Adam's Bridge, is called "Mother," and who stands to the Indian as a combination of all the revered qualities of motherhood and the experience and efficiency of a man trained in public affairs. Above the loud buzz of the pressing crowd there broke out volley after volley of acclamation, and as she stepped on to the platform the air became suddenly full of blossoms that fell over her head and shoulders. Her welcome was shared by Mr. C. P. Ramaswamy Aiyer, the brilliant young *vakil* (barrister) who only a short while ago was her implacable foe in the Madras High Court when the "ward" case was on trial, but who realised something of her purity of purpose and her phenomenal grasp of both the principles and details of human progress and (proud Brahman though he is, and outside things Theosophical) has become one of her chief supporters in everything making for the uplift of India. He had come to Calicut to preside over the annual public Conference of the district.

Then something happened to me. It began when the starry eyes of an expected Indian student friend caught mine: it ended in what someone called "the procession of presidents." The interval, which was probably not more than a minute, was a hustle of garlands lassoing me, blossoms drowning me, lusty young cheers for the President of the Students' Conference deafening me, and a spruce yellow-turbaned guard of honour rescuing me from the whirlpool of their own kindly greeting and setting my feet in the way they should go right in the flower-strewn path of *her* as she followed "C. P." to the exit—and a still bigger

crowd. The large motor-car of a Mudaliar, one of the despised non-Brahman castes in caste-ridden Malabar, was waiting, and into it stepped she who is drawing together the ends of the earth in a spiritual comradeship in order to prepare the Way of the Elder Brother, and He who is only four generations removed from the priest who contrived the modern system of caste-observance that is now an incubus on a vast national soul that has outgrown the need of the system.

A motor-car was waiting for me also, but for a few moments I made one in a cordon of volunteers who caught hands to prevent the august visitors from being engulfed by the welcoming multitude. Her eye gleamed its moonlight at me as the car passed out of the station; she had the glow of a young girl out for a joy-ride with a kind uncle. Everybody, including myself, was shouting *Vande mataram!* ("Hail, Motherland!") and cheering lustily.

I was hustled into my motor and hustled out of it again, for I preferred a smart carriage with open sides that promised conversation with my student friends amongst whom my *samans* thinned out in a minute division of transport to my temporary home. We came up against the back of the motor, and then I realised that we were nothing less than a procession. Some were ahead of us, lost in the seething crowd, a band played, on Indian instruments, the exquisite, timeless Indian airs, with perpetually syncopated drum accompaniment, which allow the marchers to step as they please. On the horizon, lumping up like animated islands across a tumbling sea of heads (some turbaned, some shaven, some with oiled and knotted back-lock), were two big elephants, richly dressed as for a Royal occasion, leading the procession with leisurely steps, each rider, perched between his elephant's ears, waving a large, round fan on the end of a long handle.

I was much struck with the freshness and beauty of the town as we moved, to an accompaniment of conversation (and periodical cheers for the motor-car), of shuffling sandals and the soft impact of bare feet on the earth, through the main

streets. Tall coconut-palms, those lovers of the sea breeze, nodded their shock-heads at us high in brilliant sunlight over the flat-roofed bazars and the pillared bungalows. More striking still was the fresh green of stout plantain trees that, at close intervals on both sides of the main business thoroughfare, waved their broad fringed leaves at us as if they, too, were part of the day's joy. Then it dawned upon me that in no metaphorical, but in a literal, sense they were part of the occasion, and a close glance showed that they were simply whole trees cut down and set up in the streets as a decoration. Merchants dressed their bazaar fronts with their best wares and with articles of *vertu*. At every few yards on both sides of the street a gramophone sang through its nose or scraped out an instrumental air, each cancelling the slight filtration of the other through the close meshes of the multitudinous buzz. And thus we reached our homes on the opposite sides of a palm-fringed highway.

That evening, just as the level rays of the setting sun turned the coconut-palms into dully glowing torches on great dark staves and turned the bamboo tree in the compound of my residence into a mass of gleaming feathers under which a thin and youthful asoka tree, planted a few years ago by Mr. C. W. Leadbeater, stood up like an interested schoolboy, she mounted a platform in the same compound, and to a large gathering spoke plainly of caste evils and other features of Indian social life that are out of harmony with the ancient Hindu religion. At one point, in illustration of her thought, she told a story that reflected credit on a Mohammedan King. The audience broke into loud applause, and I saw before me the new phenomenon of Indian life that she has been supremely instrumental in bringing about—the union in sympathy and ideals of the great Hindu and Mohammedan peoples that for centuries were mortal enemies.

The next two days were crammed with work divided between the District Conference and the Theosophical Conference. I shall never forget the picture of her seated on the spotless floor of a hall bear-

ing her name, which, for the occasion, had been transformed into a cosmopolitan dining hall. Around her were grouped the finest and freest intellects and warmest hearts of Southern India, and no one who realised what it meant for high-caste Brahmanas to sit down to food with persons outside their caste, and particularly with an outcast (*panchama*) and Europeans, could help a thrill of joy at the prophecy of the sure coming of the day of Indian comradeship.

I was asked to deliver a lecture in the Conference *pandal* (a large specially erected building walled and roofed with plaited palm-leaves) under the auspices of the local branch of the Young Men's Indian Association, an institution dear to her heart. An enterprising young man secured her for the chair. She had been at the public Conference from 11.30 until six with practically no break, and she was hot and somewhat tired. I was half hoping and half afraid that she would not wait for my lecture, which came on immediately after the close of the Conference. But *her* word is—*her* word: that is enough. She took the chair and introduced me to the big audience. I took as my subject "The Kingdom of Youth," and voiced a claim of the setting free of the spirit of youth in all departments of life's activities in order to break down the hardness which a premature old age had brought into the world and which had robbed life of freshness and generosity and the spirit of true chivalric adventure—qualities which were not, of course, restricted to sex or years. Some good Deva gave me freedom of speech, and when I sat down I was delighted to notice that she was pleased and alert. She made a short but vigorous concluding speech, and it was profoundly touching to hear her claiming her place in the immortal Kingdom of Youth—a place that was enthusiastically granted by the big audience of eager young men. She repudiated the white fib told by her hair and the record of her age, and in a splendid phrase announced that she would never grow old, and that the fire of youth would burn in her body until the fire of the burning-ghat claimed it.

And she will make good her word.

. . . A few days later she travelled the two nights and a day journey from Madras to Calcutta, and a similar journey back—a thousand miles each way to render a few hours' service to her spiritual motherland. She returned begrimed with the dust of the long journey, her hair as dark as middle age. From the train she went straight to her editorial desk; and before going home to Adyar, at the end of several hours of journalistic drudgery, she went to pay her last respects in this life to the memory of one of the oldest Indian members of the Theosophical Society who had just died. She motored to the nearest approach to the burning-ground on the sea coast south of Adyar, and then walked barefoot over the hot sand. The result was burns and a couple of days enforced idleness—an idleness that consisted in sitting all day at her desk writing—writing—writing.

Two days afterwards she passed

smiling, though laboriously on a bandaged foot, through crowds of friends through the hall on her way to Trichinopoly in the far south to attend another Conference. She had a gay word for everyone.

"No tennis to-day," I said—alluding to her opening of a tennis tournament on the compound last year.

"I might hop," she replied, with a little toss of her head . . . three trivial words, surface bubbles of perennial cheerfulness, yet characteristic of the resource and indomitable will of one of the world's master-builders.

. . . She is back from Trichi, and walking freely, among excavations and piles of brick and other building paraphernalia, over the site of the new Asrama for the Brothers of Service . . . and on October 1 she will have completed seventy years of life. Truly they whom the Gods love, and who love the Gods, die young—at any age.

## WHEN YOU ARE BY

**W**HEN you are by,  
There's stirring in the green leaves of my heart,  
And little elves out of quaint corners start  
And peep, half-shy;  
Knowing the customary spell removed,  
Which held them in their haunts, unloved.

And when you speak,  
Sudden, a thousand brooks, whose stifled voice  
Slept in the caverns of my soul, rejoice  
And from their darkness break,  
And flash and dance into the sunlit air,  
Dazzled to find the world so fair.

E. A. W.

# MIGHT OR RIGHT—WHICH?

By E. J. SMITH

*Those who have read Mr. Smith's "When the Boys Come Home" realise something of the task before us—to make a happier and better world for them to work in.*

**T**HE iniquities of barbaric despotism pale into insignificance when compared with the organised "frightfulness" of civilised tyranny. It commandeers the resources of empires, and by cool, callous and calculating ingenuity converts them into instruments for the torture and destruction of men.

It is to reassess the sacred principles of "right," which the arch-exponents of these unspeakable crimes have violated, that Great Britain has thrown the whole of her available men, munitions and money into the stupendous catastrophe that is drenching Europe with blood and tears. That is a noble decision if it means a new consecration to high duty, but it is one which imposes tremendous obligations upon us, for unless we are hereafter to stultify ourselves, we can neither conclude peace, carry on international relationships, nor govern our own country regardless of it. Indeed, it must be obvious that if "right" is worth the staggering price that is now being paid for its defence, it is worth reducing from the abstract to the concrete—a process through which "might" has long since passed. And unless we have the moral courage to face and to conquer whatever enemies stand in the way of its general adoption, we shall have proved that "A fool's eyes are in the ends of the earth," by sacrificing our heroes abroad to destroy a force that is all too victorious at home.

Why are we fighting Germany? Because for the time being the Prussian military caste, which rules it with a rod of iron, is the avowed and ruthless expression of the doctrine of "might." But let us keep steadily before us the fact that it is "might," as the final arbiter between men and nations, and not Germany we are seeking to overthrow, and unless we succeed in finally defeating that dehuman-

ising menace to the world's progress, our noble sons will have suffered and died in vain.

It is for that very reason we dare not even think of a premature peace, much less become the advocates of it, for it could only mean a suspension, not a conclusion, of hostilities. Indeed, the end of the appalling loss of life and treasure could but be followed by a period of years devoted to rearming and human recuperation, which would ultimately lead our children back to international hell and civilisation's ghastly failure. That method of governing the world is impossible. Nay, if periodic repetitions of the horrible carnage that is now discrediting mankind were to be regarded as inevitable, it would be better that women should defeat the colossal criminality of rulers by declining to bear children for their slaughter, and let a race, which under such circumstances would be unfit to live, come to an end.

It cannot be doubted that the overwhelming proportion of all the peoples engaged in this human cataclysm no more wanted to fight than we did. The war is the work of demented ambition, allied to a cold, overbearing and cruel oligarchy, who count human beings as so many pawns in their hellish game of war. And so from millions of broken hearts and desolate homes in every belligerent land, Ebenezer Elliott's mighty democratic appeal rises incessantly to Heaven :

The people, Lord, the people,  
Not thrones and crowns, but men.

We must not forget that we are fighting for our enemies as well as for ourselves and our Allies, for the Prussian military caste—the determined authors of this Continental reign of terror—have misled their own people and coerced their Allies into War, and it is imperative for the

peace of Europe and the onward march of mankind that they should be so defeated and disgraced as to make their rehabilitation detestable to the German people who alone can destroy them. But having thus made a new Germany possible, and, by so doing, cleared the way for international co-operation against war, it would be sheer madness to endanger that mighty and beneficent purpose by seeking to follow the military destruction of our enemy by imposing upon him economic ruin, for " You take my life, when you do take the means whereby I live."

A more outrageous adoption of the very doctrine we are fighting to kill, or one more surely calculated to produce a harvest of bitterness and revenge, it is impossible to conceive, and if those who advocate it would try to put themselves in the position of Germany they must see that it is a policy destined to prolong the war and fortify, rather than destroy, the military caste; for if peace is to be but the prelude to starvation, it would be more heroic of the enemy to fight us to the bitter end than to watch their wives and children die for want of bread.

Those legions who have lost their loved ones are not glorying in war, neither do they hate the people of Germany, but they do long with all their hearts to see militarism, of which they and theirs have been the victims, abolished for ever. And it is surely during such a terrible epoch-making experience as the one through which we are now passing, when " One touch of nature is making the whole world kin," that it throbs with boundless purpose and exalted hope for the human race. Are the great leaders of men in every department of life alive to the wonderfully inspiring possibilities for deliverance? Have they felt the rare and redeeming pathos that is waiting to be converted into a gracious dynamic for righteousness and goodwill? It is the noblest opportunity the world has ever seen; it is pregnant with mighty and momentous issues, and carries destiny within its womb.

The atmosphere and environment in which war must be prosecuted by those immediately responsible for directing its course are ill-calculated to convert over-

worked and anxious statesmen into seers of visions and dreamers of dreams, for theirs is the terrible task of pressing the cruel campaign until militarism is discredited in its own house. But the poignant cry of the hourly increasing number of the bereaved, " Is it all worth while? " should fire us with the determination that at whatever cost it shall be answered in the affirmative by the creation of a new and better world. The mighty clarion call to duty reverberates in every valley and on every hill, and if the great religious, moral and social reformers throughout the land will but respond, out of the awful blackness and travail of war the dawn must break and a new day be born.

If the greatest empire the world has ever seen is prepared, when the time comes, to enter into negotiations for peace, and to shape its future policy on the eternal principles of righteousness, it will not lack Allies, for, thank God, the world is war-sick and weary, and yearns only for a better way. We must either advance or retreat; to mark time is impossible; but in the presence of the greatest heartache, loneliness and grief through which the world has ever passed, it is incredible that we can traverse again the old road of international jealousy, competitive armaments, and economic war.

But unless thoughtful men and earnest women are alert and active we shall find that the military caste is superseded by the commercial caste, which will impose upon the unborn the curse that has overtaken us and forge new fetters for the little feet that have still to come along the world's highway. The alluring policy of staking out new commercial claims and erecting notice boards to warn enemy States that trespassers will be prosecuted is ill-calculated to get rid of those " means to do ill deeds which make ill deeds done." And those who seek by such methods to " join house to house and lay field to field " gamble not only with money but with life.

All we are entitled to ask for and insist upon commercially is a fair field and no favour in order that each member of the

family of nations may contribute to the whole that service for which it is best adapted, and the drafting of conditions that would ensure it ought not to surpass the wit of man. Instead of relying upon tariffs and bounties, which the consumer must inevitably pay, let us depend upon an ever-rising standard of education and training which will not only meet the material needs of men, but pave the way for their emancipation and advancement. Of one thing we may be sure: such an open door will be far easier to maintain than artificial barriers will be to defend, for the moment we depart from just and equitable principles we are compelled to adopt Prussian methods to enforce the false steps we have taken.

To suggest that we cannot prosper if the markets of the world are thrown open to all is to deny our own experience under far less favourable conditions. The Open Sesame to our future well-being is the physical, mental and moral advancement of our people, and unless that becomes our supreme concern, all the protection in the world cannot save us. A more equitable distribution of wealth would not only promote commercial prosperity, but make possible the uplift and development of the common people, whom Lincoln said: "God must have loved, He made so many of them."

It is in these and kindred directions that salvation lies, for the man is unborn who knows in which cradle the genius is being rocked or under what roofs the world's saviours are being reared; and until we are

wise enough to care for them all, we shall, as heretofore, continue to scrap an incredible number of our human and God-given resources. It may be that such humane and elevating services would fail to produce so many inordinate fortunes in the hands of few men, but if it made the lives of the masses of the people more nearly the glad and joyous inheritance which their natural endowments prove God intended it should be, there would be more than adequate compensation. But unless we seek this better way now, we shall fail both at home and abroad, for the horror of war will drift again into a memory and another generation think only of the heroism of those who bled and died.

That is the fatalism of inaction; it compels the future to learn the inexpressible bitterness and grief of war through sad and horrible experience. God forbid that our indifference should make such a calamity possible, for in that case it would be truthfully said of us, "The fathers have eaten sour grapes and the children's teeth are set on edge."

If those who have been called upon to lose their loved ones could but feel that they had fallen in a war that was to end war, they would at least know that, great and irreparable as had been the sacrifice, it had not been in vain, for hereafter the highest form of patriotism would not be to die for one's country, but to live for and to serve it. God grant that it may be so!

Let be thy wail and help thy fellow-men,  
And make thy gold thy vassal, not thy king.

\* \* \* \* \*

And more—think well! Do well will follow thought.

TENNYSON

# THE MINERS' ORGANISATION AND ITS FUTURE

By *GEORGE BARKER*

*Mr. Barker has travelled considerably abroad, notably in the Far East, and is therefore able to bring a broad outlook upon many problems as a result of experience. He is keen on perfecting the industrial organisation of the working class.*

THE Miners' Federation of Great Britain, known as the M.F.G.B., was founded in the year 1887, and consists of eighteen districts, each of which is in itself a federation. At the annual conference held in Buxton, July, 1916, the total membership represented was 715,890.

The Federation is directly represented in Parliament by ten of its members. It is numerically the largest single industry organisation in the world. That the Miners' Federation of Great Britain has vastly improved the position of its members is a matter of history. No miner who remembers the days of sectional unionism would care to go back to that period again, when county strikes and lock-outs were as regular as the seasons; when there was no minimum wage, and when competitive prices governed wages instead of wages largely governing prices, and when victimisation was rife in all the collieries. It may be interesting to enumerate some of the great benefits achieved by the Miners' National Union and the M.F.G.B., which naturally developed out of the Miners' National Union. In passing I may just say that the Miners' National Union was founded in the seventies by Alexander Macdonald, William Crauford, Thomas Burt, M.P. (at present "Father of the House of

Commons"), and the illustrious brothers, Benjamin and William Pickard. Macdonald was president, and Benjamin Pickard, vice-president, of the National Union, which concerned itself chiefly with getting legislation passed for the safety of the miner. Macdonald and Burt, elected in 1874, were the first Labour Members to sit in the House of Commons.

Let me detail some of the laws gained through the influence of the miners' organisation, every one of which cost many weary years of agitation. There was, for instance, the Coal Mines Regulation Act, 1887, which followed the report of a Royal Commission on Accidents in Mines appointed in 1879. This Act gave working miners the right to examine the mine, the right to be represented on coroners' inquests, and the right to have suitable timber supplied at the coal face or any other place convenient to the workmen. Men were frequently unable to work for want of timber, with no redress whatever. How many lives were lost for want of protective timber before this Act was passed will be one of the revelations of the Judgment Day.

In 1880 employers were first made liable for accidents to workmen by the passing into law of the Employers' Liability Act. How fiercely this Act was opposed is notorious. We have since had the Workmen's Compensation Acts

of 1897 and 1906. These were all acts of mercy in the most righteous sense, and have saved the lives and limbs of untold thousands of men besides relieving widows and children innumerable from the anguish and care of destitution. Perhaps the greatest legislative achievement of the M.F.G.B. is the passing into law of the Miners' Eight Hours Act. Thousands of pounds were spent, scores of deputations were sent to the Lobby of the House of Commons, and innumerable meetings were held to agitate for this humane and beneficent measure before it found its way on the Statute Book. For the first time in the history of the country Parliament has regulated the hours of adult labour. May it be the forerunner of a six hours day for all toilers by hand or brain.

In 1912, after a strike of one million miners for a period of six weeks, the Government passed an Act of Parliament known as the Coal Mines (Minimum Wage) Act, in which it was stated "It shall be an implied term of every contract for the employment of a workman underground in a coal mine that the employer shall pay to that workman wages at not less than the minimum rate settled under this Act." This law now secures to every underground worker a definite minimum wage varying in different coalfields. In South Wales the rate varies from seven shillings and ninepence for labourers to ten shillings and eightpence per day for miners.

The miners now have a law limiting the number of hours they can be compelled to work, and a law compelling the employer to pay not less than a statutory wage for such work. These two laws have been obtained by the power and influence of their Federation, and have conferred immense benefits on the workers in the Coal Mines of Great Britain.

There is still very much to be accomplished. Neither of the above-mentioned laws apply to workers on the surface of the mines. As the surface workers are now becoming members of the Federation it becomes imperative upon the Federation to see that they get equal benefits to the underground workers, and steps are being

taken to get the surface workmen included in the benefits of the Eight Hours Act and the Minimum Wage Act.

A good deal of work must be done before the mines are made as safe as they ought to be. The death-rate is still an appalling one. For the year 1915 the death roll from accidents in mines was 1,297, and the number injured ran into tens of thousands. While its members find much gratification in their past achievements, it is to the future their vision is turned. The status of the worker is still the same as of old. He is only a hireling, called to his labour every day by the steam horn. His days are still laboriously spent grinding out material gain for his employer.

To change this status, this subjection of the mind and soul to the working out of material ends—to change all this is the supreme aim of the Miners' Federation. An industrial commonwealth is the goal of the Federation.

For many years a resolution has appeared on every annual conference agenda demanding the nationalisation of the mines. This is always carried practically unanimously. The Miners' National Executive has prepared a Bill and the same has been introduced into Parliament. But a nationalisation of the mines that would place the workers under a State bureaucracy has very little present attraction for many who were ardent nationalisers a few years ago. We do not want a State department of mines like the Postmaster General's department, where the Post Office workers are slave-driven by the State to grind out profit for the Chancellor of the Exchequer. If the State is to own the mines they must vest the control in the hands of the Miners' Federation of Great Britain. The womb of the future will give birth to some wonderful things for the toilers of the nations. The face of democracy is turned towards the light and will go marching on. We take our faith from Shelley when he says :

Fear not the tyrant shall rule for ever,  
Or the priests of the evil faith,  
They stand on the brink of the raging river,  
Whose waves they have tainted with death.  
It is fed from the depths of a thousand dells,

And around them it foams and surges and swells,  
And their swords and their sceptres I floating see  
Like wrecks on the surge of eternity.

For many ages the workers have been downtrodden, despised, oppressed, and powerless. To-day it is not power that he lacks, but the knowledge that he has the power and the wisdom to rightly use it. One of the finest achievements of the human race is the organisation of the workers from a rabble to an industrial army, able to act with the precision of a military machine when the hour of destiny strikes. And the grandeur of this organisation lies in the fact that the contemned and despised workers have done it themselves unaided. Their leaders have been elected from the mines, and are all self-educated men.

The knowledge that the toiler needs is coming to him, and coming much quicker than is generally discerned. All the powers that make for righteousness are on the side of the worker. Many forces are at work for the spread of knowledge—organisations like the "Theosophical Society" and members of "The Order of the Star in the East," whose efforts are directed to bridging over the great gulf between the great peoples of East and West. These organisations are radiating influences, beneficent and healing to a supreme degree.

The miners' organisation itself is a tremendous educational force, with its lodge meetings held weekly, where every question is discussed bearing on the miner's industrial life. Besides, in peace time the miners have their own Labour College under the wardenship of Mr. Denis Hird, M.A., where students get free tuition and maintenance for one, two, or three years. After these students return to the mines they form tutorial classes in the mining districts. These classes do an enormous amount of work, and are spreading to other industries. The railway workers are joint owners with the miners of the Central Labour College, because the economic foundations of both industries are wage slavery on the one hand and profit making on the other. The annual profit made out of mines and railways is over eighty million pounds.

All this wealth goes into the pockets of a relatively few families, and the industrial community is all the poorer for it. If this wealth could be utilised in building good homes for the people, Great Britain would be a happy place indeed. It is the fundamental purpose of the miners' and railwaymen's organisation to obtain, or, rather, to retain, this wealth created by their joint labour.

That is one reason why the triple industrial alliance of miners, railwaymen, and transport workers was formed. When I said the miners did not lack power I had this triple industrial alliance in my mind. The power possessed by the industrial worker is all sufficient to emancipate him if he only had the knowledge and wisdom to use it. The employing classes know this and they are afraid. They try to shear him of this strength by sowing dissension in the ranks of labour, by encouraging the creation and setting up of rival labour organisations; but all this will be of no avail, for the workers want economic freedom, and that is only possible by the workers controlling their own industry.

The future of the Federation will be occupied in obtaining the control of the mining industry. In the meantime many palliative improvements will be sought and obtained. Safer conditions of labour, higher wages, higher compensation for injuries, better housing, real education, mothers' pensions, old-age pensions at fifty years of age at double the present rate.

All these we may get even under capitalism, for the capitalist will give anything only to be allowed to control the wealth produced by the worker. Such is the enormous and illimitable power of wealth production, as illustrated by the war, when in Europe probably sixty millions are engaged in fighting and work essential to war, that capitalism could and would give the foregoing demands if by so doing the present capitalistic society could be maintained. But all these things, and any others added, are not enough. It is freedom the worker wants—freedom from domination, freedom to work for himself, not as a

machine but as a man, who takes pride and delight in his work and who receives the fruit of his toil.

The most urgent and essential thing for the worker is to re-establish the Workers' International, so that the brotherhood of man can be set up first of all in Europe and then throughout the world.

Throughout the long ago the workers of various countries have never quarrelled; it is the rulers that make the quarrel, and the people make the sacrifice. It will be the purpose of the International to make an end of this. No other power can do it. The toilers do not want to dominate or to be dominated. Their minds have to be inflamed by their rulers and a base Press before they show hatred to others. The only way to ensure a lasting peace is to unite in brotherhood those whose

greatest interest is peace, and they are the workers of the world.

The great and all-inspiring purpose of the miners' organisation is to emancipate the worker from the coils of capitalism. Its members are engaged in a great fight for freedom and justice. Every individual has to take sides either against the oppressor or against the oppressed. This fight is the noblest in all history, for out of it for the first time will emerge the industrial worker free from economic bondage.

We are rapidly approaching the final in the evolution of industry, when the socialisation of humanity will be accomplished. The insane system of divorcing the producer from the instruments of production will cease, and co-operation will take the place of competition, and production for use, and not for profit, will be the aim of an enlightened society.

**G**O forth, to work, to serve, to love!

This little life passes quickly away.

Its shadows and sorrows are for a moment;

Its virtues, its victory, its peace, are of the eternal.

GEORGE MERRIMAN

**O** MY brothers, love your country! Our country is our home, the house that God has given us, placing therein a numerous family that loves us, and whom we love.

In labouring for our own country on the right principle, we labour for humanity.

MAZZINI

# THE VARYING TYPES OF TRADE UNIONS

*By G. D. H. COLE*

**N**O social phenomenon of our times is more significant than the growth of the spirit of association. The social life of to-day is more fruitful in types of association than that of any period since the Middle Ages, and round these types is growing up a comprehensive philosophy which endeavours to interpret them in terms of a common purpose.

In this development the growth of Trade Unionism of necessity occupies a central position. The Society to which we belong is primarily an industrial Society, and its economic organisation conditions and determines to a great extent its whole character. The existing structure of industry is oligarchic; even more than in politics, the industrial system excludes any form of democracy or self-government by the mass of the producers. The workman at his work finds that he is regarded not as a human being, with a will of his own capable of self-discipline and self-direction, but as a mere "hand," to be guided and controlled by the superior wisdom and knowledge of the captains of industry and their nominees.

Against this industrial autocracy Trade Unionism is a protest. It arises as an almost inarticulate protest against intolerable conditions of economic serfdom; and thereafter, as it gains in power and self-confidence, it also gathers understanding and conscious purpose. From a negative organisation of protest it develops by almost imperceptible stages to a consciousness of the possession of a positive purpose and destiny. From "a continuous association of wage-earners for the purpose of maintaining or improving their conditions of employment" it emerges into an association for the pur-

pose of overthrowing the existing industrial order and of supplanting as it overthrows.

It is not difficult to understand this evolution, which, indeed, is going on every day before our eyes. The workers may begin to associate together in Trade Unions, with the strictly limited object of self-protection against capitalist aggression, or the improvement within the existing system of conditions too bad to be borne; but it will not be easy for them, as their associations grow in power, to confine their activities within the original limitations. From protests against the existing order they will be led inevitably to suggestions for its amendment; and from suggested changes it is not a long step to proposals that they themselves shall assume control of that which they criticise.

Let us take a concrete example. The workers begin by protesting against the conditions of over-driving and speeding-up under which they are compelled to work. From this they pass to the adjustment by collective bargaining of the piece-work prices that are to be paid and of the conditions that are to be observed. This stage most Trade Unions have already reached. But by the time collective bargaining has become securely established, the more advanced Trade Unionists are already pressing on to something better. In place of the joint adjustment of conditions they are beginning to demand that the organisation of the workshop shall be taken out of the hands of the employer and his nominees and placed in those of the Trade Unionists themselves. Official Trade Unionism to-day is at the stage of collective bargaining; the various forward movements—shop stewards, industrial unionist and Guild Socialist—are in their

various ways all pressing on to the further stage of direct control by the workers.

When we look at the organisation and structure of Trade Unionism to-day, we see at once that there is a clear correspondence between the purpose which any Union sets before itself and the structure which it adopts. The great cleavage which runs through the whole Trade Union movement at the present time is the cleavage between Craft Unionism and Industrial Unionism, and this cleavage can only be understood in close connection with the divergent purposes and ideals of the Unions which are involved.

Most of the earliest Unions were "Craft" Unions—i.e., they included only workers belonging to a single craft or group of crafts and possessing a common and usually an interchangeable skill. A Society of Carpenters, or Cotton Weavers, or Felt Hat Trimmers, or Iron Moulders consisted of men who were to a great extent similarly circumstanced, whose wage rates, conditions of labour, liability to sickness and unemployment, and dependence on the conditions of the labour market were the same, and who could therefore most easily come together in a Trade and Friendly Society for mutual assistance and, when necessary, mutual defence. The existence of repressive laws which forbade effective combination for industrial purposes tended for a long time to force all working-class organisation into the Friendly Society mould, and while these conditions persisted the Craft Union naturally remained the dominant type.

Even so, there were occasions on which the rival principle of Industrial Unionism came to the front. The first great idealistic movement of Trade Unionism, that which was inspired by the influence of Robert Owen in 1834, was predominantly "Industrial Unionist" in character. That is to say, the battalions of Owen's army of Labour consisted, not of skilled men seeking only their interest as skilled workers, but of skilled and unskilled together fighting a common battle for emancipation.

Industrial Unionism sets out to organise in one Union all workers who are engaged in an "industry," such as the mining

industry, the railway industry, the building industry, and so on. It is not concerned whether a man is skilled or unskilled, or whether a worker is man or woman: the fact that he or she is employed in a given industry is enough to lead the Industrial Unionist to claim him or her for the Union of the industry concerned.

The difference between the two forms of organisation is clear. The Craft Union rests upon the common skill possessed by its members, and has as a rule the double object of securing better terms for its members from the employers and of keeping out unqualified and unskilled men from the craft. It therefore rests to a certain extent on monopoly and on a vested interest which is common to its members. Industrial Unionism, on the other hand, is far more in the nature of class organisation. In the Industrial Union skilled and unskilled workers with varying rates of remuneration stand together in face of their employers.

It is clear that the Craft Union almost inevitably works within the existing order, or at least accepts as a fact the distinction between employer and employed. The craftsmen have a legitimate and valuable common interest in their skill; but under existing conditions this common interest is almost necessarily diverted to some extent into an economic interest, which makes, on a short view, for the preservation of the existing system as much as for its overthrow. Moreover, the craftsmen form only a section of the working personnel of industry. In any workshop there are skilled and unskilled workers, and often the skilled workers are scattered over a number of crafts, each with its separate Union or Unions. With such a method of organisation the workers are perfectly restricted to bargaining under the existing order; they cannot set before themselves the idea of creating through their Unions a new industrial order because their Unions are not capable of assuming control over production or of supplanting Capitalist control.

Industrial Unionism, on the other hand, contains all the elements of revolution. It unites all grades of workers, and thereby

reveals the existing industrial system as a clear-cut conflict of employers and employees. Moreover, by uniting in one association all grades of wage-earners in each industry, it goes far to provide an organisation capable of supplanting Capitalism and assuming control.

There is, indeed, herein an obvious limitation. An association of all the wage-earning grades is not an association of the whole working personnel of industry; for it still excludes a section of vital importance—the managers, technicians, and professionals. By the more far-sighted Industrial Unionists this limitation is clearly recognised. Such leaders take the view that, as the Industrial Unions grow in consciousness and power they will constantly enlarge their range of membership by absorbing, grade by grade, the members of the salariat. Already in some of the more advanced Unions this tendency is making itself manifest; and the lower grades of the salariat are throwing in their lot with the manual workers and uniting with them in a common organisation.

During recent years the conflict between the various types of Trade Unions has grown increasingly bitter. Increasing concentration of capital and a growing movement of industrial consciousness on the side of Labour have led to a parallel movement in Trade Union organisation. In particular the industrial unrest of the year before the war has left its mark upon the Trade Union world. Out of the national railway strike of 1911 and the co-operation between the various Unions of railway workers involved in it grew the National Union of Railwaymen, in which three of the five important railway Unions came together on an industrial basis. Founded in 1913, this Union has since continually grown in membership and influence, until it has come to be commonly regarded as the "new model" of Trade Union organisation for the coming generation.

This growth has not been achieved without many disputes, for in their endeavours to organise all railway workers the National Union of Railwaymen has come into violent conflict with

a large number of other Unions. One of the remaining railway Craft Unions, the Associated Society of Locomotive Engineers and Firemen, which refused to come into the amalgamation in 1913, has since been continually at war with the N.U.R.; and, in addition to this difference, there has arisen the urgent problem of the railway shops, which at the present time threatens to divide Trade Unionism into two rival and hostile camps.

The railway "shops" are the centres in which the railway companies undertake the manufacture and repair of locomotives and railway rolling stock. Clearly, such workshops lie on the border line between the railway industry and the engineering industry. The workers in them were, before the coming of the National Union of Railwaymen, very weakly organised, but there were a large number of engineering and woodworking Craft Unions with members among the shopmen. With all these Unions the N.U.R. has since done battle, and despite many attempts at settlement and at least two full dress debates at the Trades Union Congress, no adjustment of differences has yet been reached. Rather similar conflicts connected with the industrial basis of organisation occur in the case of the miners, the iron and steel workers, and in some other industries.

The Industrial Union, which aims at including all workers in the industry irrespective of craft or grade, is faced with difficult problems in connection with its internal organisation. It is necessary for it at the same time to secure unity of action among all sections, and to secure that the distinct points of view of the various sections are clearly stated and effectively reconciled. This the National Union of Railwaymen has endeavoured to secure by the distinct representation on its Executive Committee of the large groups of grades and crafts into which the membership can be divided. It is, indeed, obvious that in any complicated industry including a number of distinct classes of workers some form of sectional representation is a sheer necessity of effective government. Industrial Unionism does not mean that all workers in the industry

are herded together indiscriminately without reference to their special interests and points of view; it means that the attempt is made to harmonise their interests within a common organisation.

That Industrial Unionism is the form of organisation which the Trade Union movement ought to adopt seems to me so clear as hardly to need argument. It unites the workers, whereas Craft Unionism divides them; it rests upon the solidarity and common brotherhood of them all, whereas Craft Unionism divides the working class into many classes warring among themselves. Industrial Unionism brings skilled and unskilled workers together against the present industrial system. Craft Unionism is itself based on selfishness and leads inevitably to defensive organisations of the unskilled, which are directed as much against the skilled workers as against the employers.

The existing General Labour Unions are largely of this type. There are about four and a half million Trade Unionists in this country, and of these about six hundred thousand are organised in what are known as General Labour Unions. These Unions consist partly of workers in scattered trades and localities, but in the main of unskilled workers in many of the big industries—notably, engineering, shipbuilding, and transport. More and more differences and hostilities are arising between these Unions and the Craft Unions, although against Industrial Unionism they tend at present to make common cause.

The reason for this is evident. The skilled worker sees, or thinks he sees, his only hope of maintaining his slightly superior standard of life in excluding or keeping down the unskilled; the unskilled worker is conscious that the attitude of the craftsman towards him is too often one of antagonism and superiority. Against the suggestion that they should unite in one association, distrust causes them to join their forces in opposition.

The remedy lies in a wider ideal and a wider outlook. In so far as Trade Unionists remain content with the existing industrial system, or seek only slight modifications of it, it will be impossible to overcome this

distrust; but as soon as they begin to seek not mere amelioration, but the overthrow of Capitalism and the wage system and the substitution of a system of industrial self-government, the differences between skilled and unskilled dwindle, and Industrial Unionism becomes the natural structure for the workers of all grades to adopt.

Especially for National Guildsmen, whose ideals have often been expounded in this journal, Industrial Unionism is recognised as an essential step in the direction of democratic control of industry. If the workers are to assume control over industry they must learn how to control and must get experience of industrial management. The real significance of the many movements of the rank and file of Trade Unionism is that they are workshop movements, which are taking form in the demand for a control of workshop conditions. Out of such beginnings Industrial Unionism will grow aright. The co-operation of all grades of workers in the workshops irrespective of the Unions to which they belong, must surely lead in the long run to a re-formation of Trade Unionism on an industrial basis. The new Trade Unionism based on workshop organisation will be more democratic and more self-reliant than the old. It will also be infinitely more powerful as a social force, because it will rest upon a nobler ideal. In place of the negative opportunism of the old school of Craft Unionists it will set the constructive idealism of men and women inspired by the spirit of service and desiring to control industry as a trust for the whole community.

I have dwelt in this article entirely on the broad contrast between the two main types of Trade Union organisations. There are countless complications which could be introduced—countless types and sub-types of Unions which cannot be defined as either Craft Unions or Industrial Unions. There are Unions, such as the Amalgamated Union of Co-operative Employees, in which the bond between the members is their common employer; there are others, such as the National Federation of Women Workers, in which the bond is one of sex. These, however,

are variants rather than distinct types capable of extension over the whole field of industry. Our classification is broadly correct. On the one hand are the Unions including skilled and unskilled workers together, and this type finds its best expression in Industrial Unionism. On the

other hand are the Unions which separate skilled and unskilled—Craft Unions and General Labour Unions. The conflict between these types is a conflict, as we have seen, not simply of immediate policy, but also, and far more, of ultimate ideals in industrial organisation.

# THE TRADE UNION CONGRESS

By JOHN SCURR

**T**HE Trade Union Congress is the most representative gathering of Labour in Great Britain.

Only one great Trade Union, the Amalgamated Society of Engineers, is not affiliated to it, together with a few minor societies.

It is an industrial body, and its chief function is to deal with problems arising out of the position of the workman as producer. It does, however, also concern itself with the problems of consumption or distribution.

Its governing body is the Parliamentary Committee, with a permanent secretariat and offices in London. The Right Hon. Charles W. Bowerman, Member of Parliament for Deptford, is the General Secretary. A particular activity of this committee is to bring pressure to bear on Government departments in relation to Labour affairs, both administrative and legislative.

The Congress is the parent body from which sprang the Labour Party and the General Federation of Trades. The former was first a committee of the Congress, with representatives from Socialist societies which were not eligible for affiliation to the Trade Union Congress. During the first two or three years of its existence the Labour Representation Committee, as the Labour Party was first called, reported annually on its activities

to the Trade Union Congress, but ultimately, on the recommendation of its Standing Orders Committee, the Congress refused to receive the reports of an outside body, and the Labour Party became an independent body.

The General Federation is composed of Trade Unions who subscribe to a common fund out of which is paid contributions to any society involved in a dispute. It is an attempt to pool funds in order to help to increase the fighting powers of any single organisation. It has not been very successful.

As differences arose sometimes between the Congress, the Labour Party, and the Federation, a committee known as the Joint Board was formed to compose them. Experience, however, proved that the Federation's interest was not such as needed its assistance at such a gathering, and the Joint Board has been reconstituted, excluding the Federation. A tendency has been noted on the part of the Federation to go outside its province as a financial body and to make pronouncements on public questions which are strictly within the purview of the Trade Union Congress and the Labour Party.

A visitor to the Congress will be much struck with the high level of capacity shown in the assembly, and if he or she has been in the habit of forming opinions upon Trade Union leaders from the

popular and snippety Press he or she will experience a great shock. In oratory the assembly will be superior to the House of Commons, although the latter assembly may produce an individual orator who is superior. In one sense the Congress debates are like those in the House of Lords, inasmuch as the delegates, like the peers, do not bind themselves so much by party conventions, and, social equality prevailing in the assembly, freedom of expression is a matter of course. Every intonation of the English tongue will be heard. Scotland, Ireland, Lancashire, Yorkshire, West Country, and Cockaigne all contribute to the debate, and a student who passes a pleasant hour in the byways of history has a picture presented to him of the evolution of Britain.

The President for last year was Mr. Harry Gosling, one of the most skilled of Trade Union negotiators. Not very tall, with white hair and a voice of inconsiderable power, he dominates an assembly by sheer force of character. He is one of those rare men who are a power in the land and have risen to positions of influence without making enemies. His keenest opponent has never breathed a word derogatory to his personality, nor has anyone ever suggested that he is animated with any other desire except that of serving his fellows.

When the occasion requires he can display a remarkable courage. The present writer remembers well standing beside Mr. Gosling in Southwark Park on a Sunday afternoon in August, 1912. The great London Transport Workers' strike had lasted for twelve weary weeks, and it was obvious that to continue only meant worse disaster for the men. They had to be told to go back to work on the Monday defeated. Mr. Gosling, in contrast to many other leaders who attempted to waver and compromise, told the men the bare and sad truth. The great crowd was very angry, and sometimes refused him a hearing, but he kept his point of view fearlessly to the front. He has the courage to face the truth in times of defeat as well as in times of victory.

His presentation of the case for the

Transport Workers in 1912 before a committee presided over by Sir Edward Clarke, K.C., has always been regarded as one of the most masterly pieces of work ever performed on behalf of Labour. It says much for his persuasive ability that a body of hostile judges, on seven points raised, found completely in favour of the men on five points, and partly in their favour on another point, and only found entirely against them on one.

In addition to having been President of the Congress, Mr. Gosling is President of the Transport Workers' Federation, Secretary of the Amalgamated Society of Watermen and Lightermen, representative of Labour on the Port of London Authority, and a member of the London County Council. In politics one would place him with the centre party of the Labour and Socialist movement.

The Secretary, Mr. Bowerman, is connected with the printing trade. He is regarded as a "safe" man, and his fault lies rather in an attempt to do too much of the detailed work of the organisation instead of putting some of it upon the shoulders of subordinates. Arrangements are, however, in hand for getting over this difficulty, and if they are successful in removing a mass of detailed work from off the shoulders of the Secretary they will be to the advantage of the movement, as it will give him a better opportunity to devote himself to a consideration of many of the serious problems which are bound to arise in the future. Heretofore the Secretary of the Congress has been too much of a clerk.

I do not refer to the problems confronting the delegates, as some of them are dealt with elsewhere, but I may be permitted to say a word or two on the tendencies which are making themselves apparent in the industrial Labour movement.

It is being recognised that there are too many Trade Unions in the country and that much energy is being dissipated as a result. It is held by some authorities that for effective purposes fifty Unions are at the outside necessary, and some hold that a dozen would be sufficient. There are actually over twelve hundred in exist-

ence. The tendency is towards amalgamation, and the Congress, through its Parliamentary Committee, has been helpful in assisting such endeavours.

A controversy rages as to the type of Union which is to exist in the future, and the agenda has some echoes of it. Most Unions are Craft Unions, that is, Unions in which the members have the same kind of skill, such as the compositors. A considerable body of opinion favours an Industrial Union—i.e., all the workers in the industry, whatever their trade, to be in one Union. For example, all the joiners, engineers, shipwrights, labourers, clerks, and so on employed in the shipbuilding industry would be in the, let us say, Shipbuilding Industrial Union. Under this scheme a plumber working on a ship would be in the Shipbuilding Union, and a plumber working in a house in the Builders' Union. At present he is a member of the Plumbers' Craft Union, whether he works on a ship or in a house. The National Union of Railwaymen is the nearest approach to the Industrial Union. A third type of Union is advocated—viz., the association of men, no matter what their trade, engaged in working on the same material. Thus all iron and steel workers, or all wood workers would be in one organisation. The Congress will

have in the not far distant future to help in solving the problems which arise as a result of the above differing opinions.

Another problem which will have to be faced is that of organising the lowly paid workers whose remuneration is so low that they cannot afford to support an organisation of their own. This is particularly true of agricultural workers and of certain industries in which women are employed. Congress has already voted small sums to the agricultural workers, but in all probability it will have in the future to undertake the deliberate organisation of such workers and to support them financially until they can become self-supporting. This in the interest of Labour as a whole.

Altogether the Congress is an important and interesting body. It is the chief organisation of the Labour movement, and in the opinion of many is fated to become a part of the constitutional machinery of the Government of the country as Labour advances more and more in the direction of obtaining greater and greater control over its own destinies. At present it is largely dominated by a middle-class outlook on life, but the tendencies are all in the direction of this disappearing and of an independent Labour outlook taking its place.

**I**N this Kingdom of illusions we grope eagerly for stays and foundations. There is none but strict and faithful dealing at home, and a severe barring out of all duplicity or illusion there. Whatever games are played with us, we must play no games with ourselves, but deal in our privacy with the last honesty and truth. I look upon the simple and childish virtues of veracity and honesty as the root of all that is sublime in character. Speak as you think, be what you are, pay your debts of all kinds. . . . This reality is the foundation of friendship, religion, poetry, and art. At the top or at the bottom of all illusions, I set the cheat which still leads us to work and live for appearances, in spite of our conviction, in all sane hours, that it is what we really are that avails with friends, with strangers, and with fate or fortune

EMERSON

# THE ORGANISATION OF WOMEN

By MARGARET G. BONDFIELD

THE Board of Trade returns of membership of Trade Unions give the total number of organised women in 1913 as 356,963, or between 6 and 7 per cent. of the number of women employed, as compared with 30 per cent. in the case of men.

I believe the number of organised women in 1917 to be well over three-quarters of a million, and, although owing to the increased number of women gainfully employed in industry the percentage may be about the same, it is a most hopeful fact that during the last three years of industrial upheaval Trade Unionism among women has not only survived all the disintegrating shocks to women's occupations, but the women have won more definite recognition in the Trade Union world. The quality of their Trade Unionism has stood the severest tests.

Prior to the war the textile trades accounted for about 50 per cent. of the organised women; the honour of enrolling the first women members is shared by the Padiham and District Weavers, Winders, and Warpers Society and the Radcliffe and District Weavers and Winders Society; both of which were founded in 1850. With the exception, however, of textiles and small ephemeral groups it may be said that the story of the modern movement for the organisation of women is the story of the Women's Trade Union League.

In 1874 Emma Paterson, the wife of a Trade Unionist cabinet-maker, visited the United States, where she studied a number of women's Trade Unions, notably the Parasol and Umbrella Makers' Union, the Women's Typographical Union, and the Women's Protective

Union. These groups of women had been helped into being by Susan B. Anthony and other suffrage pioneers and by the more advanced men Trade Unionists. Mrs. Paterson undoubtedly heard from Augusta Lewis and the other women Trade Union leaders their tragic tales of heroic struggling to maintain Trade Union principles, in spite of a disheartening narrowness of outlook on the part of the men's Unions. The full story is vividly told by Alice Henry in *The Trade Union Woman*.\* Two typical illustrations may be quoted. Augusta Lewis, as leader of her little group (Women's Typographical Union No. 1) was trying to prevent women from undercutting men by standing out for the men's rates. This is her report to the Baltimore Conference of 1871:

A year ago last January, Typographical Union No. 6 (men only), passed a resolution admitting Union girls in printing offices under the control of No. 6. Since that time we have never obtained a situation that we could not have obtained if we had never heard of a Union. We refuse to take the men's situations when they are on strike, and when there is no strike, if we ask for work in Union offices, we are told by Union foremen "that there are no conveniences for us." We are ostracised in many offices because we are members of the Union; and though the principle is right the disadvantages are so many that we cannot much longer hold together. . . . No. 1 is indebted to No. 6 for great assistance, but as long as we are refused work because of sex we are at the mercy of our employers, and I can see no way out of our difficulties.

Two years earlier, during the Typographical strike of 1869, Susan B. Anthony plunged into the fray with more heart than judgment. She approached the problem of labour mainly from the point of view of opening fresh occupa-

\* *The Trade Union Woman*. Published by D. Appleton and Co. Price 6s.

tional possibilities to women; to enable them to really earn equal wages with men she advocated training schools for women.

Miss Anthony thought she saw in the need of labour on the part of the employers an opportunity to get the employers to start training schools to teach the printing trade to girls; in her enthusiasm for this end, entirely oblivious of the fact that it was an unfortunate time to choose for making such a beginning, she attended an employers' meeting at the Astor House and laid her proposal before them. . . . The printers felt that they were being betrayed . . . and a public protest was made by organised labour. Poor Miss Anthony, thoroughly shocked by a realisation of the implications of her action, has publicly recanted, and nothing more was heard of employers' training schools.

It is indicative of Mrs. Paterson's fine quality of mind that, out of this welter of failures and discouragements, she conceived the following basis of the British Women's Trade Union League. Started in 1874 as the "Women's Protective and Provident League," it has changed its title, but has not needed to change its constitution, and thirty years later its constitution and methods formed the basis of the American Women's Trade Union League.

#### CONSTITUTION OF THE LEAGUE.

The League is a Federation of affiliated Unions of those trades in which women are employed. All secretaries of affiliated Unions are *ex-officio* members of the League Committee, on which are also a certain number of members elected at the annual meeting.

The League is supported (a) by the fees and donations of affiliated Unions; (b) by contributions from individuals in sympathy with the object of Trade Unionism. Subscribers are admitted to membership of the League and receive invitations to attend the annual meeting of the League, at which the officers are elected.

(A) *Objects*: The League is willing to send organisers to any London or provincial district to form new, or strengthen existing, Trade Unions. The League's policy is to organise women in the same Union with men, or, where this is impracticable, it is thought desirable that any

Women's Union should be as closely as possible connected with that of the men.

(B) *Legislation*: The League acts as the agent of women Trade Unionists in making representations to Government Authorities, or Parliamentary Committees, with regard to their legislative requirements, or in bringing forward specific grievances in individual trades or factories, by means of questions and representations by Members of Parliament in the House of Commons.

*Complaints* as to grievances and breaches of the Factory and Workshops Acts, when sent to the League, are investigated carefully, and referred to the proper quarters.

*Cases* under the Compensation, Truck, and other industrial laws referred to the League, are investigated and advice given by the Secretary of the Legal Advice Department and the League's legal advisers.

The League has numbered among its members some of the best-known and best-loved names in the Labour movement, and its influence has been immense. The *W.T.U.L. Review* contains a brilliant record of Parliamentary work. For forty years the League has maintained a flow of Parliamentary questions on industrial matters affecting women, and has supplied evidence in support of legislation and of administrative reforms. It has initiated many campaigns against occupational diseases and sweating conditions. This article is mainly concerned, however, with its organising activities.

The League has over 150 affiliations, covering the whole range of women's industrial employments. Some of the affiliated Societies have shown great progress in the enrolment of women during the war —e.g., the Union of Male and Female Pottery Workers increased in 1916 from 1,380 to 5,000 women members. The Leicestershire Amalgamated Hosiery Union has a membership of 4,417; of which 3,100 are women. The Postmen's Federation has enrolled over 1,000 temporary postwomen.

The National Union of Clerks and the Railway Clerks' Association have largely increased their women membership. The R.C.A. has made very special efforts to

adapt itself to the new situation by the appointment of women officers and the preparation of special literature. "The R.C.A. has never taken a narrow view of the entry of women into industry. It has always been willing to accept them into membership on the same terms as men, and stands for equality of treatment of both men and women in the Railway Service."\*

The National Amalgamated Union of Shop Assistants, Warehousemen, and Clerks has shown great activity in securing improvements in working conditions. The war has seriously drained the male membership, but the women membership has risen from 22,189 to 24,765 during last year.

The Textile Unions, whose steady affiliation to the Women's Trade Union League has been so helpful to the cause of Trade Union-



*Photo by*

MISS MARGARET G. BONDFIELD

ism among women in other trades, have set an example which all big Unions might follow with advantage to the general movement. They have successfully organised their own women workers and have extended the hand of comradeship to the less fortunate groups through the medium of subscriptions to the League.

To meet war conditions, under which many women textile workers have been

drafted into munition work some textile Unions have adopted a system of transfer to the National Federation of Women Workers until such time as they revert to their own trade, when they will be again transferred to the Textile Union with an unbroken record of Trade Union membership. These textile women have proved the value of their long Trade Union traditions, and have been helpful in educating

their fellow-workers in the new shops, to whom the very name of Trade Unionism is strange.

It must be remembered that continuity of membership of a Trade Union is always difficult to obtain, and increasingly so under war conditions—and to increase the membership means that thousands of new entrants have been enrolled to fill up the gaps made by lapsed members.

It is a common experience now for organisers to be met with, "Oh,

yes, I was a member, *but I left that firm*, and when I started work here I did not know who would collect my money." And the girl cheerfully joins again. Very gradually there is awakened a desire for continuous membership, and efforts will be made to notify change of address. Here and there the missionary spirit is aroused and the organiser is gladdened by the receipt of a scrawl: "Send me some application forms, the girls don't no

\* Extract from R.C.A. propaganda booklet.

nothing about the Union here and I'm going to join 'em up. I started work here yesterday."

There are amazingly varied experiences in organising work. A district hangs fire for months and then bursts into active life for no visible reason. A group of women here, who try one's patience to the limit by their indifference; another group in the next factory, who take control of their branch business without effort, who send delegates to the Shop Stewards' Committee, formulate a demand for increased wages, and strike the shop within a few weeks of joining up!

For thirty years the Women's Trade Union League organisers had been repeatedly called upon to revive dying groups of women Trade Unionists belonging to the miscellaneous trades where men's Unions do not exist or where those Unions are closed to women. In 1906 the League Committee wisely decided that much time and energy would be saved and more efficient administration secured by uniting these groups into one Union—the National Federation of Women Workers. In ten years, under the guidance of its brilliant Secretary, Mary R. Macarthur, the Federation has become a powerful factor, and it has rendered unique service to the Trade Union movement during the war.

When women poured into the engineering trade—under dilution schemes—the Federation formed a working alliance with the Amalgamated Society of Engineers (a Union closed to women) and became in effect the women's section of that body. In all wages negotiations the Federation has been in the closest touch with the A.S.E. Executive and has used its influence to uphold the skilled men's rates. The A.S.E. men—with few exceptions—have welcomed the plan, and have helped most loyally to secure the organisation of the women. Similar action has been taken in connection with wood-working, aircraft, and other skilled trades invaded by women and in which the men's Unions did not admit them.

The Federation has been faithful to the principles of the W.T.U.L., and when

a craft Union has agreed to admit women the Federation has endeavoured to arrange for the transfer of the appropriate members to that Union. In fact, the Federation serves as the Union for "women's trades" and a primary school and clearing house for women entering trades usually considered to be "men's trades."

The greatest difficulty arises in connection with the general Unions, among which there is a notable change of attitude towards the organisation of women. Women have become desirable members to fill the blanks left in the membership rolls by the demands of the Army.

Whole tracts of "women's" occupations previously left alone by the general Unions as unproductive of good results are now invaded by rival organisers, who bring confusion to the unorganised woman and joy to the heart of the "anti-Union" employer.

I believe this to be an evil but temporary phase of Trade Union development, and the sooner we can evolve a saner and more scientific allocation of spheres of activity the better it will be for Labour. Representative Labour women have already given serious attention to this matter and their conclusions are as follows:

#### TRADE UNION ORGANISATION.\*

Although the Trade Union organisation of women has made great strides during the war, the vast majority of wage-earning women remain unorganised. The problem of their organisation ought to be seriously tackled by the Trade Union movement as a whole.

All Trade Unions should open their ranks to the women working in their trade, providing where necessary appropriate scales of contributions and benefits. Special provision should be made in the rules for the representation of women on the governing bodies of the Unions, and there should be inside each Trade Union special machinery for dealing with the organisation of women in the trade and with their special needs and grievances.

This might be done either by the formation of a Woman's Council, whose decisions and work might be subject to the general Executive Coun-

\* Report of the Standing Joint Committee of Women's Industrial Organisations on "The Position of Women After the War." Adopted by the Joint Committee on Labour Problems After the War. Price 2d. To be obtained from 1, Victoria Street, S.W.

cil, or it might be done by a sub-committee of the Executive Council.

Provision should also be made for the appointment of women organisers and officials wherever justified either by the extent or by the prospects of the membership.

We are convinced that no form of Trade Union organisation amongst women can be satisfactory or permanent if it does not aim at encouraging the women to take a large part in the management of their own affairs.

It is generally conceded that the unskilled and general labourers' unions to be really effective should be amalgamated. This amalgamation should, when it comes, include the women, who should, however, have autonomy within the larger organisation.

Provision should be made for the representation of women on the general executive of any amalgamation whether of skilled or unskilled unions, and there should be a special women's department, including women officers, who should work under the direction of a Women's Council, elected by the women members, but subject, of course, to the control of the General Executive.

The time may come when it may not be necessary to make these special provisions, but, whilst believing in the closest possible co-operation between the men and women Trade Unionists, it is idle to deny that there are industrial problems which affect women specially and which require special treatment.

In the meantime, special machinery is necessary to ensure that the women should take as full a part as possible in their own affairs and in the administrative work of their unions. There is no stability in a merely paper membership from which the educational value of Trade Unionism is largely absent.

Since this Report was issued a small step in the right direction has been taken. Officials of the general Unions—including the N.F.W.W.—have agreed to take united action in connection with general wages advances; the advance given by the Ministry of Munitions, which took effect on August 15, 1917, is due to this joint action.

Lest we should become too optimistic, however, it must be recorded that a Federation of General Unions has been recently set up, with Mr. James O'Grady, M.P., as its Secretary; the N.F.W.W. signified its willingness to join such a federation when it was first mooted, and immediately applied for affiliation. At the time of writing its affiliation has not been accepted, although the F.G.U. has held its preliminary meetings, and appointed its officers and Committee!

With such tremendous problems ahead

there is no time to waste on personal differences or on personal dignities. Trade Union officials who care more for their positions than for the scientific organisation of Labour are a real danger at this time when every day's delay is a serious matter; and many Trade Union officials are earnestly looking to the Parliamentary Committee of the Trade Union Congress to take even more vigorous action in promoting amalgamation and in giving a lead in the direction of more harmonious working between competing sections of their affiliated societies. It is said that after the war\* we shall be plunged into a sex war in industry. It may be so, if any large number of men take up the attitude of "Typographical No. 6," and if any proportion of women have to repeat the poignant cry of Augusta Lewis: "As long as we are refused work on the ground of sex we are at the mercy of our employers."

But if the organised Labour forces follow the advice of Mary Macarthur, and "ensure that the employment of women in place of men shall not be to the economic advantage of the employer," men and women can march forward together, mutually helpful, serving interests common to both sexes, industrially, politically, and socially, through a real partnership in their Trade Unions. The group of women in direct competition with skilled men is infinitesimal compared with the great mass of women whose work is classed as "unskilled," and I earnestly hope to see in the Trade Union

\* Joint Committee on Labour Problems After the War. Representing the Parliamentary Committee of the Trades Union Congress: Mr. H. Goshing, L.C.C., Mr. Will Thorne, M.P., Right Hon. C. W. Bowerman, M.P. Representing the Executive Committee of the Labour Party: Mr. J. R. Clynes, M.P., Mr. J. Ramsay MacDonald, M.P., Mr. G. J. Wardle, M.P. Representing the Management Committee of the General Federation of Trade Unions: Mr. J. O'Grady, M.P., Mr. Ben Cooper, Mr. Ben Tillett. Representing the War Emergency Workers' National Committee: Mr. Albert Bellamy, Mr. Fred Bramley, Mr. Sidney Webb, Secretary: J. S. Middleton, 1, Victoria Street, Westminster. S.W. Standing Joint Committee of Industrial Women's Organisations: Miss Mary Macarthur (chairman), Miss A. Susan Lawrence, L.C.C. (Women's Trade Union League); Miss Llewelyn Davies, Miss Allen (Women's Co-operative Guild); Miss Mary Longman (secretary), Dr. Marion Phillips (Women's Labour League), Miss Margaret Bondfield, Miss Weaver (National Federation of Women Workers); Mrs. E. Webb, Mrs. Hobbs (Railway Women's Guild).

movement a development of that greater comradeship which makes the Miners' Federation the champion of old-age pensions and mothers' pensions. That it will be a matter of deep concern to miners, railwaymen, etc., that women should still be working in sweated trades for 10s. or 12s. a week, and that out of their plenty they will provide more funds to help the "bottom dogs" of the industrial world. It has always seemed to me a matter for reproach that middle-class people mainly support the Anti-Sweating League, and that even the Women's Trade Union League has had to depend more upon its subscriptions from individuals outside the Trade Union movement than upon its income from Trade Union sources to support its Trade Union organising work.

Not because I object to middle-class contributions—I would not shut the door to any who genuinely desire to be of

assistance to the downtrodden, as long as they do not try to meddle with matters which are the concern of the workers alone—but because it indicates that organised labour has taken too narrow a view of its obligations and opportunities.

When one turns from the official element to the rank and file, however, it is impossible to be pessimistic about the future; the workers in the shops are creating a revolutionary force strong enough to break down all barriers, generous enough to build up a sweeter, cleaner relationship between men and women in the workshop—between the citizen and the State.

In this revolution women will contribute their share of sacrifice and of hard work, not so much that they are clamorous for "rights" as that in the main they are deeply conscious of duties and find much joy in service.

## THE OBLIGATIONS OF EMPIRE

By BASIL P. HOWELL

*The writer of this article is a member of the Executive Committee of "Britain and India : an Association for the Study of their Mutual Interests."*

THE war has made the whole question of Imperial Reconstruction one of practical politics. The resolutions of the Imperial War Conference constitute the first tentative outline of Imperial Federation that is still a thing of future development. The self-interest of the component parts of the Empire is being utilised in order to form a nucleus around which the future World Empire may be built. Hence it is, perhaps, inevitable that the problems upon which attention is being focussed at present are those concerned with inter-colonial trade and defence. True it is that, in the past, our Imperial

history might be summed up in the phrase, "Trade follows the flag," and, from the point of view of World Peace, it is essential that the defence of the Empire should be secured beyond possibility of danger. Loyal Indians, who seem to have an innate "sense of Empire," have rejoiced, therefore, in the recent decision of the Indian Government to enrol volunteers for military service.

But while all this may be considered satisfactory in its effects upon the welfare of the Empire, yet those students of history who look beyond the affairs of the moment will feel that the lesson of past Empires has not yet been realised by the

vast majority of the peoples of the present day. That lesson, in brief, is that no Nation or Empire can endure which, in the terms of its national or Imperial life, outrages the Law of Brotherhood in any of its aspects. Brotherhood implies obligations, gladly and lovingly, not grudgingly.

of view, is the principle of all truly organic life." If the Empire is to be anything more than a mere aggregate of separate races and interests, is to be, indeed, an organic life, that principle must be expressed in all its activities.

India has many lessons to teach man-

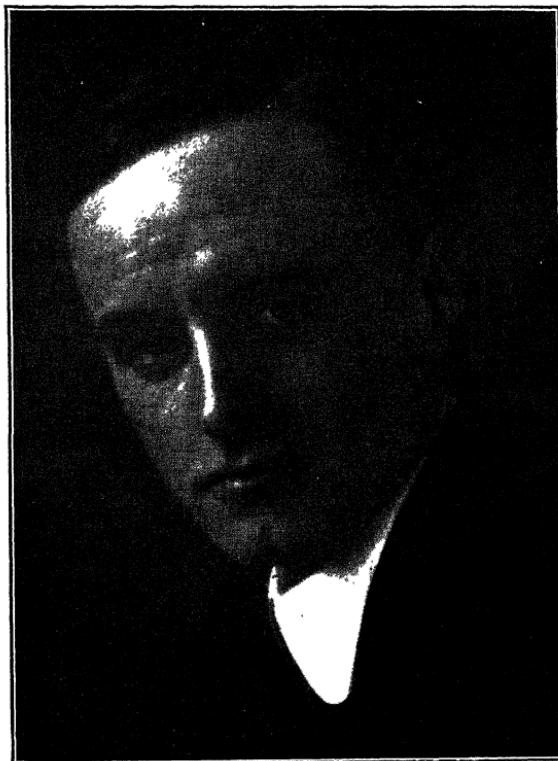


Photo by]

[*Hugo van Wadenoyen, Cardiff*

BASIL P. HOWELL

ingly, rendered, and, for a true appreciation of Imperial obligations it is necessary to understand, in some measure, at any rate, the meaning of Dharma in its relation to the Empire which is even now a-building, for, as a recent writer has well said, Dharma, "from one point

kind, but none is more valuable than the fundamental thought embodied in the word Dharma. But what does Dharma mean? "The obligations to the family, the obligations to the community, the obligations to the nation—these are the Dharma into which every human being

comes by the gateway of birth."\* It is the law of the evolving life, whether that life be manifested in an individual or an Empire. Without an understanding of that Law, life becomes a mere "living from hand to mouth"; its co-ordinating principle is gone. Working in harmony with it, the Present becomes the rightful heir of the Past, and instinct with the hope, nay, the certainty, of the Future. The Empire, Nation, or individual that directs its growth in accordance with Dharma becomes, not the sport of passing Chance, but a co-worker with the Eternal. Its ideal is Duty, as opposed to the Western view of Rights, and "on the difference between these two fundamental conceptionhs of human organisation, of national life, the whole of the future will turn."†

What, then, in this view is the Dharma of Empire? It is more and more being recognised by the foremost minds of the race that the conception of Empire which makes of it merely a machine for conferring benefits, commercial or otherwise, upon its peoples, must give place to the nobler Ideal of an Empire which regards the right fulfilment of its obligations to the larger claims of Humanity as the very breath of life. Not for the sake of Empire is Empire dear, but "for the sake of the Self" is the Empire dear, and gathering force here and there throughout the Empire is the thought that its well-being depends entirely upon the common acceptance, as a practical working rule, of the idea that the Power of Empire is to be used for the Service of the World.

Now, there are four great departments of human life which cut across, as it were, the dividing walls that separate the different Imperial peoples, and precisely because they are common to the life of the Empire as a whole, it is important that Dharma in regard to them should be recognised. They are: Religion, Education, Sociology, and Politics.

What are our Imperial obligations in

the matter of Religion? It is one of the marked features of the British Empire that, within its bounds, we find existing practically all the great World Faiths. It is impossible to overestimate the importance of religious toleration as a contributing factor in the success attending our efforts at Empire Building. Too often, in the past, that religious toleration has been, perhaps, a mere matter of indifference, not unmixed with a sense of superiority, displayed towards the non-Christian religions of the Empire. Much yet remains to be done before the religious Dharma of the Empire is clearly formulated and gladly accepted on all sides. Not yet is it seen that each religion expresses some one aspect of Divine Truth, bereft of which humanity would be the poorer, nor that narrowness of religious outlook is subversive of "thinking Imperially." The world is unified materially, but not yet spiritually, though the religious thought of the day seems to be working up to some sort of organic spiritual life for the world, even though the terms of that life are but vaguely defined at present. And the question arises, Is a Spiritual Federalism possible, with all that it means in the enrichment of our religious experience, and if so, can the British Empire adumbrate, within its own borders, the future World Religion? And surely our answer will be in the affirmative if it be realised that, without religious unity as its informing life, the idea of an Imperial Commonwealth is but a vain shadow. It is by each religion in the Empire seeking to share what it has of worth with its co-religions, that the Dharma of Empire in spiritual matters will be fulfilled. The day when one form of "Kultur," spiritual or otherwise, could seek to impose itself upon the rest of the world is past, and the Wisdom that finds partial expression in each world religion will only be glimpsed as we live Brotherhood in matters of faith.

Similarly is it with Education, Social Reform, and Politics. In Education there is need for an appreciation of our immense task if we would make our children realise that they are to be "citi-

\* Mrs. Annie Besant: "The Ancient Ideal of Duty," an Address delivered in 1910: "For India's Uplift."

† Op. cit.

zens of no mean Empire." We have not yet begun to work out our Imperial Educational Ideal, that shall bring to the aid of teachers all the educational resources of the Empire and enable them to capture the imagination of our children and young people, so that these may hold all that they have and are in trust for an Empire which is worthy of their service. Who will give us an Ideal of Imperial Education that shall win the attention of the whole world because of its "freedom in service"?

So also is it with Social Reform. The problems of Industry in most parts of the Empire present certain features in common. Everywhere we find existing employers and employed, everywhere the position of women in industry and in the home calls for attention, everywhere there is needed a realisation of the sanctity of *all* work which contributes in any way to the well-being of the Empire. And one feels that the Dharma of Empire in this respect is being neglected because of a lack of knowledge of what is being done in different parts of the Empire in the matter of social reform. How many English people are aware of what is being done in respect of social legislation in Australia and New Zealand, for example? The highest wisdom is necessary for the discharge of Dharma. Who will call an Imperial Conference for the purpose of securing unity of effort throughout the Empire, so far as possible, along the lines of Social Reconstruction? Is it possible for the Empire to set an example of a New Social Order, where Brotherhood and Co-operation replace Antagonism

and Competition, and where all classes "know themselves as one"? Can India give us an Ideal of Work that shall inspire all men and women to dedicate their activities, mental or manual, to the Service of the Whole? For the Dharma of Empire in the region of Sociology is to show that poverty is not a necessary element in commerce and industry, and to lead the world to transform the present economic relationship between employer and employed into one that shall not do violence to all that is finest in human nature, but shall restore the ancient dignity of all forms of work, directive or executive.

And, again, in the political sphere the Dharma of Empire is to establish political institutions that will enforce no disability upon creed, sex, caste, or colour, but which will recognise in practice the ideal of "the progress of all, through all, under the leadership of the wisest and best." Here, indeed, is a task for the exercise of the highest statesmanship of which we are capable, but it will only be performed as we put aside the desires of the personal self and rise to that purer region of our being where Dharma is seen as the sole law of growth.

In these ways, then, among others, we have to respond to the call of our Imperial Destiny. "He that is greatest among you let him be as he that doth serve" might well be the motto of our far flung Empire, and to fulfil our Dharma as citizens of that Empire will demand the highest qualities of heart and mind.



# SELF-DISCIPLINE AND SELF-GOVERNMENT

*By The Hon. BERTRAND RUSSELL*

*As a writer and, what is more, a thinker, Mr. Russell is well known to our readers. His recognition of the Self within each man comes out strongly in his treatment of educational subjects. His latest works are: "Our Knowledge of the External World as a Field for Scientific Method in Philosophy" and "Principles of Social Reconstruction."*

**E**DUCATIONAL systems have at all times embodied some kind of ideal at which the educators have aimed. Generally these ideals have been unconscious. They might perhaps better be described as a direction in which effort tends than as a definite goal towards which it is directed. But, consciously or unconsciously, our dealings with the young embody our real desires. We feel, rightly or wrongly, that the young are likely to be influenced by their elders, and we exert our influence to make them such as we wish human beings other than ourselves to be.

Educational theories and systems might very well be classified according to the kind of individual they aim at producing. One very great and fundamental distinction is between systems which aim at producing in the child the character which the controlling authority would himself wish to have, and those which aim at producing a character which he finds convenient in others though he would not wish to have it himself. In England as it existed before democracy had puzzled and confused our simple instincts these two types of education were very clearly separated. The public schools aimed at producing a governing type: they aimed, that is to say, at making the boys resemble those who controlled the policy of the country. The education of other classes—if education it could be called—was designed to make them submissive, content with their station in life, acquiescent in social ine-

qualities, believing that apparent injustices had been decreed by a beneficent Providence. The purpose of all such systems of education is very obvious. It aims at producing two well-differentiated types of masters and slaves—masters who have no doubts as to their right to command and slaves who never question their duty to obey. The power of education is such that a system of masters and slaves can be prolonged for centuries before it is effectively questioned. An aristocracy which can produce a sufficient network of theory to be woven round the struggling limbs of the young can often succeed in keeping them enmeshed throughout their later life. The old aristocracy of birth had its theory. The newer aristocracy of wealth developed an ethic and an economics which has left it hitherto practically undisturbed. The still newer aristocracy of officialdom is rapidly generating a morality of submission to the State, which may grow before long into a superstition as dire as the belief in the sacredness of private property.

Those who have the principles of democracy at heart will not aim at producing in others a character and a morality which they would scorn to possess themselves. The Golden Rule is as applicable in education as elsewhere. “Educate others as you would wish to have been educated yourself.” That is the generative principle of wisdom in education. It is very different from another principle with which it might be confounded—

namely, "Educate others to be as like yourself as possible," for you certainly would not wish them to have the power of educating you into likeness to them. What we all desire for ourselves is to be so educated as to develop our own talents, our own capacity for realising our own fundamental purposes. We wish to be filled with the kind of hope that gives courage in difficult enterprises and with the kind of knowledge that makes difficult enterprises feasible. We do not wish to be taught submission to others except in so far as others are leading us towards the realisation of our own aims.

The eighteenth century, which was far less skilled in hypocrisy than our more sophisticated age, used to avow frankly that its purpose in education was to break a child's will. We no longer avow that we wish to break a child's will. In our dealings with children we do not as a rule endeavour to produce submission through despair: this method is reserved for criminals, especially Christians. In our dealings with the young we have now a far subtler method. We instil disbelief, doubt, cynicism. We cause them to think that hopes of a better world are idle dreams and can be shown to be impossible by a little hard thought. We put before them an ideal of security through acquiescence in the *status quo*. Within the child's own nature we find treacherous allies in laziness and a sluggish imagination. The one spur to action which we encourage is the spirit of competition within the existing framework of society, the spirit of a crowd of children scrambling for pennies thrown from a balcony. By keeping alive this spirit of competition, our rulers, the great financiers and journalists, succeed in preventing any combination against them. Even the working man who thinks himself a revolutionary tends, at least in this country, to respect or despise other working men in proportion to their income. Combination between the skilled and the unskilled is difficult; combination between men and women, when it occurs, is brief and precarious except in a few trades. The only purpose in which a whole nation is at one is competi-

tion with other nations. In regard to its internal purposes competition makes a united effort impossible.

Economic systems and educational systems work hand in hand. It is impossible to say which is the cause and which is the effect. If either is changed, it will in the long run lead to a change in the other, which will react in its turn upon the first. Some people will say that the economic structure of a society is the first cause of everything else that happens in that society; others urge that those who desire any great change must begin with education. Both these views seem to me unduly simple. An economic system cannot last if it conflicts seriously with men's idea of right, and if education can affect men's idea of right, it can in the long run affect the economic system. On the other hand, the economic system determines who shall have the control of education, and therefore to a great extent determines what ideal shall be put before the young. All human affairs are interconnected, and improvements have to be in all directions simultaneously if they are to have any stability. Nevertheless, there is no doubt that education is among the most important means of reform, and that no improvement can be lasting unless it is embodied in quite different ideals of education from those which now prevail. In educating a child it is possible to regard it in two entirely different ways. One may regard it as a tool, or as an independent unit with a life and growth of its own. Many people would acquiesce nominally in the second way of regarding a child without really realising how much is involved or how far such a principle takes us from the accepted standards of morality. Indeed, it may be said that nine-tenths of what currently passes as morality consists of precepts designed to make the individual a convenient tool for promoting the life either of the community or of some privileged class. The principle of treating a human being as an independent unit with a life and growth of his own is one which may seem, when we first begin to think out its implications, so anarchic as to be utterly impracticable and subversive. I

think a deeper study will remove this first impression, but it will never bring us back to the comfortable morality which is always willing to distort the individual in order to make him fit more easily into his place in the pattern of society.

One of the most difficult problems confronting an educator who wishes not to limit the child's freedom is concerned with the creation of habits. The bulk of education—intellectual, moral, and physical—has consisted in just this. The powers of speech and writing consist entirely in acquired habits, and the same is true with most more advanced knowledge. Many instructors would consider that by forming habits they have accomplished their whole duty by the child. On the other hand, artists, founders of religions, and other subversive people always decry habit. It is clear that if we are seeking the freest and most complete development of the child we must somehow find a middle course between these two extreme views. Whoever wishes to succeed in any difficult enterprise will teach himself a certain number of habits of a kind which he feels to be useful for this purpose. Childhood is the best period for acquiring habits, because it is the period when human beings are still malleable and when the instinct of imitation is most alive. For this reason the educator, whether he wishes it or not, is perfectly certain to instil habits into the children with whom he deals. But habits, though they are essential to capacity, are very often fatal to freedom. It is the growth of habit more than anything else that renders most old men useless and even pernicious, because they cannot adapt their thoughts to new conditions. It is the strength of habitual opinion that makes people unable to accept new truths, however conclusive may be the evidence in their favour. It is the habit of command, in those in authority, which makes them become impatient of opposition and prone to punish those who try to warn them against impending errors. In all these ways habits do harm as soon as men become their slaves, and hardly anyone can hope not to be the slave of

habit when middle life has been reached.

But habits are so necessary that a wise educator will not seek the impossible ideal of dispensing with them. He will seek only to make them subject to an ultimate control by something which may be called reason, or vision, or a life-giving hope. At bottom what is wanted to prevent the tyranny of habit is the very same thing which is wanted in order to produce that kind of moral discipline that comes from within rather than the kind that is merely imposed by authority. Self-discipline can only be achieved in its best form by those who have some dominant constructive desire of a kind which gives a purpose to their life as a whole.

Discipline in the external sense consists in obedience to authority. One sees it in its most complete form in the Army. The process of military drill is the process of instilling certain motor habits so firmly upon the body of the soldier that what he thinks and feels becomes of no importance, because his movements respond automatically to the word of command. So potent is this influence that it is often found possible to take soldiers straight out of one army into a hostile army and make them fight for their enemies with the same disregard of death with which they previously fought for their friends. Something of the same sort happens with the docile wage-earner. He does not ask himself what is the purpose of the work upon which he is engaged: he merely performs it obediently, without thinking.

This habit of obedience has been much praised by moralists, who have generally belonged in sympathy to the governing classes. But the discipline involved is not of a sort which any person who values self-development can praise, for it consists essentially in a subordination of the thinking to the unthinking part of a man's nature. The sort of discipline that is to be valued is the sort that results from a man's own realisation that the things he cares for cannot be achieved if he yields to every mood and every passing whim, but only if he has a certain consistency of action, which demands a considerable exercise of will. I believe that all education, in so far as it is of real

value, can proceed entirely through the child's own will without the need of imposing the alien will of the teacher. What is necessary for this purpose is to bring education into relation with the child's own desires. I do not say that every child can in this way be induced to learn everything that is now taught, but I do say that what a child will not learn in this way is probably not worth his learning. All of us who have been taught by traditional methods have been compelled to learn many things which appeared to us not worth knowing and totally uninteresting, but I think very few of us could say truthfully that the knowledge acquired in this way has proved of any value to us whatever except for such purely incidental purposes as the passing of examinations. Nor do I think that the discipline inspired by fear is a discipline of any great value in later life. In proportion as fear is removed such discipline is also removed. The man who has been an obedient son will be a tyrannical father.

The true source of discipline, as of everything else that is of value in the world, is not fear but hope, difficult hope—hope inspired by strong desire and by the intelligence which strong desire creates. The way to instil discipline of the kind that comes from within is to make children sensitive to good and evil, acutely conscious that nine-tenths of the evil in the world is wholly unnecessary, and that the good is capable of absolutely boundless increase.

At present a very great deal is done to make people conscious of impotence, and therefore patient of evils which they would never tolerate if they realised that it is in their power to prevent them. In this way generous hopes are checked and all imaginative vision is discouraged. What is called moral discipline results mainly, in the world as it now is, from fear of disapproval, and therefore depends upon the expectation of detection. The criminal law, public opinion, and tittle-tattle are engines of public tyranny, means by which a society which has not succeeded in making itself loved can nevertheless secure that most people's

actions shall not be inconvenient to it. With a different education and freer institutions, an attitude of love towards others would become very much more common, and there would be no need of the motive of fear to prevent the kind of actions which are now punished. The moral discipline, which is now externally secured through fear, would then be internally secured by a positive desire for the ends which it serves.

Men cannot live as isolated units, since gregariousness is part of our instincts. Very few people can live successfully a life which thwarts any strong instinct permanently or fundamentally. But in a free society, such as could easily be created, the opposition between self-love and love of others would be very much rarer than it is at present. The instinctive realisation that the society, friendship, and co-operation of others is necessary to one's own development makes a natural basis for the reconciliation of personal and social desire. But so long as men are willing to take a short cut through fear and authority to a purely external harmony, so long the really valuable harmony that springs from within, and is only possible to free men, will not be realised.

The application of these ideas to the practice of education is not very difficult, and has already been effected by some teachers to a very great extent. I think it is true that the successful practice of education along such lines is only possible for those who themselves have the spirit which it is hoped to inspire in the young. There must be a certain instinctive love of those who are to be taught. There must be a belief in the value to them of what they are to learn. There must be a conviction that they, or most of them, can be made to feel this value. There must be patience and a certain natural cheerfulness. Not many people at present have all these qualities. Overwork and competition stimulate envy, jealousy, and an instinctive feeling that other people are one's enemies. But there is no reason why this should be so, and if the men and women who have the kind of qualities that I have described are able to devote

## THE HERALD OF THE STAR

themselves to education, they will enormously increase the number of those in the next generation who will have similar qualities. I do not myself believe that it is very important to discuss systems and methods. I believe that those who have the right spirit, if they are given a free hand, will develop a right method. It is the spirit that matters in this, as in everything else that is important.

Unfortunately there is the very greatest difficulty, owing to political reasons, in procuring, for those who desire to educate in the spirit which I have described, any opportunity for what they wish to do. Education is mainly in the hands of the State or the great institutions subservient to the State. Its chief purpose is to maintain the *status quo*, and it is therefore largely devoted to producing timidity, fear, and hatred. It is much to

be hoped that those who desire to preserve and increase what exists in the way of education in freedom for freedom will combine to preserve and create institutions independent of the State, where parents who are out of sympathy with the prevailing ideas can feel reasonable security that their children will grow up undistorted. Such institutions cannot at first be numerically very great, but if they have anything like the success that they ought to have in producing good human beings, their example ought soon to spread, and ultimately to convert even the State. The period immediately following the war will be one when people will be in the mood for experiments, and I hope that it will not be allowed to pass without some great and serious effort to preserve and extend what exists in the way of a really humane education.

“ All you have to do is to take the marble of the lower self and, with the chisel of will and the hammer of thought, to cut away the matter that prevents the Beautiful within you from being seen ; to let the God within you shine out in glory and lighten the world in which you live.”

“ God’s thought makes universes ; your thought makes yourself, the one creative force, the one thing by which you shape, mould, build character. Thought everywhere is the creative agent and the road for the evolution of the soul.”—

ANNIE BESANT

# WHERE CHILDREN PLAY

By CECILY M. RUTLEY

*Mrs. Rutley here describes an Evening Play Centre. Next month she will tell us about a Vacation School. The illustrations are kindly lent by the Passmore Edwards Settlement, Tavistock Place, London, W.C.*

## I

**T**O have no nursery but the stairs of a poor dwelling-house, no playground after school hours but the streets, no toys but a few marbles and some pieces of wood and

things that tend towards physical, mental, and spiritual growth, which can only be really learnt properly from play? And if a child does not learn to play while he is young, he is not very likely to learn when



THE CENTRE MAKES CAREWORN CHILDREN HAPPY

rag dressed up to represent a doll—that, surely, is a sad enough state for little souls evolving upon their upward way! What chance is there for them in that most impressionable of all periods—childhood—for learning those hundred and one

his schooldays are over and the strenuous toil for his daily bread begins. Small wonder that the men and women of the very poor have such careworn faces and joyless hearts, and look for their amusements and recreation in coarse cinemas,

low music-halls, public-houses, and other unhealthy channels if they have never been helped to seek them anywhere else.

It was to do something towards remedying this pitiable state of things that Mrs. Humphry Ward — a woman “mighty of heart, mighty of mind, magnanimous,” indeed, Ruskin would have called her—with eyes that “see” and a mind that “understands,” and, above all, a great deep love for the child, started in 1897 a Recreation School at the Passmore Edwards Settlement, Tavistock Place, where children could come in the evenings after school hours and play. Eight years later, in 1905, Mrs. Ward founded the Evening Play Centres Committee, under which twenty-one Play Centres exist in London to-day.

What is a Play Centre? It is not easy to give a vivid description of one in words. It needs to be actually visited to be really understood. But I will do my best. If you will come with me this evening I will try and show you something of the wonderful work that is being done.

It is approaching 5.30 on a winter's afternoon. It is raining slightly and rather cold. The children of the classes more fortunate in respect of this world's goods are already indoors enjoying their tea round a cosy fire. Afterwards they will romp happily till bedtime, or mother will come into their bright, warm nursery and tell them tales.

But in the neighbourhood where we are going most of the children are still out. Let us stop this dirty, ragged little fellow and ask him why he is not yet indoors.

“Mother ain't come 'ome yet, an' she's got the key. She don't come 'ome till seven,” is the reply.

Father works later still, or stops at the public-house, so Tommy and half a dozen brothers and sisters of various ages will be roaming the streets for several hours yet.

We question another child—a little girl, pale-faced and dark-eyed, and shivering in her thin, scanty frock. The answer is more piteous still. “I ain't got no 'ome. We lives on the stairs.”

Yes! There are some houses where every tiny room is occupied by a different

family, and the stairs are let out to two or three other families as well. This sounds rather like fiction. It is, alas! honest fact. And what houses! Scarcely worthy of the name. Certainly not fit to bear the sacred name of “home.” The birds of the air and the beasts of the field are better housed than these little ones whom the Master loves. It was for children such as these that the Play Centres were opened.

We leave the main thoroughfare, with its stalls and barrows, pawnshops and cheap food stores, and turn down a side street. Halfway down there is a large Council school, and its lighted windows look quite cheerful after the dismalness without. There is a good deal of noise in the playground. Now a bell rings and there is silence, and a motley group of girls, big and little, and infants, line up as though they were going into school.

We will go through this door into the big hall. Here, down the centre, some girls are standing up, holding aloft large oblong pieces of white cardboard, each of which bears one of the following inscriptions in large black letters: Painting, Quiet Games, Needlework, Dancing, Story-telling.

Another bell rings, and the children troop in from the playground outside. They look at the boards, then line up behind that occupation which they have chosen for the first half of the evening. When all have chosen, and are ready, music begins, and the children march away to different classrooms, only the dancers staying behind in the hall.

It is delightful to watch this dancing. It is a revelation of what may be achieved with thick clodhoppery boots; boots not worthy of the name, so worn and threadbare are they; and, in many cases, no boots at all. But dainty dancing slippers are not missed. The children manage quite well without. It is the spirit of the dance that matters most, and they have caught that. In and out, up and down, to and fro, they go, tripping it quite gracefully and daintily many of them, and certainly no morris dances or singing games of Merrie England have ever been more heartily enjoyed than

these to-night. And when the music stops, the children, hot and tired, but, oh! so enthusiastic, clamour eagerly for more.

Things are somewhat different in the Quiet Games Room, though here there is every bit as much zest displayed as in the hall. And you may well ask, "Why are these games called 'quiet'?" For all sorts of queer sounds come from different corners of the room—little squeals of delight over a good move, a good-natured laugh over an opponent's false step, and every now and again triumphant cries of

you must come quietly, please, so as not to disturb it. Walk on tiptoe, and shut the door, if possible, without a sound. Anyone who is at all acquainted with story-telling will know how essential it is that a story once begun should be finished without interruption, or the magic spell will be broken, and all the atmosphere of fairyland that has been created will be spoilt; for this atmosphere is a very delicate, filmy substance belonging, as it does, to something quite different from the ordinary material things of earth.



GIRLS DANCING

"I've won!" But did *you* ever manage to play ludo, halma, spelicans, fish from a magic pond, or race your horses round a cardboard course in absolute silence when you were young? And the children may laugh and talk within just limits as much as they please, for though they are in a schoolroom, school hours are over, and this is the hour of play. Quiet little groups there are in places, so intent over their particular game that they have hardly noticed that any strangers have come into the room.

In the next room there is silence, and

But the children have hardly noticed us. They are too far away—hundreds of miles and centuries away, in the land of Greece of long ago—following with breathless interest the journeys of Orpheus to the underworld to seek for Eurydice, and still more intent on the return journey when Eurydice is following behind. And when Orpheus makes his fatal mistake of looking back, and Eurydice vanishes from his sight, cries of tension long suppressed escape, and the more sensitive amongst the children feel a real grief with the master singer for his loss.

Does it seem strange to find this wonderful old legend told to and appreciated by an audience in the slums? It is not really so. For it is an all-important fact that in the poorest, the least educated, the most depraved among us, there is something that, if rightly touched, will respond to all that is most beautiful and true. It is that spark of the Divine which we all of us possess in varying degrees, from the merest glimmer until, in those nearing perfection, it is becoming an all-pervading flame.

There are books, too, in this room, to be looked at and read quietly between the spoken tales, and if you watch the eagerness with which the leaves are turned over, and the pictures discussed, you realise something of what a book means to a child who has never possessed one of her own.

There are artists in the slums, though they may never have been in a wood or meadow, or stood beside a stream. Yet they paint flowers, and leaves, and fruit, with all the insight and intuitive knowledge of what is "right" that all true artists possess, as you will see if you walk round the Painting Room and watch what is being done. Some of the work is merely "splushy," much of it only amateurish, of course; but, artist or "dabbler," each is striving after something higher than she knows, each is really happy, and for a Play Centre that is all we ask.

The Needlework Room has many faithful devotees. Here the quieter and more sober little maidens flock night after night, and by steady, regular work accomplish much, knitting, dressing dolls, making little garments, and other articles, which, when finished, may become the worker's own, not given, but bought on the instalment system of contributing a halfpenny or a farthing a week, until the price of the doll, or pincushion, small enough in itself, but great to the purchaser, is made up. They would not be valued half so much were they given away.

A bell rings. It is half-time, and the classes break up so that those who like may change their occupation for the

second part of the evening, but those who wish may stay on in the same room.

In one room at the other end of the hall a boys' class is in progress, making all sorts of useful articles out of wood under the supervision of a master. It is a class of especially deserving boys who come from very bad homes, or who, for some other reason, are allowed to attend on the girls' nights as well as on those set apart for boys alone.

Perhaps in the Babies' Room one realises most fully the pathos of childhood without toys. No words could ever describe the joy of the wee girls and diminutive boys as they push or drag along little dolls' perambulators, engines, or horses and carts. Up and down, up and down the long room they go, a ceaseless throng, tramping, some of them, until little feet can walk no further. Occasionally there is a collision, and over go engine, and pramful of dolls. But that is all part of the evening's fun. Dollies are gathered up, engine or cart righted, and on they go again as gaily as before. Some of them sing, some shout, most are making a noise of some kind or another. You must not look for silence in the Babies' Room.

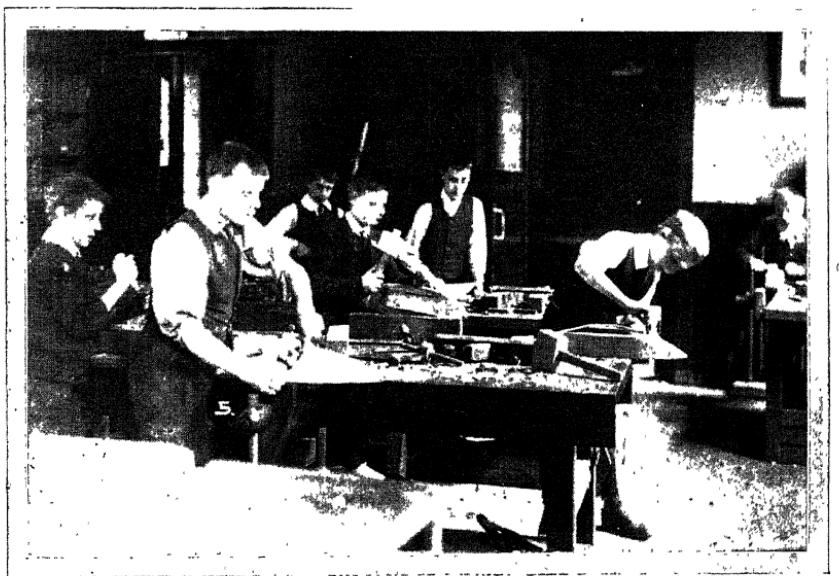
There is no rest for the rocking-horse! All the evening long he is kept upon the move, and there are always a number of eager little equestrians waiting for a ride. There are other occupations for those of a quieter frame of mind. At tiny tables, in tiny chairs, sit little boys and girls, threading beads, looking at picture books, building with bricks, or puzzle blocks. Time at the dolls' house has to be very equally divided out, and there are little mothers in the making who will sit the whole evening through in blissful rapture, totally oblivious to the babel all around, dressing and undressing dolly, putting her to bed, and getting her up, and crooning her soft little lullabies as they rock her in their arms. They cry sometimes, these little mothers, when it is time to go home and they have to leave their baby behind.

It is wonderful what a spirit of co-operation, of sharing in pleasures, can be developed at a Play Centre. When a new Centre is opened one of the difficulties to

contend against is theft—deliberate and, sometimes among the very little ones, unconscious. The children have to realise that toys, books, and games are not to be taken home. But this trouble soon vanishes with a little oversight and care, and especially if it can be impressed upon these little ignorant, but plastic minds, that if they take away a toy there will be one less for themselves or somebody else to play with to-morrow night. They will then also have learnt a lesson in co-ope-

that terrible driving force, so evil in its effects upon the bodies, minds, and souls of teacher and taught, which is still so often employed in many of the Council schools in order to keep the children absolutely silent and hard at work.

I have heard complaints from teachers that the Play Centres upset the children for their work. That because the evening before they have played in the class room they think they can do so the next day. This complaint will never be made, neither



MAKING BOATS

tion which will stand them in good stead all through life.

At the day schools the children learn to work together, at the Play Centres to play, and the former might learn much from the latter if they would; not least important that free discipline does not mean laxity or lawlessness, but that just as children will play contentedly and within just limits of noise so long as they are interested and happy, so will they work. And when this fact has been fully learnt by us we shall come to see the futility of

will there be any cause for it, when we rightly understand the meaning of discipline and the vital connection between work and play—that in play the best work is often accomplished, and that difficult and unattractive work may be achieved without any detriment to the development of effort if a certain amount of the atmosphere of play is introduced.

The time will surely come when day schools and Play Centre will work in close understanding and sympathy. There is already a strong link between them, for

to the day schools is committed the greater part of the work of selection. Naturally in a neighbourhood where there are several thousand children and only one Play Centre all cannot be admitted, and the much coveted tickets of admission are given first to those children whose homes are very poor and whose parents work late, and who, were it not for the Play Centre, would be often wandering the streets until 7 or 8 o'clock in the evening, with no warmth or shelter, and nothing to do but get into mischief.

The week is divided between girls and boys. On the boys' nights the occupations vary slightly. There is drill under a sergeant in place of dancing, and, when it is fine enough, football in the playground. Instead of needlework there is a cobbling class, where the boys mend their own boots and shoes. Painting and quiet games continue just the same, and there is carpentry and woodwork under a master. Story-telling, too, is keenly appreciated, and a roomful of the wildest street arabs, of ages ranging from eight to fourteen, will sit motionless for a long time under the spell of well-told tales.

On Saturday mornings the playgrounds are open under supervision, and here the Play Centres meet during the summer months, when skipping-ropes, hoops, balls, etc., are provided for the older children, and the babies bring some of their toys out of doors.

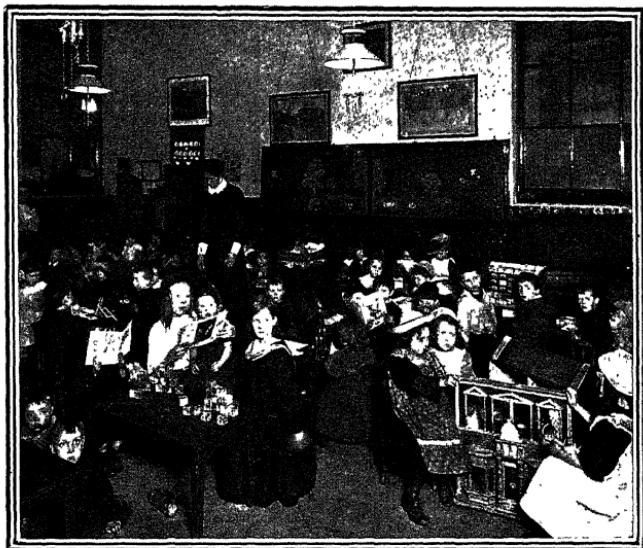
A woman of experience in the management of large numbers is appointed as superintendent for each Centre. But she is not of necessity a teacher during the day. In fact, it is often very much better if she is not, for the great aim of a Play Centre is that the atmosphere of school should be altogether eliminated. Under her are assistants, paid and voluntary. Voluntary helpers are always welcome, if they can only come for one or two evenings a week, and if there are any members of the Order of the Star who have an hour or two in the early part of any evening to spare, and are anxious to do some really useful and delightful work, I would suggest that they visit a Play Centre, see for themselves what is being done, and then, if they feel inclined, offer help.

The work at a Play Centre is not difficult provided one has the power of managing a large roomful of children. But so long as the children are kept happy and occupied the discipline, for the most part, takes care of itself. Anyone who can sew and who has a little initiative and originality can take a sewing-class. Quiet games require less skill. Those who love art could take a painting class, and the gain to the children is very great when they are led by someone who is, in however small a way, a real "artist" him, or her, self. So if you loved stories when you were a child, and love them still, go to a Play Centre and tell some there. The more simply and directly a tale is told the greater is its effect. If we are not teachers by profession so much the better for the children and ourselves, and we shall find that our work will be amply repaid. For the joy we are able to give to these little ones will certainly rebound upon ourselves.

There is work, too, at the Play Centres for servants of the Star. Where children *play*, young helpers can be just as useful as older ones. And servants, too young in years as yet to help in any other way, would perhaps send some of their books and toys, or, better still, take them themselves. A Play Centre's library is never overstocked. Books are expensive, especially in these days, and they quickly wear out with constant handling night after night. Every book and toy given to a Play Centre is so much actual pleasure and upliftment given to many little brothers and sisters journeying along life's rough and difficult way. Only the books should not be old-fashioned or dull. It is a great mistake to think that because a child is poor and uneducated anything will do. As a matter of fact, these little ragamuffins of the slums are *very* particular in their choice of books. As in story-telling, they prefer the *best*. Books with plenty of pictures and short stories appeal to them most. It is difficult to get interested in a long story when you do not come every night, and then are not certain of always getting the same book. At least, this has been my experience of the children's tastes.

A great forward step in the Play Centre movement has been made this year, 1917, another great good coming from the great evil of the war. The Board of Education, realising the value of organised centres of play when streets are abnormally dark, and parents in many cases less able than ever to look after their children in the evenings themselves, will now make grants "not

London, W.C.; and the other, Circular 980, entitled "Memorandum Accompanying the Regulations for Evening Play Centres," which can be obtained from the Board of Education, Whitehall. The first deals chiefly with the grant and other regulations, and the second with the inner working and organisation of a Play Centre. Further particulars of the Play



A Toy Room

exceeding one half of the approved expenditure" for the year in aid of Play Centres, and has issued two pamphlets on the subject which should be read by all interested in the movement or desirous of starting a Play Centre themselves. The first is "Regulations for Evening Play Centres," price 1d., to be obtained from any booksellers, or at Imperial House, Kingsway,

Centre movement can also be obtained from Miss B. Churcher, 25, Grosvenor Place, S.W.

It is to be hoped that the time will soon come when, in the poorest neighbourhoods, at least, there will be enough Play Centres to take in every child who wants to come.

[Judge Henry Neil, of Chicago, London, Strand Palace Hotel, is speaking all over the country in explanation of the Mothers' Pension Scheme.]

# TRADES THAT TRANSGRESS

## V.—The Coal Trade

By G. COLMORE

THE trades discussed in the preceding articles are trades which have no mandate from necessity; they need not exist; and their very existence is dependent on transgression of the law of love. Kid gloves, feathers, tortoise-shell; man, living not by bread alone, does not live at all by any of these; nor by the capturing and caging of birds. Fashion, convention and stupidity demand, command and sustain the trades which supply the markets with the skins of dead animals, the plumage of slain birds and the bodies of living ones; but the needs of man, even the comfort and convenience of man, in no way call for them. And the harmfulness of these trades is not confined to the ways in which they directly transgress; their pursuit has an evil influence upon the community; for the cruelty inseparable from them, and the carelessness and ignorance of that cruelty, engender both callousness to suffering and a willingness to ignore, and, by ignoring, to tolerate, certain practices and customs in trades which are not only in themselves beneficial to mankind but essential to civilised conditions.

One of these trades is the coal trade; necessary, indeed indispensable; light, warmth, heat, all are dependent on it; not the exigencies of fashion or luxury, but the needs of everyday life compel its pursuit. Yet this trade, too, must be numbered amongst the trades that transgress; not, indeed, in regard to the material which it puts upon the market, but in regard to some of the means by which that material is procured. It is incumbent upon the public to insist that this transgression should cease; a transgression as unnecessary to the existence of the trade as it is prodigal of suffering to the animals concerned.

Selfishness and cupidity deny and conceal that suffering; callousness condones

it, ignorance neglects it, and carelessness passes it by. Nevertheless, it is there, in the coal mines, poignant, hopeless, unceasing; and because of denial, because of the callousness and carelessness, it persists week after week, year after year, decade in and decade out.

There is much in mine life which is conducive to the infliction of cruelty. Speaking of the factors which stimulate it, Mr. Galsworthy, writing in the *Times*, defines them as being primarily three—an over-driven or irritable state of nerves, secrecy, and a helpless object. He continues :

The first of these conditions is always more or less present in mine work, not only because of the atmosphere and unnatural environment, but also because a certain amount of work has to be got through under difficulties in a certain amount of time. The second of these conditions is always present to a greater extent than it is almost anywhere above ground. The third of these conditions is obviously present. In mines and collieries we have therefore human nature, neither better nor worse underground than it is above, working continually under circumstances in which the three primary fostering conditions of cruelty are present. We have, in fact, a *prima facie* case for supposing—all other things being equal—that there must be more cruelty in the treatment of animals underground than on the surface. It would be, indeed, a miracle if there were not. The existence of these three primary conditions in perpetual combination renders this conclusion, apart from all factual evidence, as inevitable as a chemical equation. Added to this we have the fact that herbivorous animals, accustomed to daylight, are kept from the age of four to the age at which they are about to die in a place where no green thing of any sort can grow, where the air is strange and dark, where it never rains and the sun does not shine. And, further, we have those occasional catastrophes, such as that which so nearly did to death the unfortunate three hundred horses in Clydach Vale.

The cruelties which Mr. Galsworthy suggests in the above passage, as well as the facts which he names, are rampant in many mines, and continue unchecked and uncombated; for not only are the

conditions conducive to its existence, but the attitude of those in authority is too often callous, if not positively brutal. The pit ponies, working in unending night—for, descending into the darkness of the underground world, they never again see the light of day—work unfed or underfed, with maimed limbs, with wounded, strained bodies, with sore or blinded eyes, work till they drop, many of them from sheer weariness. And they die thus, from ill treatment, from overwork, from the wretchedness of their conditions because people do not care; because in the sunlit world up above people are too thoughtless and too selfish to care; because in the dark world in which they agonize and perish, commercialism cares only for itself. “Oh, never mind,” said a deputy manager, speaking of the exhaustion and death of the horses, “what kills one buys another.”

It is not wonderful then that there are instances—instances of undoubted authenticity, and many in number—of ponies blinded, wounded, and maimed by pit boys in a fit of temper; not wonderful even that there should be an instance of a pony whose tongue was torn out of its mouth, and who, in its agony, was worked all day. It would seem as if the boys who have charge of the ponies must be fiends, as if they, responsible for the ponies and their work, were also responsible for their sufferings. Yet pit boys are no worse than other boys; not they it is who are solely or even primarily to blame for what the ponies endure; but a system which treats flesh and blood as mere machinery, which demands from living sensitive beings not the amount of work they are able to give, but the very uttermost that can be exacted from overtaxed strength, cowed spirit, beaten, exhausted, suffering bodies. For the pit boys, on pain of their own blame, punishment or dismissal, have to get a certain amount of work out of the ponies in a given time; the work exceeds the measure of the ponies’ strength, and flogging, hitting over the eyes, cruelty of divers kinds is resorted to in order to accomplish the task. A hateful task it is; no wonder that irritated nerves lead to

outbursts of frantic temper; no wonder that when compassion is made impossible cruelty has its way. I quote from letters cited by Mr. Francis A. Cox in a pamphlet entitled “The Pit Pony,” published by the Equine Defence League:

The pony driver has a case, you know, after all. He is between the devil and the deep sea. The men at the coal face are paid on contract price. The lad and his horse have always more men to keep going than is possible. They curse the lad and report him to the manager, who may also curse him and give him the sack. You can’t afford to be slow in a pit; profits have to be made somehow. These lads shed many tears, and I honestly tell you that the very worst time of my life was as a pony driver.

Some of the boys love their horses, but if the horses are good ones they are worked to death, and the boys thrash their horses—do anything—to get the stuff out—must do this, or the bullie-dog of a corporal is ready to report them, and they get the sack at the pit and a good thrashing at home.

To show the amount of work the ponies have to do, I quote again.

When I was “putting,” I had a pony working day and night. It would go out of the stable at 6 a.m. and return at 4 p.m. I was working night-shift, and I had to take that pony out two hours afterwards for ten hours, so that it was working twenty-nine hours and resting four hours. My neighbour told me he was driving a pony down a pit not far from here and that pony worked day and night for four shifts on day and six on night. . . . The pony was unable to do its work, so my neighbour told the manager, and he exclaimed, “Oh, he has made as much as will buy another or two like him!”

I have known horses to leave the stables on Monday morning at 6.45, working desperately hard till 4 p.m. (during which time they have neither food nor drink). They would at 4 be taken to the stables till 9.45, brought out again till 6 a.m., took again to the stable for three-quarters of an hour, and then sent out again till 4 p.m. Many horses work hard for seventy hours in the six days with neither food or drink, except when in the stables. The consequence is they are most cruelly thrashed because they were under their work.

These quotations give glimpses into the lives and sufferings of the ponies used in the coal trade. Not in all pits is gross cruelty a commonplace; there are some—a few—in which the animals are considered and cared for; and that being so, the question arises, “Why not in all?” Many reasons might be given in reply—custom, callousness, greed; but the main reason is the reason which lies

at the root of all the transgressions of the trades that transgress—the carelessness of the public. There are individual men and women doing their best, working their hardest to do away with the shameless and shameful cruelty in the mines, but unless they are backed up by public opinion that cruelty cannot be conquered. According to the annual report of the Equine Defence League for 1916 there are still only eight inspectors, and the mines number 3,300 and the ponies and horses 73,600. Inspection, considering these numbers, is a farce.

And yet the cruelty need not be. It is more than doubtful whether pit ponies and horses need to be. At the annual meeting of the Equine Defence League, held in October, 1915, Mr. Cox states that as a result of lengthy and thorough investigation of the subject of haulage in mines, he had come to the conclusion that machinery could be substituted for horses and ponies. "Mechanically," said he, "it

could be done." But he goes on: "I am not considering, nor am I qualified to consider, how a proposal to accomplish such a reform by compulsion would affect the colliery interest or how it would regard it, but, of course, it is obvious that we should have to encounter an opposition similar to that which Wilberforce encountered in the liberation of the slaves."

Opposition? Yes, indeed, for though indifference prevails in regard to abuses, opposition to reform, when the reform conflicts with commercial interests, is mighty and strenuous. Yet it could be overcome if only the public cared, if the knowledge of the evil could be spread abroad, if the determination to do away with it could be aroused and strengthened. It is for each one of us to spread the knowledge, to appeal to the public heart, arouse the public conscience. "Whoso knoweth to do good and doeth it not, to him it is sin."

## INDIA

THE HERALD OF THE STAR is the official organ of the Order of the Star in the East, and not of any one section of it. That Order, as its members well know, has branches in most of the countries of the world, and the HERALD circulates in all the countries in which the Order has branches. It does not take sides in the political questions agitating the countries in which it circulates, any more than the Order itself does, though it encourages the expression of all sorts of views in its columns. In republishing the following communication from Mrs. Besant, which originally appeared in *New India* of June 15, 1917, the editorial board feel they are not departing from their proper attitude of reserve, although, no doubt, that communication is political in character, and deals with a question which is primarily the concern of the British Empire alone—though in ultimate analysis it is the concern of all humanity. Mrs. Besant is now suffering internment

besides other pains and penalties for her actions, and she is being strongly attacked from many sides, and it is only right that the official organ of the Order should be employed to enable its members, of whatever nationality, to learn, on the best of authority, the motives which have led their Protector to come into conflict with the Indian Government.

TO MY BROTHERS AND SISTERS IN INDIA

BY ANNIE BESANT

*I wrote this to leave behind me, when I thought I was going to Ooty. Now, as I have to see H.E. the Governor to-morrow, I think it is safer to print it to-day, lest I should be interned and unable to speak.*

ANNIE BESANT

"THESE are the times that try men's souls." Thus spake one who faced the fiery furnaces of trial, and who faltered neither in faith nor in courage. It is ours to-day to face a powerful autocracy, determined to crush out all resistance to its will, and that will is to prevent India from gaining Self-Government, or Home Rule, in the Reconstruction of the Empire after the War.

The National Congress has declared, in con-

junction with the All-India Muslim League, that India must be lifted from the position of a Dependency to that of an equal partner in the Empire. To that end they drafted a scheme of reforms which proposed that the Legislative Councils should be much enlarged and elected on as broad a basis as possible, with a four-fifths majority of elected members, and that control of taxation and expenditure—the power of granting or refusing supply—should be placed in the hands of this Legislative Council, so as to subordinate the Executive to the Legislative Council. This is the feature of the scheme specially selected by H.E. the Governor of Madras for reprobation, and although it had been planned—in consonance with the practice of civilised nations—by the most responsible public men in the country, and accepted by the great mass of popularly elected delegates at the Lucknow National Congress and the Muslim League, 1916, His Excellency was pleased to aver that no Indian with knowledge of affairs would endorse it, and this soon after it had been endorsed by Mr. Madhava Rao, C.I.E., late Dewan of Travancore, Mysore, and Baroda.

The difference of opinion between the Governor of Madras and the large majority of educated Indians is a small matter; but the resolution to crush Home Rule by force is a very serious one. It is practically proposed to strangle by violence the political educative propaganda the Congress ordered its own Committees, the Home Rule Leagues, and other similar public bodies to carry on. We are therefore faced by the alternative of disobeying the mandate of the country or that of the Governor of Madras, an alternative which has been faced in the past by all countries which suffer under autocracies, and which India—the last great civilised country to be subjected to autocracy, save those under the Central Powers in Europe—has now to face. For myself, as a member of the All-India Congress Committee, I elect to obey the mandate of the country, in preference to that of the Governor of Madras, which has no moral justification behind it, which outrages British law and custom, and imposes an unwarrantable, and, I believe, an illegal, restriction on the fundamental Rights of Man. I know that this resolution of mine, setting myself against the strongest autocracy in the world in the midst of a disarmed and helpless people, will seem to most an act of madness, but by such acts of madness nations are inspired to resist oppression. Others will scoff at it as an easy martyrdom, deliberately courted; they have already done so, to discount it beforehand, they who could not face exclusion from Government House, let alone the loss of liberty, the seizure of property, and the exclusion from public life, which has been my one work and joy for forty-three years. When I was twenty-five, I wrote, anonymously, my first Freethought pamphlet, and within a year, as I refused to attend the Sacrament I had ceased to believe in, I was turned out by my husband from his home. I did not then, and do not now, blame him, for the position of a Vicar with a heretic wife was

impossible, and his friends urged him to the step. At twenty-six, at the end of July, 1874, I joined the National Secular Society, for the first time heard M<sup>r</sup>. Bradlaugh lecture on August 2, and received my certificate of membership and had an interview with him a day or two later. On August 30 I wrote my first article in the *National Reformer*, and continued to write in it regularly, till he died in 1891. My real public life dates from my first public lecture on "The Political Status of Women," for the Co-operative Institute in August, 1874.

Since then my life has been given wholly to the service of the public, as I have seen service, so that the deprivation of the liberty to render service is the greatest loss that can befall me. I know that the selfish and the unpatriotic cannot realise this, but those who have a similar Dharma, they will understand. Apart from the joy of service, life has no attractions for me, save the happiness that flows from a few deep and strong personal attachments. To surrender liberty and touch with those I love is to me worse than death. But to live free and with them, a coward and dishonoured, a traitor to Dharma and to India, would be hell. I take the easier path.

Those who rob me of liberty will try to blacken me, in order to escape shame for themselves. The Defence of India Act was never intended to be used to prevent public political speech, free from all incitement to or suggestion of violence, and accompanied with no disturbance of any kind. My paper could have been stopped by the Press Act, by forfeiture of security and confiscation of press. But the Government is afraid to face the High Court, which has already pronounced its former procedure to be illegal. An autocracy is ever afraid of law, and hence the Government takes the step of shutting me up—a cowardly course—and hopes to prevent any public protest by striking down all who resist it. The Defence of India Act is being used to suppress all political agitation of an orderly character, so that it may pretend to England that India is silent and indifferent.

Sir Subramania's brave action, followed by those of the Hon. K. V. Rangaswami Iyengar, the Hon. Mr. V. K. Ramanujachariar (chairman of the Kumbakonam Municipality), the Hon. Mr. B. V. Narasimha Iyer, Dewan Bahadur L. A. Govindaraghavier, Messrs. C. P. Ramaswami Aiyar, Mr. Rangaswami Aiyar of Madura (Public Prosecutor and Pleader), with the effective letter of Mr. M. Ramachandra Rao, defending the Congress and League scheme against the strictures of the Governor—these all show the spirit of Madras, and will, I feel sure, be followed by many others of this city, now scattered far and wide over the country enjoying their well-won holiday, and unconscious of what is being done so cleverly by the Executive in their absence. If any attempt be made to justify my internment by pretence of my entering into or cognisance of any conspiracy, or communication with the enemy, I fling the lie in the slanderers' teeth. I know that some postcards

with my portrait, purporting to come from Germany, and said to be seditious, have been sent to friends. I have been told of them, but have not seen a copy. They may have been fabricated in Germany, or by the C.I.D. here, but I have nothing to do with them.

If it be said that I have carried on a "campaign of calumny," which I utterly deny, the fault lies with Lord Pentland, who could, once again, have forfeited my security and confiscated my press. But then his Advocate-General would have had to prove it in Court and before the Privy Council, and that he could not do. It is easy for a Governor, if he has no scruples, to calumniate a person from the safe security of a Council meeting at Ooty, and then to lock up the calumniated. Such is the natural course of an irresponsible autocrat.

Such men, to protect themselves, as we saw in the case of Sir Reginald Cradock, having silenced their victims, proceed to blacken and defame them before the world. How else can they justify themselves? When the dry facts as to poverty, starvation, over-taxation, illiteracy, are stated, they are "calumny." My little book, *India—a Nation* was stopped because it stated them. It was "calumny." To say that the average life period in India is 23.5, that in England it is 40, in New Zealand 60, is "calumny." To publish a table of literacy in England, Japan, Russia, Baroda, and British India is "calumny." To show that the raised assessment on land in one district was balanced that same year in the increased debt of the raiyats to the sowars is "calumny." To show by these and many other facts that the autocracy in India is not even efficient is "calumny." To quote ancient books to show the state of the country in the pre-British days is "calumny"—if it shows widespread prosperity and wealth; if it tells of raids and wars, then it is history.

Let them talk as they will; they "come and go, impermanent." But Lord Pentland—a good but weak man, driven into tyranny by strong and ruthless men, like Messrs. Gilman and Davidson, our real rulers—will have to answer for his actions before the Indian public, before the British democracy, before history, which records the struggles for Liberty, and before God. Will his conscience be as clear as mine?

I hear, but gossip is unreliable, that to avoid internment I shall be told either to go to England or to promise to abstain from political speaking and writing. I shall do neither. I do not run away from a struggle into which I have led others and leave them in the middle of the field. Our work has been wholly constitutional; there has been no threat, no act of violence; in nothing has the law been transgressed. We believed that we were living under the Crown of Great Britain and had the constitutional right of speech and law-abiding agitation for reforms in the system of Government under which we live. Still, we were aware that we were living under an autocracy, which first punishes and then issues orders forbidding the act punished, and we took the risk; for the risk was personal, whereas the suppression of free

speech means secret conspiracy leading to revolution, in which many suffer. I have often pointed out that in India liberty and property can be confiscated by Executive Order, and that therefore no man is safe; an Executive Order forfeited my security and deprived me of another Rs. 10,000. Now an Executive Order deprives me of my liberty. It is well. The world will learn how India is governed, and that while England asks India to fight against autocracy in Europe, and drains her of her capital to carry on the war, England's agents use all the methods of autocracy in India in order to deceive the world into the idea that India is well governed and is content.

What is my crime that, after a long life of work for others, publicly and privately, I am to be dropped into the modern equivalent of the Middle Age *oubliette*—internment? My real crime is that I have awakened in India the national self-respect, which was asleep, and have made thousands of educated men feel that to be content with being a "subject race" is a dishonour. Mr. Lloyd George said truly that Ireland's discontent was not material, it was due to the wounding of national self-respect, and therefore could not be cured even by prosperity. I have made them feel that to live under an autocracy, to dance attendance on Governors and Collectors, to be ruled and taxed without their own consent, to be told that they were not fit to govern themselves, to see young Englishmen in the Public Services of their country preferred to experienced Indians, to have highly paid Imperial Services for foreigners lording it over less well-paid Provincial Services for "natives"—"natives" being the natural owners of their own land—that these and a hundred other like things were intolerable and should be ended. Life does not consist in money and clothes, in motor-cars and invitations to Government Houses. Life consists in liberty, in self-respect, in honour, in right ambition, in patriotism, and in noble living. Where these are absent, life is not worth living. It is not the life of a man, in the image of God, but of a brute, well fed by his owner.

Thanks to Sir S. Subramania's courage, he and I stand together in the fight for freedom, with the advantage, not shared by the other members of our gallant little band—who have proved their right to be called leaders by springing forward to lead in the moment of peril—that he is well known in England through his work as a High Court Judge and the great praise of him by the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council; and he is also personally known to His Majesty the King-Emperor. No one will believe that such a man is an inconsiderable and headlong agitator. His arrest, if made, will draw English attention to the state of affairs here. I also have the advantage of being personally well known in the United Kingdom, France, Belgium, Holland, Australia, Italy, Canada, New Zealand, America, Denmark, Norway and Sweden, in the first five personally as a fighter for liberty of speech in political and social reforms, as a Trade Unionist, a mem-

ber of "the old International," a Radical, and a Socialist, and in the rest by reputation; in all, as a religious teacher. In Russia I am known as a member of the old "Friends of Russia," associated with Russian exiles in England, in the days of Stepniak. None will feel surprised that I am carrying on the old fight for freedom, here in India. Unless the Government can muzzle the whole Indian Press as well as Reuter, the news of my internment will run round the world, and proclaim how England, fighting for liberty in Europe, and posing as its champion, is more false to liberty in India than she is even in Ireland, is in India an autocracy, naked and unashamed, under which neither liberty of person and speech nor possession of property is safe, being at the mercy of "Executive Orders," and these are discriminating, striking at one and leaving another; some can be terrorised; some can be bribed; threats are used to the timid; offices or titles are dangled before the ambitious. And we are to be punished because we stand by the principles for which England stands in Europe, and ask peacefully and constitutionally for responsible Self-Government which we work for on law-abiding lines.

For me, I have worked for India in India for nearly twenty-four years, and for fourteen years before that in England; my *England, India and Afghanistan* is as outspoken as *India—a Nation*. In India, I have worked for the old religions and for Islam and against perversion to Christianity; I have worked for education—the Central Hindu College, now the centre of the Hindu University, and the Theosophical Educational Trust are my witness; I have worked for social reform on religious lines; I am still working for all of these, and in addition for that which alone can make these safe, for Home Rule for India, Self-Government within the Empire.

Only by winning Home Rule can India secure her material prosperity; only thus can she save what is left of her trade, her industries and her agriculture, improve them and reap the results of her own labour. The descent of Lever Bros. to capture the soap industry, crushing the nascent factories in Bombay, Madras and the U.P., is a prophecy of what will happen after the war with Imperial Preference—the fierce competition of British capitalists on Indian soil with Indian industries. It is said that the Government are going to sell their soap factory, created with Indian money, to Lever Bros., thus making it a British industry, but that I cannot believe. Lever Bros. is strong enough to crush the Indian manufacturers without Government help.

Indian labour is wanted for the foreign firms. Indian capital is being drained away by the War Loan—which is to bring no freedom to India, if the autocracy has its way. Indian taxation to pay the interest on the War Loan will be crushing. When that comes, India will realise why I have striven for Home Rule after the war. Only by that can she be saved from ruin, from becoming a nation of coolies, toiling for the enrichment of others.

I write plainly, for this is my last word. I go into enforced silence and imprisonment, because I love India and have striven to arouse her before it was too late. It is better to suffer than to consent to wrong. It is better to lose liberty than to lose honour.

I am old, but I believe that I shall see India win Home Rule before I die. If I have helped ever so little to the realisation of that glorious hope, I am more than satisfied.

GOD SAVE INDIA. VANDÉ MATARAM.

June 12, 1917.

ANNIE BESANT

# INTERNATIONAL BULLETIN

## AMERICA

**T**HE *Server* contains an extract from a recent letter from Mr. Leadbeater about the probable workings of the new ceremonial Order:

That Brotherhood (of the Mystic Star) is certainly intended to be a part of the Order of the Star, and is to be ready to provide Star groups or branches with ritual whenever they require it. So far as I at present understand, I think that it will be the duty of the members of this new Brotherhood to learn this beautiful ritual, and then be ready to produce it whenever required for any Star meeting within reasonable distance of where they live.

The Editor then remarks:

If it is finally decided, as Mr. Leadbeater evidently thinks probable, that this new organisation be affiliated with our Order, it will give the opening that many of our members of ceremonial instincts have longed for. . . . This does not imply, we understand, that our former methods of activity are to be abandoned. . . .

Local Centres should therefore aim to bring their present type of work to the greatest possible perfection so that when the new work comes it may find a smoothly working base upon which it can settle without much confusion.

The following cablegram was received at Krotona on the morning of June 24, 1917, and is published in the July *Messenger*:

Warrington, Los Angeles—Inform your Section President unable receive personal correspondence.

Report official matters to Recording Secretary  
ARIA, Madras.

It is clear from this that Mrs. Besant, the President of the Theosophical Society, is no longer permitted to receive personal correspondence. . . .

Mrs. Besant has written me: "Here we have much storm, in which India is arising to take her place among the nations of the world as a partner in the British Empire. The struggle is difficult, but the end is sure."

That expresses the true statesman's

position. When England opens her soul to the larger vision, she will see that India as a partner will be to her a strength and an inspiration, whereas now she is only a shackled slave and therefore a weakness and a temptation.

Mrs. Besant's great effort has been to make England see this, and she has been made a prisoner of war for her noble endeavour.

In addition to sending protests to President Wilson and the British Premier, it might be helpful for the members also to send protests to the Senators and Congressmen representing the locality of each protesting member. A. P. WARINGTON

# FROM A STUDENT'S NOTEBOOK

*By E. A. WODEHOUSE*

## Nature and Art

**I**T has been said that Nature is God's Art. We see it as Nature, and not as Art, because we have no standard comparison by which to test it. Art, as Aristotle remarked, is concerned with the contingent. That is to say, it is the work of a free choice, selecting among a number of possible alternatives. Could we but see the alternatives, in the case of Nature, then perhaps we should be able to view it as an artistic product; we should know what had been rejected, and what selected, in the shaping of it. We should realise that every world, or universe, is, after all, only the embodiment of a solitary fragment selected out of the infinite wealth of the Divine Mind; and that, in the planning and building of it, the determining principle must be the Individuality of its particular Demiurges, just as truly as in any human work of Art the shaping force is the individuality of the artist. Perhaps, too, we might

dimly grope towards the thought that even the Logoi, when judged amongst Themselves, may be more or less successful artificers.

To speak of Nature as Art implies all this, infinitely far though it all be beyond the utmost scope of our understanding. It implies the putting forward of an aim conceived according to the powers of the Artist—an aim, the achievement of which will also depend upon the powers of the Artist, and may meet with a greater or smaller measure of success. But these matters are, as has been said, in the case of Nature, too vast for our comprehension.

Where we can begin to understand a little, however, is in respect of our own relation, as human beings, to this Artistic Process. If Nature be God's Art, then all human activity and endeavour must be an art working within an Art. And the truth of the smaller art will lie in its harmony with the greater.

This does not mean, however, that

human art must be without its own individuality. The essence of Art is freedom, and it is by virtue of our free will that we can become co-operators with the Divine Artist. His general Plan must be ours; but each of us can shape our own parts in it in our own way. For individuality corresponds to style, and every artist, if he be a true artist, must have his own style.

This is particularly true of character-building, which is one of the leading forms of human artistry. God, the great Artist, has given us an Ideal; but each of us must move towards that Ideal along his own path. In realising this Ideal, he must realise also his own individuality. In pursuing the general aim, he must become unique. The Man should be no more imitative than the Artist.

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# The Herald of the Star

VOL. VI. No. 10.

October, 1917

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As the *Herald of the Star* includes articles from many different sources on topics of varied interest, it is clearly understood that the writing of such an article for the *Herald* in no way involves its author in any kind of assent to, or recognition of, the particular views for which this Magazine, or the Order of the Star in the East may stand.

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I.

TO ANNIE BESANT

OCTOBER 1, 1914-17.

**S**EEKING to frame this day a verse for thee,  
I mused in what fit image I might cast  
The fashion of thy pow'r. The strong-wing'd blast,  
The surging flood, the salt resistless sea—  
All things whose soul is sovereign energy--  
Throng'd thro' my shaping brain, and as they pass'd  
Each, for a flash, seem'd thou; and then, as fast,  
Seem'd not. For ever there would rise in me  
Thoughts of a rarer, gentler strength; the pow'r  
Of little tasks accomplish'd perfectly;  
Of little fragrant deeds of kindness shed,  
Ev'n at a touch, like blossoms, silently;  
The simple grandeur of that snowy head  
Bent o'er its patient toil from hour to hour.

E. A. W.

(By courtesy of *The Vahan.*)



# IN THE STARLIGHT

*By LADY EMILY LUTYENS*

*It should be clearly understood that the contents of "In the Starlight" are the personal views of the writer. Neither the Head nor the Order is at all responsible for them. But the writer feels she is more useful to her readers in expressing freely her own thoughts and feelings than if she were to confine herself to bare chronicles of events and to conventional ethical expressions.*

**T**HIS month we celebrate the birthday of our Protector, Mrs. Besant. Birthdays give an opportunity to speak to those dear to us of the love we feel and keep too often locked up in the recesses of our hearts. When our friends pass over to the other side of death, we open the floodgates and pour out to their memory the love and admiration of which they probably never guessed the existence while alive. I often think we should do better to let some of these feelings flow forth while our friends are still with us and can be glad of the knowledge of the love we bear them. And a birthday is one of the occasions which may serve to unloose our tongues.

There is a very special reason this year why we should offer our love and homage to our Protector. On October 1 she will have attained the Psalmist's age of three score years and ten, and we know that those years have all been devoted to the loving service of humanity. But mingling with our desire to honour one who has been a light-bringer all the days of her pilgrimage, there is this year a special reason why we bring our love and reverence to her feet. The world has always misunderstood the motives of its saviours and offered to them a cross and not a crown. Mrs. Besant has laboured ceaselessly for more than a quarter of a century

to guide the growing spirit of Nationalism in India into wise and moderate channels; to set before Indian youths a high ideal of patriotism; to draw closer the bonds between Great Britain and India. With the foresight of the true statesman, Mrs. Besant has long maintained that the principles upon which the British Empire has been built must expand to the realisation of a Commonwealth such as the world has never seen, composed of a Federation of Free Peoples, and that in this Commonwealth India must take her share as a free nation. To this end she has steadfastly worked, wielding the mighty influence of tongue and pen to arouse the hopeless, to restrain the impatient and condemn the violent, slowly but surely welding the Indian peoples into one mighty nation.

Her reward has been the reward meted out to her predecessors on the Path of Service—misrepresentation and persecution. And as a crowning act of intolerance a short-sighted and reactionary Government has interned her, as a reward for her unswerving loyalty to British ideals of justice and freedom. But Wisdom is ever justified of her children, and Mrs. Besant has bought, at the cost of her own freedom, India's place among the nations. In the three months which have passed since she and her colleagues were interned the whole political outlook

as regards India has changed. The advent of a new and progressive Secretary of State for India has brought a breath of true Liberalism to bear upon Indian problems. Mr. Montagu will visit India in the autumn, there to confer with all parties how best to hasten the steps which shall lead to true self-government. This pronouncement is the crown of Mrs. Besant's labours, and who can doubt that she will soon return in triumph from her temporary exile, to find the battle almost won? Mr. Montagu has shown himself a true statesman, and we may feel sure, therefore, that he will not disdain to meet Mrs. Besant when he goes to India, and to learn from her unrivalled knowledge of Indian conditions how best to plan the next step on the road to self-government. It is only the small man who is too proud to learn.

It is easy to make sacrifices for Love's sake, and Mrs. Besant has made her sacrifice gladly for the love she bears her adopted country. India's children have replied, as loving children would, by offering to their Mother the highest honour it was in their power to confer. Mrs. Besant has been elected President of the forthcoming National Congress, the first woman to hold that high position. It has been a striking and dignified answer on India's part to the action of the Government, and one which will appeal to all who value liberty and justice.

\* \* \* \*

Thus we have very special reasons this year for celebrating that day which means so much to thousands in all lands, and our Protector will not blame us perhaps if our hearts overflow more tenderly than usual, as we offer her our loyal and loving greetings.

It is difficult to put into words the worship of the heart, and yet there are times when to be silent is yet more difficult. I know that I voice the feelings of thousands who during the past three months have yearned to express by word or deed something of the deep devotion they feel to her who is Teacher, Leader, Mother, to us all. How hard it has been to stand

by and see her persecuted, knowing we were powerless to defend or aid!

We remember the age of the body she wears; we hear that she has suffered in health from the cessation of all her activities; we think of the insults offered to one worthy only of honour, and our hearts grow hot with indignation and with the passionate longing to lift one little corner of the burden she has to bear.

But though this mood is natural, and we should be less than human did we not feel thus towards her, it would be wiser and truer to keep ever in our minds the remembrance of that dauntless strength and power which has earned her the title of PROTECTOR. Is there any name that so truly represents her? PROTECTOR not only of her own people, but of those also who persecute and attack. How childish seems their petty spite beside the immensity of her love; how small the measure of Governors and Ministers beside the stature of her spiritual greatness! Enemy and friend alike are sheltered beneath the mantle of her power and love.

\* \* \* \*

Many have tried to describe that personality we know as Annie Besant; writers in this month's *Herald* depict her many-sided character, but when all is said it is only a small part of her nature that has been revealed. There is a verse in Isaiah which to me expresses Mrs. Besant as no other words have done: "And a man shall be as an hiding place from the wind, and a covert from the tempest; as rivers of water in a dry place; as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land."

She is indeed a rock to the many who in their weakness turn to her for shelter, calm and resistless in that strength which comes only to those who have risen above the personality. The rock is exposed to the fierceness of the tempest, to the pitiless blaze of the sun, but in its shadow flowers spring in tender loveliness sheltered by its massive strength. Why do those who love her so frequently call her Mother? Because the ideal mother's love is ever protective because selfless. Mrs. Besant has laid aside all selfish desires and personal ambitions; therefore, she is

Protector and Mother too, and we, her children, offer her our heart's devotion, not in words only, but by our lives given in strength of purpose for *her* work, which is the world's service. The great ones of the earth are served not by personal attentions, but by lives consecrated to impersonal ends.

This, then, we offer as our birthday

gift to you, Protector, Mother, Teacher, Friend, the earnest endeavour to put behind us all that is petty, personal, and selfish, and, with hearts made strong by love, a nobler striving after purity and truth. Lead us and we shall follow, foolishly perhaps and oft with stumbling feet, yet with loyalty and courage that will not falter, your servants in life and death.

## MRS. BESANT'S HEALTH

Mr. C. Jinarajadasa writes :

"I have just returned from a week's stay at Ootacamund, during which time I saw Mrs. Besant and Mr. Wadia and Mr. Arundale for some time each day. I was appalled at Mrs. Besant's appearance, so great was the change in her health. We can understand the terrible nervous shock which an intensely active person will suffer by having all activities suddenly stopped; it is as if a powerful engine working at high pressure were suddenly to be pulled to pieces. Mrs. Besant sleeps very little, and just before I saw her had had but little to eat for several days. Added to all this are the petty persecutions with which she and her two colleagues are surrounded. All these have reacted on her health, and I, who have known her for the last twenty-two years, have never seen her so acutely suffering. The one comfort she feels in the repression to which she is subject is the knowledge that the national work for which she suffers is being steadily pressed to its legitimate climax."

Reprinted from *New India*

## BIRTHDAY NEWS

OUR hearts are full of gratitude to the Divine Powers that Rule the World.

Our Protector has been set free by the Government, unconditionally, and will pass her seventieth birthday in Adyar and not in internment.

May her days be long in the land and her good work for the world unhindered !

# EDUCATION FOR CITIZENSHIP

By ALEXANDER FARQUHARSON, M.A.

(Late Secretary of the Civic and Moral Education League.)

**F**IRST of all, what is citizenship? We live in a time when the meaning of the word is undergoing a great change. Fifty years ago most people would have said that citizenship was the performance of one's duty to the State. If questioned further, they would have explained that such actions as serving on juries, voting at elections, or holding public offices, were part of citizenship; but they would have marked off a very large field of action—a man's family life, his business affairs, his intellectual interests, and so on—as being his individual concern. These things, they would have said, have nothing to do with citizenship. You would have inferred, even if they did not say so, that citizenship was the province of men only; the ordinary work of women had no direct relation to it.

Nowadays, we think differently. Because we understand more of sociology and social psychology, we see that in a healthy community we cannot separate the State from the society it controls. The State must be of one piece with the community unless it is to stand in marked and violent opposition to it: this is what we mean by democratic government. Then, too, practical necessities have driven us to a different view; the State during recent years in our own community has had to interfere more and more with the home and child life; with wages and conditions of labour; with education. Thus has arisen the new conception of citizenship. We think of it (or, rather, we are beginning to think of it) as our relation to the whole life of our community — intellectual, emotional, spiritual, as well as external. And we see

that literally everything we do is a part of our citizenship, and has some place for good or evil, for advance or retrogression, in the common life. It follows obviously that women's work of whatever kind is to be thought of as citizen's work, just as much as men's.

Now, as the conception of citizenship has altered and become wider and deeper, so has our view of education for citizenship, or *Civic Education*, undergone a change. Twenty-five years ago we were introducing lessons on local government, taxation, and so on, into our school timetables. To-day we see that Civic Education is education for life in the community, with all the opportunities of service and enjoyment which such life affords. Recognising, too (as hinted above), that this community life has its intellectual, emotional, and spiritual side, and that our own intellectual, emotional, and spiritual life is not our individual possession at all, but a participation in these aspects of the community life, we see that the field of Civic Education has two main subdivisions. The first is that of practical training in the outward community life; and the second is initiation into the world of common ideas—intellectual, emotional, and spiritual.

The basis of all practical training for citizenship in the school, the club, the scout troop, or any children's institution, is the conception that such groups of children should be live communities. Of course, they *are* communities, whatever we adults may do: you cannot collect a number of normal children together regularly without some degree of community life arising among them. But in the old-fashioned school this very important fact

was neglected; and many teachers who have strict views on discipline, obedience, and order still tend to neglect it. The business of the civic educator is to recognise this community life and to encourage and develop it in every possible way. It would require a series of articles to deal fully with all the methods which may be employed for this purpose. Here I can only set down three headings, with a little explanation of each.

1. ORGANISATION.—From the Montessori school up to the club for adolescents, we should aim at a system which gives each member of the group duties to perform for the benefit of the others. I need hardly say that these duties should always be suitable to the age and capacity of the children concerned, and that they should be real duties. The variety of possible tasks is infinite—from keeping books and papers tidy and helping to lay meals, to printing the school magazine or building the school gymnasium. Of course, it is very difficult, or even impossible, to do many things of this sort in many of our present-day schools; but there are hardly any in which something cannot be done, and we should press all the time for more opportunities to organise things in such ways, even if we have to throw the whole curriculum overboard. One of the most valuable points about the Boy Scout movement is its very thorough application of this idea.

2. DEMOCRACY.—The one value of all democratic institutions, such as deciding things by majority vote, public discussion, the jury system, and legislation by Act of Parliament, lies in the opportunities they afford for a community to make up and express its mind on matters that concern it. Such institutions are required just as much in the school as anywhere else; indeed, all children's institutions should have something of the kind. I do not mean that infant schools should elect prefects or make their own rules; but I do mean that as children develop they should be allowed more and more to consider and decide for themselves the matters about which they, as a community, really care, with the aid of advice and explanation from their elders,

of course. I need not do more than mention the Little Commonwealth here; and there are plenty of other good examples which will repay study. This is a region of the most fascinating experiment for the teacher.

3. LEADERSHIP.—This is just as necessary in a community as democracy, of which it is the complement; and it needs developing side by side with it. The perfect system is one very practical way of setting to work in this direction, and the Scout or Girl Guide Movement another. In the adolescent period the school society gives fine opportunities for the development of both leadership and democracy; club work is full of opportunities also.

So far we have been thinking of the children's institution or community by itself, and of the development of community life within it. Needless to say, the three points treated shortly above are all related closely to one another; leadership, democracy, organisation are terms for three aspects of the one indivisible life of the healthy community. But there is another side of practical training in citizenship which must not be forgotten; that is, participation by children in the activities of the community—city, region, nation—of which the school or club is one small part. This is a point of difficulty at the moment, because we are only now engaged in the process of rescuing great numbers of our children from a far too early participation in industrial or commercial life; and until we have done so we shall not make much progress. But I have no doubt that we shall come to see the value and importance of giving children (who have reached the age of twelve, say) occasional experiences of real work in the real world—provided that they work as a community and under educational conditions. The Scout Movement (with its coast-watchers, for example) is showing us the way here again.

So much for practical training. There remains to be considered (if our citizens are not to be mere creatures of habit, how our young people are to be initiated into the worlds of common thought, feeling, and spirit, whence our external com-

munity life derives its being; and particularly, how they are to get a unified, organic view of their community and a constant awareness of their own relation to it.

Now, of course, it is easy to remark, with regard to the former of these queries, that the main business of education has always been recognised to be the passing on to the rising generation of the great common inheritance of ideas. The present-day defenders of a classical education use this view as one of their strongest arguments—descending to them, of course, from the founders of their tradition who lived in a time when Latin and Greek were the only mediums for expressing ideas. Herbart is full of the same conception; Dr. Arnold and Matthew Arnold both held it as fundamental. So it might easily be said that Civic Education on this side seems to be merely a new name for a very old friend. Wherein lies the difference in the present-day view?

Well, this again is a question which might be discussed at great length, and ought to be, if all that is implied is to be made plain. Here I will try to make two points clear.

1. The recognition of the fact that thought, feeling, and spirit are "community products" is of great value to the educator in understanding his work. It answers a great many of the puzzling questions that school life raises in the teacher's mind: one sees why learning in classes has such great advantages (as well as such disadvantages if it is overdone!); one begins to understand what the *tone* of a class in a school really means; and one is no longer in despair when a whole class seems "stupid." The school, class, or group becomes an interesting subject of study; new light is always dawning.

2. Carried further, this same conception leads us to very revolutionary but very fascinating fields of educational method. Admit that all thought and feeling and all spiritual life that really matter are only possible through some kind of *fellowship*, and you at once do away with the idea of the teacher imparting his individual possessions in these regions to each individual child. His task becomes

the more difficult, but infinitely more fertile, one of developing his group of children into an intellectual, emotional, and spiritual fellowship. Hence all his methods must change radically. Discussion (in the course of which he will freely admit his own mistakes or ignorance) will take the place of many formally prepared lessons; dramatic methods, in which the children themselves take a leading part, will take the place of his own demonstrations; letter-writing (to *real* people) will displace essay-writing, in part at any rate; in some cases the children will compose their own text-books. If this seems doubtful or far-fetched, I ask you to look at the record of the work at the Perse School, Cambridge, for the last few years, to name only one institution where these ideas are being put into operation.

You have only to imagine this fellowship in ideas continuing and expanding through suitable institutions, right on into adult life, to see how every child might be in time made free of the great tradition of culture, and find his mind working and his heart beating in tune with the greatest of his time.

I have left to the last what is, in my view, the most interesting problem of all. For it is our prerogative, as human beings, not only to act, but to be conscious of our actions, and thus to shape our future. So it is not only ours to live in communities and share a common life, as the bees and ants do, but also (what it seems they never do) to understand, enjoy, and direct it. How is education to produce this outlook—the condition, and the crown, of good citizenship? This is the problem of Civics Teaching; I must leave it with a very few suggestions.

First, Civics Teaching (by which I mean instruction in the whole nature and meaning of our community life) begins in infancy, as soon as the child opens its eyes on the community. The activities of the home, the street, the shop, the farm, the harbour, the mill—these, in which the child is intensely interested, people and things together, are the first civic reader. Every child should see and examine as many of these as possible himself, imitate them, model them, and later read about

them. The records of the Dewey School at Chicago point the way.

Next, as he grows older, the child should help to make a survey of the social activities of his neighbourhood, always observing and examining things themselves first, and going to books for further light and explanation second. He should follow his own bent largely, but should be encouraged to worry out details and not pass to a new thing before the old is finished. In a school where this kind of work is done, quite a mass of material can be collected in a few years if each child does something. A visit to Miss Cross's school at King's Langley will show this better than anything I can write: there you have details of churches, railways, canals, farms, housing, population, etc., all set out by the children in maps, diagrams, and pictures in the most interesting way.

Later, when the child has begun to have more experience in the practice of democratic life (as suggested before), is the time

to begin the study of social organisation. Starting with the school or club organisation, we can work up to the town or county, and from that, of course, to nation and Empire. But side by side with this study of government should go the study of general social and economic organisation, without which the view of community life obtained will be one-sided and imperfect.

All this Civics study must be closely related to three other branches of knowledge. It must have a close connection with geography, for geography treats of the physical environment that makes community life possible, and conditions its form and development. It must be linked on to history, which, indeed, should be regarded as the study of how the community has developed from its origin in the far past. It should have its eyes on the future, also; that is, it should face and discuss the civic problems which await our solution if the civic life of our community is to be healthy and worthy.

What ! you perhaps think " to waste the labour of men is not to kill them ! Is it not ? I should like to know how you could kill them more utterly—kill them with second deaths, seventh deaths, hundredfold deaths ? It is the slightest way of killing to stop a man's breath. Nay, the hunger, and the cold, and the whirling bullets—our love-messengers between nation and nation—have brought pleasant messages to many a man before now : orders of sweet release, and leave to go where he will be most welcome and happy. At the worst you do but shorten his life, you do not corrupt his life. But if you put him to base labour, if you bind his thoughts, if you blind his eyes, if you blunt his hopes . . . this you think is no waste, and no sin !"—JOHN RUSKIN, "Crown of Wild Olive," Essay, *On Work*.

# MRS. BESANT AS A POLITICIAN

*By GEORGE LANSBURY*

**I**T is not possible to write of Mrs. Besant as a politician; she never was one in the sense that most of us understand the time-serving persons we know as politicians.

In all the work I have known her engaged in Mrs. Besant has always been in the very forefront of the Reform movement. She has never occupied the half-way house, but always stood for the truth—the whole truth—and has invited her followers to follow the star wherever it might lead them.

To write fully about her activities in the social and political life of Britain would be to write almost in full the story of social and political change from 1874 to the time she left for India over twenty years ago. There was no movement in which she did not take a prominent and distinctive part; and all through her long stay in India her interest in great social and political questions has never died down. Witness her speeches on behalf of Woman Suffrage in England during 1913 and 1914 and her action during the building trade lock-out of those years. I have heard her lecture to great audiences in the Hall of Science and in St. James's Hall; heard her address mass meetings in the London parks and in Trafalgar Square, and at all these gatherings she dealt with live questions of the day. It is interesting to recall the fact that her first public lecture dealt with "The Political Status of Women." All through her career she has stood for equality of rights and duties for all men and all women. In the late 'seventies, when the Russo-Turkish struggle threatened to plunge Great Britain into war, she took her stand with those Radicals who, with the late Mr. Gladstone, strove hard to prevent the criminal folly of Lord Beaconsfield and his colleagues,

who, in defence of what they imagined were British interests, riveted for a generation the Turkish yoke on the Balkan States. Those who struggled against that policy have been more than justified by later events. Mrs. Besant and those she worked with understood that neither the victory of Russian autocracy nor the perpetuation of Turkish misrule would solve the problems connected with South-Eastern Europe; that only the recognition of the rights of small people to live their own lives and manage their own affairs could bring peace and contentment to the world. During these years she also championed the cause of India. In 1878 she published a book, "England, India, and Afghanistan," which is to be republished by the British Auxiliary of the Home Rule for India League. In this book she exposed the misgovernment of India and the folly of the Imperialist policy of Lord Beaconsfield as applied to that country and its neighbours in Afghanistan. In 1880-1881 she threw herself whole-heartedly into the struggle waged by Charles Bradlaugh to maintain his right to sit in Parliament without offending his conscience by taking the Oath of Allegiance in such a form as to have no binding effect. She took a leading part in the Irish Home Rule agitation, mainly in order to secure better conditions of life for the people of Ireland. She was a leading speaker and agitator for the starving East-End dockers and the unemployed. During these agitations she came very near to actual conflict with the police of the Metropolis. In her autobiography she tells the story of the huge crowd of men who, on August 2, 1881, but for her restraining influence, would have rushed Palace Yard when Charles Bradlaugh







*Copyright Photo by Elliot and Fryl*

ANNIE BESANT

[55 and 56, Baker Street, W.



was flung with ignominy out of the House of Commons; and, again, on that Sunday in Trafalgar Square, afterwards christened Bloody Sunday, when, as if bearing a charmed life, she, unarmed and alone, marched through the cordons of soldiers and police in her determination to vindicate the right of "Free Speech" in London's Forum. I was amongst the crowd on both occasions and know what we all thought of her for her courage and devotion.

During 1888 she came to the Tower Hamlets to seek the suffrages of the people as a candidate for the London School Board. Although she was to all intents and purposes a Socialist candidate, with Herbert Burrows as her agent, it was the members of the Tower Hamlets Radical clubs who secured her triumphant return after a campaign of calumny, lying, and vilification such as I never remember taking place before or since. Christian ministers denounced her and lied about her; stirred up all the passions associated with religious bigotry and hatred; but in spite of it all the common sense of the ordinary elector triumphed, and she was returned as a member of the London School Board.

I think the next few years of her life and work are amongst the most successful of any she has lived, for she secured by sheer persistence and personal endeavour a much higher standard of education for our children; but, more important than all questions of reading, writing, and arithmetic, it was her work which threw into prominence the absurdity of trying to educate half-starving children, and laid the foundation for the splendid system of medical examination and treatment now existing in all our elementary schools, coupled with the establishment of feeding centres. Margaret McMillan, at Bradford, was instrumental in bringing the system to a higher point of efficiency than in London; but we who are Londoners will always owe it to Mrs. Besant that she first of all woke up public opinion on the subject and compelled the authorities to take action.

She did another piece of work which has had far-reaching results. Public

work and public contracts in her days on the School Board were always carried out on the old Manchester principle of "buy in the cheapest and sell in the dearest market." Workmen employed directly or indirectly by municipal or Government departments were often worked long hours and paid scandalously low wages. Goods purchased by these authorities often came from workshops in which sweating conditions of the worst description prevailed. Mrs. Besant cut right across all these practices by inducing the London School Board to insert in all its contracts a clause that all goods should be produced under Trade Union conditions so far as rates of pay and hours of labour are concerned. The effect of this resolution was electric throughout the world of Labour. Everywhere an agitation was set on foot to secure that all Government and municipal contracts should contain such a clause, and although we have not secured all we hoped for, yet the great municipalities and the Government have all adopted the resolution in such a form as ensures that whether there is a Trade Union or no a standard rate of pay and hours of labour shall prevail.

In addition, men and women directly employed by public authorities now in the main secure the pay and conditions agreed to by the authorities on the one hand and Trade Unions on the other. I call attention to this piece of work because it seems to me that Mrs. Besant in this matter was a "Pioneer" on behalf of organised Labour. Men had the vote and elected councillors and others to serve on Public Boards, but few had realised what a great power for good or evil these bodies might become.

It reads rather a small thing to have secured standard rates and hours for people employed directly or indirectly by such bodies as the London School Board or a Government department; but it was a much bigger thing, for it is obvious that if a contractor for bridge material or for steel rails was obliged to pay proper wages and observe Trade Union conditions for the men engaged on the goods desired for a particular job, it would become impossible to keep these advantages from all

the other employees engaged on the work. In practice it is found that action by a municipality on the lines we are discussing does secure a general rise all round; but the main point to keep in mind is the fact that Mrs. Besant, both in regard to the feeding and medical care of children and in working to secure that public work should be carried on under proper conditions, did bring into politics a new standpoint and one which has had and will in the near future have very far-reaching effects. I may here point out that in making a contract for the supply of labour with the London building Trade Unions for the building work now being carried on at the headquarters of the Theosophical Society, she was only carrying forward one step further the policy she inaugurated on the London School Board, and once again has shown herself a "Pioneer" on behalf of Labour.

In 1891 Mrs. Besant gave up her work on the School Board. I shall never forget the great mass meeting in Poplar Town Hall when all that was most active and earnest in the public life of East London came together to thank her for her splendid work on the School Board and wish her Godspeed in her new work. Many of us made speeches; all our hearts were full of disappointment at her leaving us; and not one but wished it could have been otherwise. Her speech rang out clear to us all with a kind of clarion call to service, and in saying good-bye she bid us all carry on our work in an unselfish, impersonal spirit for the service of all humanity.

In 1892, with some friends, I helped form a branch of the Social-Democratic Federation in Bow and Bromley. Mrs. Besant gave us a home in the club premises she had established for the "matchgirls." Mrs. Lloyd, the splendid woman in charge, made us all understand that to her Theosophy was a law of life, which taught her that comradeship, brotherhood, love, were realities, and my wife and others of our comrades, with myself, can never forget the happy days we spent at that club. We were all in dead earnest—none of us old—and although we did not enter into the

controversy about "spirit life," or much care for the doctrine of "Karma," we did one and all recognise that women like Mrs. Besant and Mrs. Lloyd were at the heart of things, and that they did in very deed care for their fellow-men and women. It may interest readers of the *Herald of the Star* to know that this branch of the Social Democratic Federation during its first years of existence took up the question of self-government for India, protesting against the British policy which drained India for the benefit of Britain. Guided by H. M. Hyndman, we carried on a spirited controversy with the then Secretary of State, Lord George Hamilton, and thus commenced our study of Indian and Colonial problems. We also used these premises as a feeding centre for the unemployed in 1892 and 1893, and although we were only a handful we somehow seemed able to do the work of hundreds, and much of our enthusiasm and also our efficiency was due to the fact that we were housed in delightful premises and treated as honoured guests even by those who disagreed with us. We were all playing with agnosticism, but all had a profound respect for the consistently helpful, courteous treatment we received whilst tenants of Mrs. Besant and her friends.

There is one other meeting I would like to mention. It was the occasion of Mrs. Besant's first public lecture on "Theosophy" in East London, and was held in the large hall of the Bow and Bromley Institute, which was packed with an audience of considerably over two thousand. I was chairman of a rather turbulent meeting, which, however, became quiet and intent as, with her marvellous gift of speaking, Mrs. Besant compelled not only attention but agreement, making us all understand that to her religion and everyday life were one and the same thing; that there could be no divorce between politics and religion, and indeed declaring the old truth, "We must all reap what we sow."

After this meeting I only heard of her work in India from newspapers and books until a few years ago, when the question of Indian government and administration came prominently before the public, and

once more she is plunged into the vortex of politics, not, however, as a politician, but as a "Pioneer." She sees clearly, as she always has seen, that to build for the future it is necessary to build wide and deep; that if Britain and India are to remain united the bonds of unity must be equality of treatment of each by the other; that what is wrong in India is the spirit of racial domination—the idea of white superiority, and the claim of the white because of this supposed superiority to dominate and order the life of the Indians.

And so, like all pioneers, she has been in prison and in trouble, but is now free. I am certain during her internment she was comforted in knowing that myriads of people, because of her past life and work, have benefited, and by the knowledge, which I am sure she possesses, that the long, long pathway of reform which mankind has trod is strewn with shrines which people raise in their hearts to the memory of those who have suffered or have fallen in the struggle of mankind towards a perfect life.

Mrs. Besant will live in the future as a great teacher of great truths. I shall remember her most as a brilliant orator rousing me and thousands more to go out and work for the social salvation of mankind. I shall remember her toiling long, laborious days that hungry, starving children should be fed, that unhealthy children might be made whole. I shall remember her as the woman who stood almost alone amongst public women by the side of Charles Bradlaugh in his fight for freedom of thought. I could never agree with the Malthusian theories these two taught, but I shall always bear their memories in respect and honour when I remember the blackguardism and calumny with which they were assailed.

And now to-day, when, at the call of liberty and freedom, she has ranged herself alongside the people of India in their struggle for freedom, and when, as a sign of confidence in her and trust in her ability and capacity to lead them, the people of India have elected her as President of the forthcoming National Congress, she is only doing as she has done all through her life, standing by

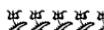
those who need a friend, giving her experience, her energy, her wonderful power of tongue and pen to those who are crushed in the struggle of life. Long ago here in London, in 1885, a meeting was held at her house to form a Society of Friends of Russia, to help the exiles from Russia. Kropotkin and Stepniak were present, and I believe from this Society grew up, under the help and guidance of Dr. Spence Watson, the present society called the Society of Friends of Russian Freedom. Now that the Russian people are at long last reaching their goal, Mrs. Besant, like many more British Socialists, can join in the shout of victory, and when Ireland and India are able to take their place as "nations" with other nations of the world she will join in their triumph, too, for her fight for freedom has been world-wide, for all peoples. Those who are members of the Theosophical Society or of the Order of the Star must and will, I feel sure, respond to her call and take their stand by her side in the great work of uniting the mighty Indian and British nations and in declaring the truth that freedom cannot be confined to one race, but must be free to all; that the colour bar must not be a bar to brotherhood, and that brotherhood must mean that my brother's welfare is my welfare.

I never pass the site of the old club-house in Bow Road without feelings of gratitude to Mrs. Lloyd and her friends and a remembrance of Mrs. Besant and her work. There is one simple reason. In that club I spent the first of my Socialist days, full of enthusiasm, full of faith, full of hope, full of confidence in humanity, and full of a kind of certainty that mankind would redeem itself, and in that house met people whose ideas of life I did not understand, but whose conduct in life made me realise that it is not creeds nor machinery—no, not even organisation—that will save the world, but that humanity will be redeemed when we who make up the great human family realise the unity and oneness of life and base our lives and conduct on the recognition of our common brotherhood, by each giving to the service of all the gifts we have received from the days that are gone,

and by so doing hand to the future a better time than we live in to-day.

I have had many illusions shattered since 1892; much disillusionment about myself; but in the main I would like to live most of the days over again, to experience once more the joy of a first Socialist meeting, to join in the big impersonal struggle for a fuller life for all. I love to think of the men and women I have known who have remained true to the ideals of life they preached. These far outnumber those who have proved false, for it is amongst the poor, the workers, that most of my friends have been found; but from all classes many, many men have remained true, in spite of

great temptations to betray the cause of the people. It is good to remember the long roll of women, young and old, rich and poor, with whom I have been associated in the work of organising and rousing the workers and people of all classes. One of the best and bravest is the woman of whom I have tried to write, who, at seventy years of age, has once again set out on a great adventure—the greatest, perhaps, of all her life—calling to each one of us to join her in the great work of spreading abroad the principles of Liberty, Equality, Fraternity, and bringing together in one great brotherhood all the nations of the earth.



## WALT WHITMAN ON PIONEERS

(From the *Christian Commonwealth*)

HAVE the elder races halted?

Do they droop and end their lesson, wearied over there beyond the seas?  
We take up the task eternal, and the burden and the lesson,  
Pioneers! O pioneers!

Not for delectations sweet,

Not the cushion and the slipper, not the peaceful and the studious,  
Not the riches safe and palling, not for us the tame enjoyment,  
Pioneers! O pioneers!

Do the feasters glutinous feast?

Do the corpulent sleepers sleep? Have they locked and bolted doors?  
Still be ours the diet hard, and the blanket on the ground,  
Pioneers! O pioneers!

WALT WHITMAN

# MRS. BESANT'S PASSAGE THROUGH FABIAN SOCIALISM

By *BERNARD SHAW*

(By courtesy of "*The Theosophist*")

**I**T is perhaps a little hard on Mrs. Besant that the various phases of her public activity should be explained by others who cannot in the nature of things possibly know as much about them as she knows herself, and whose right to determine the order of their importance for her is very questionable. I can easily imagine a memorial volume of such explanations and estimates producing nothing in its recipient but a lively desire to throw it at the heads of the authors. In risking this sort of impertinence, I at least do so with a very uneasy sense of its indelicacy, consenting only because if I refuse the work may be done by a less friendly hand. I have no fear of supplanting a more friendly one; for though it has not been my destiny to be anybody's friend in this incarnation, my peculiar genius having driven me along a path in which all personal relations except those with working colleagues have been reduced to episodes, my personal feeling towards Mrs. Besant remains as cordial after a long period of years, during which I have hardly seen her half a dozen times, as it was when her associations with the Fabian Society brought me into daily intercourse with her.

Mrs. Besant is a woman of swift decisions. She sampled many movements and societies before she finally found herself; and her transitions were not gradual: she always came into a movement with a bound, and was preaching the new faith before the astonished spectators had the least suspicion that the old one was shaken. People said, "She will die a Roman Catholic," which was their way of expressing the extreme of mutability for an Englishwoman. They were

right to the extent that she was seeking a catholic faith; but she grasped the great idea sufficiently to know that Roman Catholicism is a contradiction in terms: real catholicism cannot be bounded by the walls of Rome. Her steps were rapid; she began as a clergyman's wife putting difficulties to Pusey, who missed this most momentous chance so completely that she was presently actively attacking that funny combination of Bible fetishism with a bigoted determination to see nothing in the Bible that was really there which then stood in the way of all real religion in England. Then came a swift transition to the scientific side of the Freethought movement, excited as it then was by Darwin's discovery of the simulation of evolution by "natural selection," which seemed to atheistic freethinkers a conclusive explanation of the evidences of design in biological structure. My first recollection of Mrs. Besant on the platform is a meeting in South Place, at which nobody seemed incredulous when hopes were held out by the chairman that the production of what would now be called synthetic protoplasm might shortly be expected from an Edinburgh laboratory.

At this moment the Freethought movement, until then unchallenged as the most advanced battalion of modern thought, found itself jostled by a revival of Socialism. The older freethinkers, to whom Socialism was only an exploded delusion by which Robert Owen and his son had sidetracked and discredited Freethought in the first half of the century, opposed the new movement with contemptuous vehemence under the formidable leadership of Bradlaugh. But the scientific wing of Freethought, knowing nothing of

the Owenite episode, and having been led to seek economic solutions of social problems by Mill, Marx, and Henry George, found a life and hope in the movement which was somehow lacking in promises of synthetic protoplasm, survival of the fittest, and demonstrations that the throat of a whale was too small to pass Jonah down.

Mrs. Besant swept ahead with her accustomed suddenness and impetuosity; but it must have been a tragic moment for her, as it involved opposing Bradlaugh, side by side with whom she had fought all England in the cause of liberty of conscience. Of Bradlaugh history has so far given every description except the only one that fits him. He was quite simply a hero: a single champion of anti-Christendom against the seventy-seven champions of Christendom. He was not a leader: he was a wonder whom men followed and obeyed. He was a terrific opponent, making his way by an overwhelming personal force which reduced his most formidable rivals to pygmies.

Now at this time Mrs. Besant was the greatest orator in England, perhaps the greatest in Europe. Whether it is possible for her to be still that at seventy I do not know; but I have never heard her excelled; and she was then unapproached. Certainly the combination of Bradlaugh and Mrs. Besant was one so extraordinary that its dissolution was felt as a calamity, as if someone had blown up Niagara or an earthquake had swallowed a cathedral. Socialism had many colleagues to offer her who were more accomplished than Bradlaugh. One of them, William Morris, was a far greater man. But there was no platform warrior so mighty: no man who could dominate an audience with such an air of dominating his own destiny. Unhappily for him, she was right and he was wrong on the point that divided them; and when they parted, his sun set in a rosy glow of parliamentary acceptance, even by Lord George Hamilton, whilst hers was still stormily rising.

In selecting the Fabian Society for her passage through Socialism Mrs. Besant made a very sound choice; for it was the only one of the three Socialist societies

then competing with one another in which there was anything to be learnt that she did not already know. It was managed by a small group of men who were not only very clever individually, but broken into team work with one another so effectually that they raised the value of the Society's output far above that of the individual output of any one of them. They were not only reducing Socialism to a practical political programme on the ordinary constitutional lines, but devising an administrative machinery for it in the light of a practical knowledge of how Government works (some of them being Government officials of the upper division), in which the other societies were hopelessly deficient. This was exactly what Mrs. Besant needed at that moment to complete her equipment. But it could not hold her when once she had rapidly learnt what she could from it. To begin with, it was unheroic; and the secret of her collaboration with Bradlaugh had been that she, too, was as essentially heroic in her methods as in her power, courage, and oratorical genius. Now Fabianism was in reaction against the heroics by which Socialism had suffered so much in 1871: its mission was to make Socialism as possible as Liberalism or Conservatism for the pottering suburban voter who desired to go to church because his neighbours did, and to live always on the side of the police. It recognized the truth for political purposes of Mark Twain's saying: "The average man is a coward." And Mrs. Besant, with her heroic courage and energy, was wasted on work that had not some element of danger and extreme arduousness in it.

Besides, considering the world from Shakespear's point of view as a stage on which all the men and women are merely players, Mrs. Besant, a player of genius, was a tragedian. Comedy was not her clue to life: she had a healthy sense of fun; but no truth came to her first as a joke. Injustice, waste, and the defeat of noble aspirations did not revolt her by way of irony and paradox: they stirred her to direct and powerful indignation and to active resistance. Now the Fabian vein was largely the vein of comedy, and its

conscience a sense of irony. We laughed at Socialism and laughed at ourselves a good deal. In me especially, as events have proved, there was latent a vocation for the theatre which was to give to tragedy itself the tactics of comedy. It attracted and amused Mrs. Besant for a time, and I conceived an affection for her in which I have never since wavered; but in the end the apparently heartless levity with which I spoke and acted in matters which seemed deeply serious, before I had achieved enough to shew that I had a perspective in which they really lost their importance, and before she had realized that her own destiny was to be one which would also dwarf them, must have made it very hard for her to work with me at times.

There were less subtle difficulties also in the way. The direction of the Fabian Society was done so efficiently by the little group of men already in possession, that Mrs. Besant must have found, as other women found later on, that as far as what may be called its indoor work was concerned, she was wasting her time as fifth wheel to the coach. The Fabians were never tired of saying that you should do nothing that somebody else was doing well enough already, and Mrs. Besant had too much practical sense not to have made this rule for herself already. She, therefore, became a sort of expeditionary force, always to the front when there was trouble and danger, carrying away audiences for us when the dissensions in the movement brought our policy into conflict with that of the other societies, founding branches for us throughout the country, dashing into the great strikes and free-speech agitations of that time (the eighteen-eighties), forming on her own initiative such *ad hoc* organizations as were necessary to make them effective, and generally leaving the routine to us and taking the fighting on herself. Her powers of continuous work were prodigious. Her displays of personal courage and resolution, as when she would march into a police-court, make her way to the witness-stand, and compel the magistrate to listen to her by sheer force of style and character, were trifles compared to the way in which she worked day and night to pull through the strike of the

over-exploited matchgirls who had walked into her office one day and asked her to help them somehow, anyhow. An attempt to keep pace with her on the part of a mere man generally wrecked the man: those who were unselfish enough to hold out to the end usually collapsed and added the burden of nursing them to her already superhuman labours.

I have somewhere said of Mrs. Besant that she was an incorrigible benefactor, whereas the Fabians were inclined to regard ill-luck as a crime in the manner of Butler and Maeterlinck. The chief fault of her extraordinary qualities was that she was fiercely proud. I tried, by means of elaborate little comedies, to disgust her with beneficence and to make her laugh at her pride; but the treatment was not, as far as I know, very successful. I would complain, fondly, that I wanted something that I could not afford. She would give it to me. I would pretend that my pride was deeply wounded, and ask her how she dared insult me. In a transport of generous indignation she would throw her present away or destroy it. I would then come and ask for it, barefacedly denying that I had ever repudiated it, and exhibiting myself as a monster of frivolous ingratitude and callousness. But though I succeeded sometimes in making her laugh at me, I never succeeded in making her laugh at herself or check her inveterate largesse. I ought to have done much more for her, and she much less for me, than we did. But I was at that time what came in 1889 to be called an Ibsenite. My "*Quintessence of Ibsenism*" is an expansion of a paper which I read to the Fabian Society with Mrs. Besant in the chair. Those who have read this book and followed Mrs. Besant's subsequent career will understand at once that she must have felt as she listened to it that this was not her path. She had at that time neither lost faith in the idealism which Ibsen handled so pitilessly, nor had she taken her own measure boldly enough to know that she, too, was to be one of the master builders who have to learn that for them at least there are no such small luxuries as "*homes for happy people*." The only permanent interest the Fabian

Society or any other society could have for her personally lay in such advance as it was capable of towards a religious philosophy, and when I led this advance into a channel repugnant to her her spiritual interest in the Society died.

The end came as suddenly as the beginning. The years had been so full and passed so rapidly that it seemed only a short time since I had gone to a meeting of the Dialectical Society to deliver an address advocating Socialism, and had found the members perturbed and excited by the appearance of Mrs. Besant, who had long ceased to attend the Dialectical meetings, and was still counted as the most redoubtable champion of the old individualist freethought of which Bradlaugh was the exponent. I was warned on all hands that she had come down to destroy me, and that from the moment she rose to speak my cause was lost. I resigned myself to my fate, and pleaded my case as best I could. When the discussion began everyone waited for Mrs. Besant to lead the opposition. She did not rise; and at last the opposition was undertaken by another member. When he had finished, Mrs. Besant, to the amazement of the meeting, got up and utterly demolished him. There was nothing left for me to do but gasp and triumph under her shield. At the end she asked me to nominate her for election to the Fabian Society and invited me to dine with her.

The end was equally startling. One day I was speaking to Mr. H. W. Massingham, then editor of the *Star*, at the office of that paper in Stonecutter Street. I glanced at the proofs which were lying scattered about the table. One of them was headed "Why I became a Theosophist." I immediately looked down to the foot of the slip for the signature, and saw that it was Annie Besant. Staggered by this unprepared blow, which meant to me the loss of a powerful colleague and of a friendship which had become part of my daily life, I rushed round to her office in Fleet Street, and there delivered myself of an unbounded denunciation of Theosophy in general, of female inconstancy, and in particular of H. P. Blavatsky, one

of whose books — I forget whether it was *The Secret Doctrine* or *Isis Unveiled* — had done all the mischief. The worst of it was that I had given her this book myself as one that she might like to review. I played all the tricks by which I could usually puzzle her, or move her to a wounded indignation which, though it never elicited a reproach from her (her forbearance with me was really beyond description), at least compelled her to put on herself the restraint of silence. But this time I met my match. She listened to me with complete kindness and genuine amusement, and then said that she had become a vegetarian (as I was) and that perhaps it had enfeebled her mind. In short, she was for the first time able to play with me; she was no longer in the grip of her pride; she had after many explorations found her path and come to see the universe and herself in their real perspective.

This, as far as I know, is the history of Mrs. Besant's last unsuccessful exploration in search of her appointed place in the world. It had many striking incidents, chief among them the matchgirls' strike, "Bloody Sunday" in Trafalgar Square and its sequel, and her election to the London School Board after such election meetings as, thanks to her eloquence, are unique and luminous in the squalid record of London electioneering. In such experiences she lost her illusions, if she had any, as to the impudent idolatry of the voter which we call democracy. It has seemed to me, too, that the diplomacy and knowledge of men and affairs in the governing class which characterized the Fabians played its part afterwards in her educational work in India. But here I am only guessing. After the inauguration of her career as a Theosophist, I dropped out of her saga. I have not forgotten my part in it. My affections have two excellent qualities: extreme levity and extreme tenacity. I do not like the proverb "Love me little: love me long"; but whoever invented it had a very narrow escape of finding its true form, which is, "Love me lightly: love me long." And that is how I loved, and still love, Annie Besant.





MRS. BESANT IN CO-MASONIC DRESS





# MRS. BESANT AND CO-FREEMASONRY

By K. M. BETTS

**T**O make manifest the ideal, that is the wonderwork of an artist, to hew out from the shapeless stone an inspiration, an idea, so that we, the unenlightened and unseeing, may look upon the work and understand a little of the deep seeing of far-off things—that we recognise as the artist's power. There is, however, another way of the artist in making manifest the ideal, and that is the work of the pioneer; not often understood, it is the same power of a great artist to see the "pattern of those things in the Mount" and work them out in the rough materials of earth. It is in this aspect of artist as pioneer that Mrs. Besant makes such an appeal to our love and devotion. We see here and there her work, and according to the gift that is in us understand the ideal that is the inspiration in the work.

One of these works has been the founding in English-speaking lands and in some European countries of the Co-Masonic Order. In many parts of this country, in many other countries, in India, in the Colonies, and in America Co-Masonic Lodges and Chapters exist to-day, in which women are admitted on a perfect equality with men, working together the 33 degrees of the ancient and accepted Scottish rite.

Twenty years ago Mrs. Besant brought the nucleus of this great movement to England from France, with the charter of the first English Co-Masonic Lodge *Human Duty*, and although it met with the usual opposition of pioneer undertakings, events as they now unroll before our eyes show how sure was the vision of far-off things.

Now we see an urgent need for understanding the real meaning of Brother-

hood. Now we have come to the point when the so-long-advocated right of women to equal responsibilities with men has been almost guaranteed. But many difficulties surround these ideas, many hindrances to their perfect working out. In the Co-Masonic Movement Mrs. Besant has given to the world one of the best methods for the gradual growth in true beauty of these ideals that dominate us to-day.

The Masonic Lodge is truly a compendium of the Universe, and therefore of that little universe, Man. Everything in it finds its suitable place from the highest spiritual teaching to the every-dayness of life. It is here that the real meaning of Brotherhood may be learned, from the elementary idea of good comradeship and friendship to the essential basis and source of Brotherhood. It is here that beginning with equality—a more perfect equality than is found anywhere else—the deeper ideas of government, rulership, authority, even the great Hierarchy are shadowed forth. It is here that women, working in every respect equally with men, may learn the difficulties and the art of good government, may learn the control and the use of emotion, may be trained in the absolute decorum of debate. In these and countless other ways the Co-Masonic Lodge teaches the very lessons, gives the very training and makes manifest the ideals that are claiming the world's attention to-day.

It is not possible in a non-Masonic journal to say much of Mrs. Besant as a Freemason; in Masonry much of the teaching is given in those grand old ceremonies called "initiations"; in them is concealed some of the wisdom of all the ages. In one way Mrs. Besant is not a

ceremonialist, but I venture to say that there is no one in the whole Order who can make that hidden wisdom so manifest or who can give the ceremony so much power as our Very Illustrious Grand Master.

The last time that Mrs. Besant was at a London Masonic Lodge was in the spring before the war. She gave then an address that will not easily be forgotten; she spoke of the trouble soon to come upon the world (we little guessed then the dreadfulness that was to come in a few months); of the need to fix our thoughts, our studies, our work, upon making new a changing world, eliminat-

ing the terrible abuses and misery, and building in their stead the ideals of Free-masonry in every part of the State (we call that reconstruction now). She showed how the Masonic Lodge should be the training ground of real citizens of a new and greater State, preparing for a New Age of the world, for a new manifestation of the World's Teacher.

The New Age is upon us now. Perhaps the Great Teacher is nearer the suffering world, and it may be that the Co-Masonic Order, inspired by its dauntless leader, may be one of the agents used by the Great Ones to make manifest this ideal.

## II.

## TO ANNIE BESANT

**G**ENTLE, yet strong; unfetter'd yet controll'd;  
 Pensive, yet swift in action; eloquent,  
 And yet how silent! Heart how innocent,  
 Yet, in its very childlikeness, how old!  
 Stern, and yet pitiful; in caution, bold;  
 —O, Queen of Contrasts, how divinely blent  
 Seemeth to me each several element  
 In that resultant compound of bright gold!  
 Dream I? or do I find shown forth in thee,  
 Within a single nature's mortal span,  
 Something of Nature's own variety?  
 And dost thou live the symbol of a Plan,  
 Which one day shall a whole world's life set free  
 Within the being of Perfected Man?

E. A. W.





*Photo by*

MRS. ANNIE BESANT

[*Swaine.*]

# MRS. BESANT AS A RELIGIOUS TEACHER

By A. J. WILLSON

*We bear to these our personal testimony, not founded on documents, not founded on writings, not founded simply on letters, and so on, on which there is always possibility of deception arising, but on individual communion with individual Teachers, and teaching received which otherwise we could not have gained.*

—“The Masters as Facts and Ideals,” by ANNIE BESANT.

**T**EACHERS of religion abound amongst us. Knowers of religion, capable of helping us to comprehend the mystery of the human soul and to realise the binding force which unites all that lives with the Divine, are few indeed. For they form the vanguard of our race, the first fruits of our evolution, and their feet firmly tread the narrow path by which man transcends the limits of time and space in order to help his fellows that come after. Thus transcending they know the ineffable bliss that opens before every son of man as he overcomes.

A teacher of religion, and one also who knows, Mrs. Besant works amongst us to-day. Her saintly life, great gifts of heart and head, and absolute devotion to the spread of the highest ideals have made her name a household word all the world over.

It was the letters in Mr. A. P. Sinnett's *Occult World*—“wonderfully suggestive,” she calls them—and the *Secret Doctrine* of Madame H. P. Blavatsky that in this life put the key of hidden knowledge within reach of her eager hand. She heard of the great Masters of Wisdom, who are the Elder Brothers of Humanity, and determined to reach Them; and because of her labour for others in the past, she at once chose the only path that leads direct to Their feet: the life that gains but to give.

In life, through death, to life, I am but the servant of the great Brotherhood, and those on whose heads but for a moment the touch of the Master has rested in blessing can never again

look upon the world save through eyes made luminous with the radiance of the Eternal Peace.”—(*Autobiography*, p. 364.)

Since Mrs. Besant joined the Theosophical Society on May 10, 1889, she has taught, by voice or pen, all who were ready to hear. The series of lectures delivered before the meetings of the Theosophical Society each year are clear expositions of the facts concerning the inner life, both in man and in the universe. Many thousands in, and outside, the Theosophical Society all the world over, bless her for the spiritual light her teachings have given to them, and she has spared no pains to spread a knowledge of the Wisdom far and wide. The track of her footsteps may be followed all over the map of all the great continents, and many of their individual countries have heard her clear and fervid words of inspiration and help.

A study of her writings from the first early manuals on *Man and His Bodies*, *Reincarnation* and *Karma* (afterwards embodied and expanded in *The Ancient Wisdom*) leads us on step by step as she herself learned and expounded, and *In the Outer Court* and *The Path of Discipleship* we find, traced for all who read, the steps of the man who has arrived at the point of his evolutionary history where, looking back over the past, in which he has grown by taking, he turns resolutely to the future in which he is to grow by giving.

In many of her writings and lectures Mrs. Besant has explained the spiritual

link between all religions, notably in *Four Great Religions*, and *The Universal Text Book of Religion and Morals*, while *Esoteric Christianity* and *An Introduction to Yoga* deal respectively with Christian and Hindu aspects of the one truth. Through her we clearly realise that the path to union in East and West is one, whether described in the mystic language of Jacob Boehme, or by Patanjali in his *Yoga Sutras*. Saints and holy men and prophets and rishis she points to as the product of all religions and times; and whether a man is born within the fold of one religion or another depends upon the aspect of the Divine most needed by the body he uses in any particular life. Forms of religion, as apart from religion itself, are thus observed in proper perspective on the field of evolution.

Credulity forms no part of Mrs. Besant's teaching. She knows that the path of the blind led by the blind leads surely, sooner or later, to the Slough of Despond. Open-eyed, clear judgment is required from all who aspire. The Way is pointed out and milestones erected on the ascending road, but how, or when, or where, each one enters that Path is left for each individual to decide. It will always be when the needs of the spirit begin to outweigh the insistent pull of matter.

Just as students of physical science check results by comparing individual research, so do the pupils of the royal science of the Self compare notes to check any inaccuracy in verbal presentation. Whenever Mrs. Besant's active life has brought her into contact with a fellow-pupil she has seized the opportunity to compare separate observations on matter, in all its forms as the envelope of the spirit. The results of some of these researches have been given to the world. *Occult Chemistry*, *Thought Forms*, and *Man: Whence, How, and Whither?* are the results of such work in collaboration with the greatest seer of our own, and probably of any previous, era, Mr. C. W. Leadbeater, a man of selfless life.

A mystic, in the sense of possessing the open inner sight which gains knowledge of Divine Men and touch with the One

Reality in which we all live and move and have our being, Mrs. Besant is yet pre-eminently a woman of action. To guide and to plan is even more her line of work than to teach. And whilst thousands revere her for spiritual help she is ever active in building up forms that may be better servants of the soul of each nation. Schools and Colleges are springing up everywhere through the Theosophical Educational Trust, to help children, because right education is the basis of fruitful national life; the Orders of Service for men and women whose motto is "Renunciation, Obedience, Service"; the "Stalwarts," who in India are pledged to much-needed reforms in out-worn customs of child-marriage and caste rigidity; the Orders of the Sons and Daughters of India. These are a few among the many beneficent institutions which the world owes to her master mind.

The fact that the Indian people now offer her the highest honour in the gift of a subject people—the Presidentship of the Indian National Congress next December—shows in itself how India has responded to her appeal to the soul of its people during her patient years of work amongst them, and has resolved to shake off the sloth engendered by despair and awake to the full opportunities of this opening cycle. India and Britain will both bless the day when India saw straight in a dark hour and stood by Annie Besant.

The Theosophical Society during her wise Presidentship has steadily grown, both in the numbers of its members, in worldly possessions, in lecture halls and centres, and in knowledge of the deeper truths of life, and power to express them. It has withstood the most virulent attacks on its leaders of the backward portion of the community, and has gained the respect of the world for the purity of its ideals and the incentive to right conduct that its studies give in every country.

Those who heard Mrs. Besant's lectures in London in 1909, on "The Changing World," or have read her book which embodies them, can realise the motive of her ever-increasing activity: to prepare men to face the coming trials and to watch fearlessly the crumbling of civilisations,

determined to raise happy homes on the site of every ruined hovel and to make a glad earth and a free people take the place of a world groaning under the pains of downtrodden millions.

When the war cloud broke in 1914, Annie Besant sounded the note of stern resistance to the efforts of ruthless strength to crush the aspirations of the weak, and the small booklet of her utterances on the subject, which we owe to the care of Dr. M. Rocke, who collected them from various sources, shows how, to Mrs. Besant's far-seeing gaze, this struggle is literally the faint echoes of a tremendous upheaval of the forces of darkness and regression against those of light and progress, in order to delay, if possible, the near return of the great world Teacher and the spiritual progress of mankind. In the dark days after Mons her words of cheer, scattered broadcast over the world, nerved many a heart and arm cheerfully to sacrifice all for the helping of the world at this tremendous crisis.

Annie Besant in this life has gone down into the depths with the people of the West as well as of the East. The slums of East London, the Dockers' and Cabdrivers' struggles to lift the de-humanising burden of precarious and ill-paid labour; the match girls' Scylla of starvation and Charybdis of "phossy-jaw"—or the street; the searchings of heart of the thoughtful atheist; the diseases of men and women who are ignorant of moral and eugenic laws and are consumed by the blind cravings of the flesh; the struggle of some in authority for the welfare of the few and their blindness to the needs of the many; she felt with, and suffered with, all. And because ever with her to realise an evil was to attempt to remove it, she incurred the wrath of the short-sighted in her youth in the same way that she endures it to-day. But with this difference: that the years of development on the Path

of Discipleship have given her a surer, wiser vision and an added power to help.

Even before she entered that Path no shrinkings of a highly sensitive nature, so pure and exquisite in the pride of its true womanliness that a word or glance of disrespect and scorn seared her heart as with a hot iron and left scars never to be obliterated, could cause her to falter in her work. Accused of teaching free love, she steadfastly faced her accusers, wrapped in the shield of a blameless life. Then, as now, the ribald insinuations of clubs and tea-tables merely showed up the ignorance, or malice, of the speakers.

No accusation was too coarse, no slander too baseless for circulation by these men, and for a long time these indignities caused me bitter suffering, outraging my pride, and soiling my good name. (*Autobiography*, p. 171.)

The throb of those old wounds has been transmuted into capacity to sympathise with the hurts of others, as those who have felt the compassion and tenderness of that great and forgiving heart have happy cause to know.

If it is to H. P. Blavatsky that we owe deep reverence for showing to the world those links that enable human intellect to understand the possibility of the workings of spirit, it is to Annie Besant that we owe the wide spread of that priceless gift. Again and again has she sacrificed her legitimate advance in order to stay with and help those who, without her strong aid and clear sight, would falter under the burdens of the way.

"Hail, Brothers! You who in the midst of the darkest night, believed in the Dawn."

Before those words, her last year's birthday greeting to those who love her, are read on her birthday this year, may Annie Besant, spiritual teacher and wise statesman, be free to carry on her beneficent work for the world.

# QUELQUES ASPECTS DE MME. ANNIE BESANT

By AIMÉE BLECH

**C**EUX qui ont entendu parler Mme. Annie Besant et la proclament avec enthousiasme une femme supérieure, une conférencière dont l'éloquence égale ou dépasse celle des grands tribuns, ceux-ci ne la connaissent encore que superficiellement; ceux qui l'ont lue, qui se sont nourris de la manne bienfaisante semée à profusion dans ses livres, qui ont senté la beauté morale et la force spirituelle qui en émane, ceux-là connaissent peut-être un peu mieux, mais ne peuvent encore la connaître que partiellement. Pour la connaître — non pas intégralement... qui pourrait s'en vanter? — mais plus complètement, plus profondément il faut l'avoir vue à l'œuvre, dans la vie journalière, il faut avoir bénéficié de sa présence, de son atmosphère, il faut avoir vu les aspects divers et nombreux manifestés dans sa personnalité actuelle,... si nombreux, si divers que c'est une joie, un intérêt toujours croissants, que de l'étudier au point de vue psychologique. Dans cette étude on est parfois un peu gêné par ses sentiments personnels; quand on aime il semble plus difficile d'être impartial—bien que cela soit possible... l'amour n'est pas toujours aveugle—mais d'autre part tant de nuances, tant de détails sont compris du cœur qui aime, alors qu'ils échappent au profane!

Je veux parler ici seulement de quelques-uns de ses aspects qui ont pu être saisis par tous ceux qui l'ont vue de près. Sa physionomie mobile peut revêtir—appuyé du maintien et du geste—des expressions multiples, successives. On verra en elle, "la Princesse lointaine," indifférente, et comme légèrement hautaine—la femme du monde d'une distinction parfaite, dont la dignité est accompagnée

d'un charme irrésistible; à un autre moment c'est la sainte qui apparaîtra, aurolée de lumière,... puis ce sera le visage ardent de l'héroïne;... ce sera encore l'Instructeur vénéré au regard pensif, profond et dont la voix, adoucie dans les réunions intimes, a un caractère particulièrement attachant, va droit au cœur; à d'autres moments le tribune s'éveillera et la note de l'autorité, du pouvoir résonnera; parfois le regard a une douceur suave et pénétrante—parfois il devient d'acier, sévère, inquisiteur, et souvent la sourire qui illumine sa physionomie a la candeur d'une sourire d'enfant—chez de grandes âmes parfois j'ai vu cette naïveté d'enfant.

Ces espèces multiples de sa personnalité, — déconcertants pour quelques-uns, ceux qui se sont fait un idéal à leur propre image—dérivent presque tous de l'une ou l'autre ses trois attributs : pouvoir, connaissance, amour.

Alors que chez de certains êtres, dévolution moyenne, les caractéristiques de l'un ou l'autre des trois attributs ou sentiers, ne se manifestent pas d'une façon nette, définie, chez d'autres, au contraire il n'y a ni hésitation, ni flottement : ces caractéristiques s'accusent avec précision. On en voit qui n'ont d'autre mobile que l'action, d'autres ne sont poussés que par la connaissance, d'autres enfin ne vivent que par l'amour.

Chez ces grandes âmes nous retrouvons les trois sentiers, les trois aspects divins, nous les retrouvons intégralement, bien que souvent il y ait prédominance de l'un sur les autres. Celui qui semble dominer la vie de Mme. Besant, actuellement, c'est bien l'aspect *pouvoir*. Mais ceux qui l'ont connue "Instructeur," ce qui l'ont lue et écoutée ne doutent pas de l'importance du sentier de la connaissance



MRS. ANNIE BESANT





dans sa vie. Et ceux qui l'ont vue de près ont vu l'amour se manifester, connaissent la puissance de l'amour chez cette noble femme; surtout ceux qui ont vu son regard, chargé d'une tendresse attristée et singulièrement douce et pénétrante, se poser sur un ancien ami, devenu ennemi, et acharné à la combattre.

En vérité, quant à ce qui concerne sa personnalité, notre Présidente a réalisé les paroles du Christ: "Aimez vos ennemis, faites du bien à ceux qui vous persécutent..."

Il m'est arrivé ainsi de voir des aspects du Passé, de caractère historique, se manifester dans Annie Besant. Un jour —c'était il y a près de 20 ans—dans l'une de ses conférences je crus voir apparaître Hypatie. Elle était encore mince de stature, alors; vêtue de blanc, le front nimbé de lumière, elle enseignait ses disciples. Longtemps après j'eus la vision de Giordano Bruno. Elle marchait devant moi, à pas silencieux et rapides; je voyais ses cheveux argentés coupés court, la stature un peu plus ramassée, le dos voûté légèrement, vêtue d'un beige tirant sur le brun: c'était un aspect

soudain et saisissant du moine-martyr...

Aujourd'hui—nous ne l'avons pas vue, hélas! depuis la guerre—son dernier portrait amène ce cri sur toutes les lèvres: c'est l'aspect du Manou: un regard profond et ardent tout à la fois, un front labouré par la pensée, une force, un autorité émanant de tout son être. Oui, en peut voir en elle le Manou à venir...

Voilà quelques aspects, brièvement esquissés de celle qui a été, qui est encore la lumière pour tant d'âmes. Le siècle prochain jugera de son œuvre; nous voyons trop court pour en juger, surtout pour pouvoir *la juger*, dans sa campagne actuelle, elle dont la vision est si lointaine et si pénétrante, elle qui possède la connaissance que nous n'avons pas.

J'ai la conviction que la lumière se fera et que, dans l'avenir, quand le calme sera revenu, et que certains préjugés et malentendus se seront dissipés, que notre chère alliée l'Angleterre sera fière de compter parmi ses enfants l'une de plus nobles créatures que la terre ait porté, l'une des plus grandes femmes du temps,... pour nous théosophes et membres de l'Etoile d'Orient, certainement *la plus grande*.

Dr. Julia Seaton Sears, in the Bechstein Hall, London, on February 16, 1913,  
spoke thus on Mrs. Besant:

"Among many teachers . . . one woman is standing there whose character is unimpeachable. She is up against her own fate law and has got to pass up the proofs. Never forget that Annie Besant has faced the world for years; from the very beginning she has been boundless in courage—especially has she tried to prove the truth to her own soul. To-day I am amazed that every loyal heart among her followers is not demanding a mass meeting that the whole story may be brought out into the full light of day, and Annie Besant revealed as she is to the whole world. She has been the queen of Englishwomen. She has told you the truths; she has blazed the trail—she has done exactly the same thing in India—and incense should be burned before her feet. She may have erred through her methods; but she has been always first, last, and all the time perfectly resolute, undaunted in her allegiance to Truth."

# MRS. BESANT AS AN EMPIRE BUILDER

By Sir S. SUBRAMANIA IYER, K.C.I.E., LL.D.,

*Late Acting Chief Justice, High Court of Madras, and President, Home Rule League, Madras*

THE Empires which have hitherto been built in the world have been built either by military commanders or by statesmen. Cæsar built the Roman Empire, but the power of the sword was necessary for the building; so, too, was it with Napoleon, and later still when the German Empire was built by Bismarck. The second method of Empire building by statesmen is illustrated in the United States of America. Lincoln welded all the States into one by his statesmanship, but his policy had to be carried out by the sword, though that sword was not for conquest, but for the defence of human rights. Both these modes of Empire building have been tried and have had their day; they involve warfare and bloodshed.

The time has now come when Empire building must have a different basis; future Empires, if they are to persist, must have three principles underlying their structure:

1. They must be founded on the full recognition of the Brotherhood of all the individuals composing the Empire.
2. This necessitates that love and sympathy shall be the principal characteristics in its administration.
3. There must be a spirit of universal religion which makes impossible religious antagonism.

The Empire builder of to-day must have qualities vastly different from previous builders and statesmen if to-day he is to carry out the plan of the Supreme. That means building with the power of religion, and without the power of the sword. In India, in four periods of its history, religion as a unifying influence has been used by great kings; there was King Harsha in the seventh century, who, by his perfect

patronage of both Hinduism and Buddhism, built for a time an Empire in India; there was later the Mogul Emperor Akbar, who united Hindus and Muhammedans under one rule by his perfect sympathy to both; later still the Vijayanagara kings enlisted the help of the great Saint Madhavacharya to bring into one kingdom several religious communities; and Guru Narak, through the power of religion, made one body of his pupils or Sikhs, who later became a military power. But all these rulers nevertheless were fighters, and the sword made up for the deficiencies of spiritual persuasion.

The new type of Empire building which the world now requires is most strikingly exemplified by Mrs. Besant, and the type is seen in her work for India. Her work will best be understood by those who realise the unusual task involved in building India to be a vital part of the British Empire. Here in this land we have many languages and many forms of religion, which separate the peoples into many communities. Now all these must be welded into one whole, and unless that work is done here the British Empire is bound to fail, for without India there is nothing of the British Empire but a name. And if the British Empire does not perform the high rôle before it, the future of the world will be seriously handicapped for ages.

Therefore, Brotherhood, as an essential principle in Empire building, is imperative; the Hindus must be united with the Muhammedans and the Jains and Buddhists; while there is perfect toleration among themselves, there will have to be a sense of unity among them and active co-operation.







In a world crisis, such as we stand in to-day,  
weaklings are whirled away in the storm-wind.  
"Quit you like men, be strong," says an old writer.  
Thrown out into the world in young womanhood,  
I took as my motto: "Be Strong." I pass it on  
to you to-day, in my age:  
**BE STRONG.**

*ANNIE BESANT.*



Now, India is not a *tabula rasa*; the Empire builder is not dealing with primitive peoples with no traditions or culture. India is a land of many communities who cherish a hoary civilisation; they have their own religions, sciences, arts, and literatures. Therefore, the Empire builder cannot do his work with the sword, but must appeal to reason and spirituality, in order to suit the new conditions of building. Who can accomplish this task except a soul of the type of Mrs. Besant? The

that is likely to endanger her life, thus revealing the trait of the martyr.

Mrs. Besant's whole life is so spiritual that as an Empire builder she is not aiming at a political institution, but a spiritual organisation. The especial characteristic mark of that organisation may be said to be Aryan, for Mrs. Besant represents the Indo-Aryan type in perfection. She has in her nature all its elements; when lecturing in Christian countries she is recognised as an exponent of Christianity; in



PREPARATIONS FOR THE VISIT OF THE PRINCE

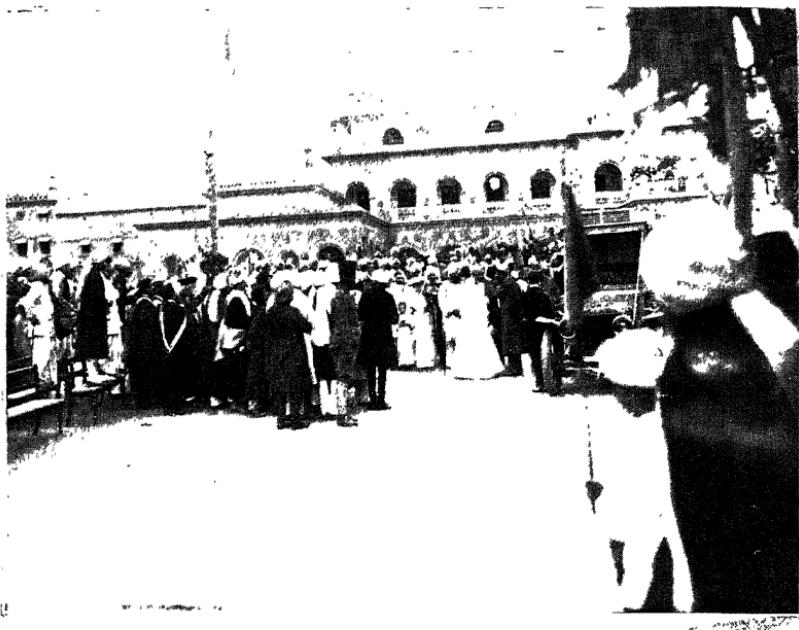
required elements of love and sympathy can only be provided by one of her sex; no man, however great, could show these qualities as finely as a woman. That is why the ego we know as Mrs. Besant has been put into a woman's body to do her work in India; she has, however, at the same time an iron will which supplies the element of the male sex. It is this will that has been made manifest recently in her refusal to concede by way of compromise any deviation in the matter of principle, even for the sake of obtaining her liberty and escaping from persecution

India we recognise her as an authority on our religion; and it is the same when she lectures to Buddhist or Muhammedan audiences. Mrs. Besant has the power of combining the various elements of Indo-Aryan culture and producing from them a beautiful mosaic.

This is important, for if an Empire is to be built in India it must have this character of a mosaic, and unless the builder is himself of this nature of a mosaic, the work cannot be done. Undoubtedly Mrs. Besant stands in a peculiar relation to the peoples of India. She has repeatedly

stated her own belief that in her previous lives she has again and again been born in India, and that her present Western birth is only for the purpose of supplementing her Indian character with something of the Western, in order that she might do better her work of organisation for India. One proof at least of this claim may be held to be what is now taking place in

It is interesting to note how Mrs. Besant began her work of Empire building. When she came to India she did not at once work in the political field. She expounded one religion after another, emphasising the common unity of faith and aspiration. In India, where religion may degenerate into fanaticism with its concomitant of bloodshed, Mrs. Besant's



VISIT IN 1906 TO THE CENTRAL HINDU COLLEGE, BENARES, OF THEIR MAJESTIES THE KING AND THE QUEEN AS PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES. MRS. BESANT AS PRESIDENT OF THE BOARD OF TRUSTEES OF THE COLLEGE

India; there is no instance of a single Western person except herself who has called forth, as during the last few weeks, such universal love and sympathy from every part of India; the educated and the uneducated, the English speaking and those who know not a word of English, have all united in one profound admiration and reverence, and many are the prayers that go up from temple and shrine on her behalf to-day.

first work was to make fanaticism impossible, and to-day the whole attitude of Hindus to Muhammedans and *vice versa* has changed so far as religion is concerned.

Her next work was to put education upon a religious basis. A lasting monument to her education work is the Hindu University, which she organised as the Central Hindu College of Benares. A most memorable event at the College was

the visit to it of their Majesties the King-Emperor and the Queen-Empress when they visited India as the Prince and Princess of Wales. Mrs. Besant, as the President of the Board of Trustees of the College, received their Majesties, and after the Prince of Wales was crowned King and visited India again, His Majesty sent to the College, through Mrs. Besant, signed portraits of himself and the Queen. The Central Hindu College, under Mrs. Besant's guidance, was the first large institution definitely to embody the teaching of religion as part of its curriculum. The impulse she gave has influenced hundreds of schools to make religious teaching and worship an integral part of education. And to crown all her labours, she has just organised the National Board of Education, comprising many of the leading men in India, to put education on a thoroughly national basis.

The next unique thing that Mrs. Besant has done is to bring together the Hindus and the Muhammedans as brothers in one common national work. This is a miracle the significance of which only those living in India can understand, and though many have helped in this union, she stands supremely as the worker of the great miracle. No less marvellous is the fact that this stupendous work has been achieved in the course of three years, since she took up political work. There are few Empire builders who can show such a record of work in so brief a time. Not less noteworthy is her bringing together once again into a common political body the Extremists and the Moderates of the Indian National Congress; many had prophesied that these two bodies would never unite, but Mrs. Besant has done it.

Mrs. Besant has brought about union because of the force of the ideals which she has lived in her own life. One of the prominent Muhammedan leaders, the Hon. Mr. Syed Wazir Hassan, Secretary of the All-India Muslim League, referred the other day in a public meeting "to the spiritual side of her life, and how ennobling from that point of view her influence has been." "I look upon Mrs. Annie Besant," he said, "as an embodi-

ment and external symbol of what is my ideal of existence. Life is not worth living without such ideals, and we should resist with all our power attacks threatening the fulfilment of our hopes and the attainment of our ideals."

What is Mrs. Besant's ideal of an Empire? Here are her words, written in November, 1914, when, four months after the War began, she proclaimed the real spiritual conflict of ideals underlying the struggle :

Of the two possible World-Empires, that of Great Britain and that of Germany, one is already far advanced in the making and shows its quality, with Dominions and Colonies, with India at its side. The other is but in embryo; but can be judged by its theories, with the small examples available as to the fashion of their out-working in the new Colonies that it is founding, the outlining of the unborn embryo. The first embodies—though as yet but partially realised—the Ideal of Freedom; of ever-increasing Self-Government; of Peoples rising into power and self-development along their own lines; of a Supreme Government "broad-based upon the People's Will"; of fair and just treatment of undeveloped races, aiding, not enslaving them; it embodies the embryo of the splendid Democracy of the Future; of the New Civilisation—co-operative, peaceful, progressive, artistic, just and free; a Brotherhood of Nations, whether the Nations be inside or outside the World-Empire. This is the Ideal; and that Great Britain has set her foot in the path which leads to it is proved not only by her past interior history, with its struggles towards Liberty, but also by her granting of autonomy to her Colonies, her formation of the beginnings of Self-Government in India, her constantly improving attitude towards the undeveloped races—as in using the Salvation Army to civilise the criminal tribes in India—all promising advances towards the Ideal. Moreover, she has ever sheltered the oppressed exiles flying to her shores for refuge against their tyrants—the names of Kossuth, Mazzini, Kropotkin, shine out gloriously as witnesses in her favour; she has fought against the slave trade and well-nigh abolished it. And at the present moment she is fighting in defence of keeping faith with those too small to exact it; in defence of Treaty obligations and the sanctity of a Nation's pledged word; in defence of National Honour, of Justice to the weak, of that Law, obedience to which by the strong States is the only guarantee of future Peace, the only safeguard of Society against the tyranny of brute Strength. For all this England is fighting when she might have stood aside, selfish and at ease, watching her neighbours tearing each other to pieces, waiting until their exhaustion made it possible for her to impose her will. Instead of thus remaining, she has sprung for-

ward, knight-errant of Liberty, servant of Duty. With possible danger of Civil War behind her, with supposed revolt in South Africa and India, with shameful bribes offered for her standing aside, she spurned all lower reasonings, and, springing to her feet, sent out a lion's roar of defiance to the breakers of treaties, uttered a ringing shout for help to her peoples, flung her little army to the front—a veritable David against Goliath—to gain time, time, that the hosts might gather, to hold the enemy back at all costs, let die who might of her children; called for men to her standard, men from the nobles, from the professions, from the trades, men from the plough, from the forge, from the mine, from the furnace; and this not for gain—she has naught to gain from the war—but because she loved Liberty, Honour, Justice, Law better than life or treasure; that she counted glorious Death a thousandfold more desirable than shameful existence bought by cowardly ease. For this, the Nations bless her; for this, her dying Sons adore her; for this, History shall applaud her; for this, shall the World-Empire be hers with the consent of all Free Peoples, and she shall be the Protector, not the Tyrant, of Humanity.

All through Mrs. Besant's work in India she has continually emphasised the inseparable bond between India and England; indeed, her insistence upon this essential element of the future of India has made her to be sharply criticised by those in India who have not believed as firmly in the ideals of the British Empire as she has done. It is just because she has this ideal conception of the British Empire that she has been so anxious to emphasise the unique nationality and worth of the Indian peoples to the British Empire. It is this that has made her preach Home Rule against the wish of ninety-nine per cent. of her race in India. The sincerity of her purpose could not be evinced better than by her unflagging work of uplifting the peoples of India in spite of every misrepresentation and even vilification.

One noteworthy characteristic of her political work is its constitutionalism; never for a moment has she hesitated to denounce violence in every form. Indeed, she herself, in her attempts to persuade Anarchists and revolutionaries, has been misunderstood, and has caused herself to come under the unwelcome supervision of the Criminal Investigation Department. Whenever possible she has seen high officials in authority to explain to them the principles underlying her work. She

has personally explained her work to the Governors of Bengal and Madras.

She has not been merely critical, she has actually shown the methods of construction. The Madras Parliament, which she organised for training in Parliamentary method and debate, has to its credit up to the present a number of carefully worked-out Acts during 1915 and 1916, of which the principal ones are Compulsory Elementary Education, "Madras Panchayats" (Village Tribunals, for the re-institution of local government), "Commonwealth of India Act" (for National Self-government within the Empire), a supplementary Act to the foregoing "relating to the Indian Judicature," and the "Religious Education Act."

Not long ago Mr. Austen Chamberlain, the then Secretary of State for India, described her methods of political work as "dangerous." It may be pointed out that in the opinion of the Indian leaders of thought the danger of her method was not to the Empire but to those vested interests which themselves constitute the real danger to the Empire.

Mrs. Besant is a profound mystic, and when, after twenty-one years of strenuous life in India, she entered into the political field, it was as a practical mystic of a unique type. Oliver Cromwell was a practical mystic, but he nevertheless believed in the power of the sword, and told his soldiers, "Trust in God, but keep your powder dry." But Mrs. Besant is unique in that she only uses peaceful persuasion; she achieved her work by calling forth the powers of Faith within men. It was well said by Sir Arthur Lawley, when he was Governor of Madras, "Her voice is never raised save to move her hearers to some nobler impulse, to some loftier ideals, to some higher plane of thought."

Though for the moment Mrs. Besant's work has been utterly misunderstood by the Government of India, the peoples of India understand her, and day after day the volume of devotion to her steadily grows. I doubt not also that soon there will come from the rest of the British Empire the recognition due to her as one of the Empire's great builders.





*Photo by Russell and Sons]*

ANNIE BESANT

117, Baker Street, W.





# A CONFESSION OF FAITH

By MAJOR BEAN

*We are obliged to curtail this article for want of space, but we know the author will forgive us rather than not be represented in this number*

**I** WAS at first irritated at the "cock-sureness" of Theosophy with its exact details and minutiae of atoms, bubbles, etc. I said to myself :

Oh let us never, never doubt,  
What nobody is sure about,

as the little comic rhyme says. All the same the grandeur of its beliefs, the inherent sanity and reasonableness of Theosophy—its breadth, tolerance and clearness appealed to my intellect just as its mystic and devotional side appealed to my intuition; so I went on steadily studying it though having occasional querulous (on my side) arguments with my friends the "cocksure" Theosophists, as I thought them. Gradually a strong intellectual belief in the thing was added to my instinct for it. I reasoned like this :

The great Theosophical leaders like Mrs. Besant and others are either

- (1) Honest and correct.
- (2) Honest and self-deluded.
- (3) Deliberately deceitful.

I quickly made up my mind, reading Mrs. Besant's books and especially her *Autobiography*, that if she was one thing more than another she was utterly honest to a quite unconventional and extraordinary degree. Her whole life bore witness to the fact that she was prepared to endure untold miseries rather than parley for one second with falsehood in any shape or form. I must with shame confess it, reading her *Autobiography* for the first time, the idea did flash across me momentarily, "Is this *Autobiography* a clever pose? Has Mrs. Besant deliberately set out to create an atmosphere of honest outspokenness in this book for the purpose of ingratiating and disarming criticism?" But I scouted the idea indignantly almost as it arose. The book bore the unmistakable imprint of utter singleness of

heart and lack of guile. Moreover, "cui bono?" where was the "schemer" suggested anywhere in her life's history? The whole story bore witness to an uncompromising loyalty to truth which landed her in terrible personal difficulties and struggles all the time. A schemer chooses the path of least resistance—wriggles and twists a devious way to his goal—but this soul kept the star of truth full in view—plunged into the black river of doubt and persecution (the persecution which doubt and unorthodoxy brought with them in Mrs. Besant's young days and still do) and struck out fearlessly for the shore, feeling in fullest measure the ice-cold waters strike chill to her breast but facing the opposing current of the stream dauntlessly, and ever pressing onwards.

All that was best and most spiritual in me went out to her teachings and knew them for truth and knew that "life lived" had taught her them. I knew it from my own spiritual experience, from my own struggles with temptation, occasional successes and frequent failures. I felt that where I, in the very smallest and feeblest way, had willed and failed for the most part, she, in the very grandest way, had willed and succeeded magnificently, and yet I felt kin to her and felt I could, to some extent, understand her by reason of my own poor efforts and sufferings. I thought of the Christ's saying : "He that will come after Me, let him deny himself and take up his cross daily and follow Me," and I felt on studying her life, and reading her writings, considering for what she had fought and suffered—always for unpopular causes—always for the weak and helpless against the strong—always for breadth and tolerance, for truth and high ideals against prejudice and

narrowness, low aim and unworthy compromise—I thought, surely in our day no one has followed that command more literally than she; surely she lives and practices in literal detail the very words and injunctions of Christ, of the Buddha and all the great teachers, in a way that none of her detractors can approach? Has not the history of all great truth seekers and reformers been the same? Was not her way the Via crucis, the Via dolorosa, the way of Socrates, of Jesus, of Mohammed, of Hypatia, of Joan of Arc, of Savonarola, of Giordano Bruno and numberless other reformers who have dared to be great and honest and unselfish and to have spiritual insight far beyond the measure of their time? Was not the degree of free thought, breadth and enlightenment, the removal of political and social boycott from those who dare to hold unusual views of life and religion, the revival of mental and moral courage in narrow conservative England, was not all this largely due to her and Bradlaugh and Stainton Moses and others like them? The *Autobiography* showed me clearly in what heroic mould she was cast. It is not the liar and the cheat, nor yet the feebly-balanced and hysterical who agonise over the sufferings of humanity and concern themselves with the world's dumb pain; it is not they who leave the sheltered home and face stress and storm on man's behalf, seeking to read the riddle of the universe. It is the Saviours of Humanity, and their disciples, who face the trials of the wilderness in order that tempted, tested, and at length enlightened, they may shed their light on lesser souls.

I thought of Mrs. Hamilton King's words :

Measure thy life by loss instead of gain,  
Not by the wine drunk, but the wine poured forth.  
For love's strength standeth in Love's sacrifice;  
And who suffers most has most to give.

And as I realised the sacrifice I measured the greatness of this life.

From her wonderful spiritual teaching I turned to her practical side, her accuracy and command of detail. I studied her Indian writings and felt their sane practical common sense, combined with

intuitive and delicate sympathy for this sensitive, spiritual, metaphysical race. I read her book (written in collaboration with Mr. Leadbeater), entitled *Occult Chemistry*. I marvelled at the courage which could put forward this bold claim to unique powers of clairvoyance in face of the certain jeers of "science" whenever "science" should come to see it. I felt perfectly certain, though, from the simplicity and courage of this production, that I was dealing neither with fraud nor delusion, but with solid fact. Nobody could imagine those marvellously complicated, yet beautifully symmetrical drawings of the physical atom in its various phases or grades of matter which the pages of *Occult Chemistry* contained. They were either cleverly worked-out fraud or they were genuine. They were not delusion at all events. Consider again—in spite of the wondrous ingenuity and beauty of design in these atom pictures—what colossal impudence and stupidity would this book have been had it been a fake! What brazen effrontery this calm assertion of atoms counted accurately and methodically to a fault, atoms which one knew to be almost infinitely ultra-microscopic—the atomic weights of orthodox chemistry coolly checked and confirmed by a method of direct vision! What courage to put forward this book and expose one's self to the ridicule of science.

As a medical man it was not difficult for me to imagine a wide expansion of the senses; a great refinement of our human powers of observation. It is common knowledge to all medical students that the eye, the ear, the finger can be trained to discover things quite hidden from untrained senses, so that a carefully trained medical observer has wide fields open for his exploring which are quite shut from the untrained. I had read, too, the history of medicine and knew that the slow exploration of the body—the mapping out of its functions—is even yet by no means finished. Why should it be impossible or even unlikely that in all of us there are dormant sense organs which an arduous training can arouse?

This theory of dormant spiritual powers and senses, whose evolution and awaken-

ing could be hastened by a suitable training—did it not fit all sorts of puzzling facts into their proper places? Accepting it not perhaps as proved truth, but at all events as a sound working hypothesis and so considering seriously the knowledge gained (it was asserted) through the use of these higher powers of observation, various great problems of life became plain—became mere well-oiled joints, cranks and bearings in the smooth and faultless mechanism of existence.

Mrs. Besant has, as I say, been a strong personal factor in my belief in and enthusiasm for Theosophy—but utterly and absolutely apart from her the grandeur, sanity and comfort of the teachings would have convinced both my intellect and intuition. Life seen before Theosophy came to enlighten me was like one of those complicated puzzle-maps or pictures, so many separate pieces (the divers great problems of life) which did not seem to fit together—all inequalities and unevennesses. Awkward facts have now fitted themselves into their proper places—corners and jutting angles have dovetailed in with other irregularities, and a fair plan of life with justice and reason writ large upon it has gradually grown for me, where before were puzzle and bewilderment. One's vision has expanded so enormously—one takes a great bird's-eye sweep of life now and sees the "mighty stream of tendency" instead of concentrating on that little "cabbage patch"—the small crop of world history one knew before.

Theosophists again—does one find them all cranks and visionaries and oddities? Not at all! Such people can be found in Theosophical circles as they can be found outside them. In a Theosophical gather-

ing you may perhaps see a few more queer looking people than you would see, say, in a Church of England average congregation; but this partly because of the width of view and tolerance of Theosophy, throwing it open to all sorts of men, partly due to the weird side of occultism making its peculiar appeal to some rather weird people. But when all this is said, I can say that I have met no saner, no nobler characters than I have met among Theosophists; and one finds them, as a body, tolerant, cultured, kindly, helpful, cheerful and wholesome people. Quite a number of Theosophists have clairvoyant powers and function consciously on the astral plane, but they keep quite quiet about it for the most part and dislike to speak of their powers; still, if one cares to press home the enquiry, one can ascertain the fact. Is one to believe that all these people are humbugs or hysterical visionaries when the whole trend of their lives and characters give the lie direct to such a thought?

These and many more similar reflections gradually "read, marked, learnt, and inwardly digested," have at length precipitated, or, rather, crystallised in my mind a clear conviction that Theosophy is true and is the very heart and kernel of that message which this New Age shall bring to us when the hour of the Passing Age is accomplished and the birth pangs are finished—and it is the tidal-wave of mighty "deeper" souls like Annie Besant which now helps so many of us in our daily needs and by its overflow raises us from what is "low." Therefore do I honour her for her words and deeds and sound my little note of loyalty and reverence for her and such as she.

"If you would know the Christ when He comes, try to develop all the qualities which go to the making of the spiritual man—love, tenderness, gentleness, sympathy. Check the tendency to decry the great and to find faults in what is noble; cultivate reverence."

ANNIE BESANT  
in *The Coming of the World Teacher*  
6

# AN APPRECIATION OF ANNIE BESANT

By Sergeant E. V. HAYES

**A**MONG many characteristics which shine so clearly in that heroic soul we know to-day as Annie Besant, there is the one which takes first place in the sixteenth chapter of the *Gita*—Fearlessness.

It comes there first in order because without it the other outward signs of the soul approaching the divine could never be gained. “The will always to strive for wisdom . . . uprightness, truthfulness, a mind that lightly letteth go what others prize, patience and fortitude,” how can they be won if fearlessness does not underlie them? Throughout her wonderful life this innate courage has never deserted Annie Besant in the supreme moments of decision or dark hours of misrepresentation.

There is some sort of tradition that our great protector was Giordano Bruno in a previous life, and further back still, the celebrated Hypatia. I can well believe it, and I know of no two characters in history which suit her better. Often, watching her ascend the platform at the Queen’s Hall, I have been irresistibly reminded of Hypatia mounting the rostrum at her lecture hall in ancient Alexandria, and I recall, too, that when she faced that howling mob, thirsting for her blood, according to Charles Kingsley, she faced them with never a trace of fear. And Bruno, also, the maddening tongues of flame licking his body with hideous caresses on that Field of Flowers in Rome, what fear showed he in that hour of hell?

Maybe, the bitterness in Annie Besant’s heart, in her Freethought days, against dogmatic Christianity was a vivid memory of those unspeakable tortures endured twice at the hands of the priests of orthodoxy!

What fear was there in Annie Besant’s

heart when the choice was put to her: conformity to the Church—and home; rebellion—and expulsion? “I chose the latter,” she says, and only she can know what agony lay in that decision.

When she espoused the cause of the poor mother of a large family, whose life very often was, and still is, little better than that of an animal, what innate courage enabled her to arrive at a resolve that brought her endless trouble. But what fearlessness must have been hers when, after all the slander, the pain and the scorn, she openly faced the admission that her theory had been wrong, and that Theosophy could not allow of her former Neo-Malthusianism? And the courage with which she gave herself to the cause of H. P. Blavatsky! Not, remember, when H. P. B. was fawned on and flattered, as in pre-Coloumb days, but after she had been condemned as a trickster and an impudent liar. It might be said by the enemies of Theosophy that some of those who clung to Madame Blavatsky after the report of the Society for Psychical Research did so rather than admit they had been deceived. It cannot be said of Annie Besant. No wonder H. P. B. called her a noble woman and invoked the blessing of the MASTER upon her. Surely that benediction has been on her ever since!

It is this fearlessness of hers which makes her so indispensable to our young Order as its Protector. The fact that she has never feared to admit a mistake gives us that full confidence in her without which her Protectorship would be little more than a name. Others, men and women, look after a strenuous life to their old age as a peaceful evening, when the hot sun has gone down, when the air is cool and fragrant and the sky an overshadowing of softest blue, when memories







*Photo by H. S. Mendelssohn*

ANNIE BESANT

[Kensington, S.W.]



come to haunt the hours like the faint odours of pressed flowers in a book. That rest is not for Annie Besant. She is working still; fighting still; the future as well as the past holds her to her body yet. There is a deeper peace in her heart than the passing twilight of a single earth-life, and her present phase of activity is not yet ended. There is fearlessness in this great heart which watches over the Order of the Star, as Mary, perchance, watched over the infant Christian Church. Some of the titles given to the Mother of Christianity might well be given to our Protector : Tower of Ivory, Mother Most Powerful, Queen of the Star.

In the coming years her fearlessness will, perhaps, be needed yet more. It is

comparatively easy to announce the coming of the Great Divine One; but a very different matter to point to a particular individual and say : "This is He!" There will be a wave of devotion, truly, such as never has been since the early days of Christianity; but there will also be a wave of rage and repulsion from those who know Him not. Annie Besant's fearlessness will not desert her then, if we are privileged to have her with us. We hope we may; we think we shall. And we cry to her on this birthday of hers :

"AVE! Greeting, Annie Besant! Shed some ray of thy priceless courage into the hearts of all those who live under thy protection in the Light of the STAR!"

IN treading this path it grows brighter as ignorance lessens, it grows more peaceful as weakness vanishes, it grows serener as the vibrations of earth have less power to jar and to disturb. What it is in its ending, Those only can tell who have ended : what it is at its goal, Those only may know who stand there. But even those who are treading its earlier stages know that its sorrow is joy compared with the joy of earth, and the very smallest of its flowers is worth every jewel that earth could give. One gleam of the Light which shines always upon it and that grows ever brighter as the disciple treads onwards, one gleam of that makes all earth's sunshine but as darkness; they who tread it know the peace that passeth understanding, the joy that earthly sorrow can never take away, the rest that is on the rock that no earthquake may shiver, the place within the Temple where forever there is bliss.

ANNIE BESANT, *In the Outer Court.*

# A EULOGY ON COURAGE

Being in the Style of the Didactic Essays  
of Richard Steele

By ROBERT LUTYENS

*“Si Cadere necesoe est, occurendum discrimini.”—TACITUS*

THERE can be no one to whom *Courage* does not appear a commendable quality; yet are there few qualities less familiar to the majority of mankind. *Courage* as applied to recklessness of danger, is in general a matter of temperament; but the courage we assume, and with which we support the onslaught of adversity, arising from our own conduct, shows us to be, for the most part, frail creatures.

Our courage is highest after defeat, when our desires have subsided with indulgence, and left us calm; wherefore the cry of *good intentions* is always most familiar to the vocabulary of the vanquished. Yet real *courage* after defeat is truly noble—by which we displace solitude with magnanimity, assume pride—(alas! poor pride)—where we feel humility, and nobly dispel those tears which flow so naturally, when we perceive the shattered edifice of our former hopes.

But we are frail creatures! If our courage be here now, it is gone in a moment; and is it not far easier to be *benign*, *generous*, or *charitable*—when the world will praise your virtue, than it is to be *brave* and *courageous* in the constant rebuffs that one may receive in his struggle with adversity—when all mankind will only censure you for your folly?

Yet, indeed, it is a question of doubt whether a man may be considered good that is not entirely without sin. For the man who errs often and without compunction obviously cannot be applauded; neither can he who sins, repents, and sins again as temptation presents itself. And the person who is without sin most certainly cannot be commended, for inas-

much as he hath no sin, neither hath he any virtue.\*

Therefore, I do consider that the man to be most respected is he who suffers most as a result of his follies; yet does not sink under his oppression and give up all hope—and thus abuse his understanding—but manfully fights his depression and solitude, and strengthens himself with the brave determination of future success.

And in so much I think courage—if not greater—is certainly as great as the other eulogised virtues.

*Virtus requieui nescia sordidæ.* (HOR.) It cometh to my memory, the case of a young fellow (whom we may designate under the appropriate name of Adrian Foster†)—and some distant relation to my own family, who was so addicted to the folly of drink—which strain had been transmitted to him through his father, who died of a disease resulting from his excesses—that he was a sot before he had reached the age of twenty. But he had such an excellent understanding that it was more than pitiable to watch his extreme dejection and misery as he saw that understanding gradually falling a victim

\* This may be considered as a strange statement by those readers whose chief object is to eradicate their failings; but to me all qualities appear both positive and negative, and though seeming totally opposite are but one and the same. For in as much as cold is the same as heat—only varying in degree—so, to my thinking, is love the same as hate and envy. Thus, I consider also that virtue and depravity are in reality but one, and were I to illustrate my meaning by design, I should place these two qualities at opposite ends of the same line of conduct—negative and positive—as in a magnet, and, I think, that he who tries to eradicate the negative is neither so virtuous nor helpful to his fellow creatures as he who attempts to multiply the positive.

† From Avdrios: *Brave—good, and Phostvr: Light bringer—perfectabilion.*

to his intemperance: indeed, his misery must have been great, for not even the most malicious tongue would have called him anything but ingenuous and high-minded—*nemo repente fuit turpissimus*—only was he subject to this one depravity. Yet was his courage ever high, and he fought his affliction with such determination and valour—and, moreover, was so little broken by his constant repetition of failure—that in a short time he could not be found fuddled once in a month. But his fortitude was destined to be still further tried; for the young maiden with whom he was engaged in marriage, and to whom he was entirely devoted, retreated from the engagement, on the grounds that one whose tendencies were so abject would in nowise make an amiable bed-fellow, or partner through life. Moreover, a disease which had been rapidly encroaching upon him now entirely took possession of his person, so that the best physicians insisted that his life was not worth the moments' purchase.

However, he did not hopelessly revert to his former vice at this further proof of the malevolence of fortune—as would most others in his position—but, on the contrary, he bore this news with undaunted courage, and in a short time so effectively combated and vanquished his

craving for liquor that he was able to live entirely soberly—though not before constant rebuffs; and escaped altogether the mortification which had been promised him.

And henceforth, though he never enjoyed good health, he became a temperate liver and noble gentleman, when he retrieved his place in the affections of his mistress, and later proved of inestimable value to his country, through his courage and precision in action—*l' appetitus rationi pereat*.

“To retrieve the ill consequences of a foolish conduct,” saith Fielding, “is one of the noblest efforts of wisdom and virtue.” Whoever, therefore, calls such a man fortunate is guilty of no less impropriety in speech than he would be who should call the statuary or the poet fortunate who carved a Venus or who writ an Iliad.\*

Thus, I do think, that one of the greatest and most commendable virtues is that of *Courage and Fortitude*, with which a man will pursue his course of good, through all the artifices and snares —through all the misfortunes and failures with which Fortune may strew his path—even until he hath attained his end—*audace fortuna jubat*.

\* “Amelia.” Book one, chapter one.

“The service of man is the noblest privilege, and to work for the world the richest of prizes. Our philosophy, our science, our religion have only worth as they make us more useful members of the brotherhood of man.”

ANNIE BESANT  
in *What Theosophy Is*

# TRADES THAT TRANSGRESS

## VI.—Performing Animals

By G. COLMORE

**C**OMMERCIALISM on the part of the trades, carelessness on the part of the public, these, as has been demonstrated in the preceding articles, are the main factors which initiate and support transgressions of the law of love in the many trades that transgress. Fashion gives force to some of these transgressions, such force that without fashion's countenance they would inevitably cease; the needs of civilisation condone or ignore others. But besides the trades which come into one or other of these categories, there are trades, independent both of the behests of fashion and the demands of social well-being, which transgress pitilessly, shamelessly, fundamentally. One of these trades exists, apart from the profit of the trade, simply and solely to provide amusement.

The Roman gladiator was "butchered to make a Roman holiday." In these modern days, when barbarism is supposed to be a thing of the past, still animals are tortured to make a Christian holiday. Does barbarism consist solely in the presence of brutality? Or is that negative element, lack of imagination, an equally potent agent in its composition? Feebleness of imagination must surely be the larger ingredient in the barbarism which finds pleasure, finds amusement, in witnessing feats of performing animals; otherwise multitudes of men and women, kindly, most of them, and often tender hearted, would not encourage such performances, would not calmly and laughingly accept them, would, on the contrary, refuse to tolerate their continuance, insist upon their cessation.

If they but knew, the great mass of the public, what these performances mean! And if only, not knowing, they

were not so completely content to remain in their ignorance! But they do not know, these people who themselves enjoy, and take their children to enjoy, the fruits of long continued suffering; and it is difficult to pierce an ignorance which confers comfort with a knowledge which reveals pain. It is so much more comfortable to listen to the supporters of the Performing Animals' Trade, who say, "All done by kindness," than to the opponents furnished with evidence of unpardonable cruelty. A few, a very few, animal trainers, it is true, have been lovers of animals and have taught by kindness, and these few have been quoted as typical; but they are no more typical of the trainers of performing animals than pacifists are typical of a fighting army.

Wild animals and domestic animals, both are used in this trade built up upon transgression, for the strong brute strength of tigers, lions, and bears is no protection against the superior resources, the more intellectual brutality of man. The illustrations in this article are taken from an article by Maurice Brown Kirby in the issue of *Everybody's Magazine* for October, 1908.\* The article, which is entitled, "The Gentle Art of Training Wild Beasts," has been reprinted as a pamphlet and can be obtained from the Animal Rescue League, 51, Carver Street, Boston, Mass. It should be read as a whole; it is impossible to quote from it save to a small extent, and no adequate conception of what means are employed in the training of wild beasts can be gained unless the entire process is followed. But this much may be said: the stronger the brute taken from a free life in the wilds to be made a spectacle for the heedless,

The illustrations have not yet reached us in time for publication. They will find their place in the book form of these articles.

the unimaginative, the ignorant, the fiercer, the more relentless is the brute force used by man to break the spirit and compel the submission of beasts whose lives are centred in liberty. I quote but a few sentences :

Whips, sticks, and iron rods are the accepted instruments of persuasion, and trainers constantly employ them. When a wild animal is to be broken, the first thing to break is his spirit. It is done with a club. . . .

The most patient, industrious, and painstaking trainer I ever met once said to me "When they won't give way to pain, they won't be broke."

Lions, tigers, bears, elephants, these and other undomesticated animals are taken from Nature's haunts and Nature's behests and led along a path of torture to the goal of public performance. Read, my readers, what Mr. Kirby tells of that path. Pleasant reading is it not? but, are we not cowards if we refuse the pain of knowledge, pain which is small indeed with the agony of suffering which ignorance perpetuates? And ignorance is so easy as well as being so comfortable. What the audience sees upon the stage confirms and strengthens it. Mr. S. L. Bensusan, in an article in the *English Illustrated Magazine*, says :

At yet another house I once watched a boy directing the movements of a pair of elephants. His treatment seemed particularly gentle. When he wished them to move he pushed with the handle of a light whip, and they responded with an alacrity that was inexplicable until examination of the handle revealed a long thin steel spike.

But not the wild beasts only tread this torture path. Domestic animals also are bullied and terrorised, starved and punished in order to amuse the people who countenance the trade. The Committee for the Suppression of Cruelties to Performing Animals is in possession of statements made by music-hall artistes with regard to this form of amusement. I quote from some of them :

If animal acts on the stage could be abolished, even down to the conjurer's rabbit, it would be a great blessing. I have been on the music-hall stage for twelve years, and have seen some hundreds of animal acts, and with the exception of a few have found great cruelty and hardships for the animals. Starvation and blows are the only things that will teach an animal the necessary tricks; the scanty accommodation, both travelling and at the theatre, must cause great suffering. . . .

Having seen in my varied experience many troupes of dogs, one can safely state that there are few that are really looked after as they should be, and very few that are not rotten with disease through their unnatural confinement, apart from their misery during training hours and the cruelty they undergo. Of course, there are exceptions, but they are few and far between.

Some time ago I was playing for about eight weeks at a theatre in the suburbs where there were some performing monkeys, and my dressing room was next to the one in which the monkeys were kept. They were always disgracefully ill-treated, and when the performance had not gone exactly right their owner used to kneel on them and ill-treat them in such a way that their cries were simply heartrending. Although I complained to the management, and to the man himself, abuse was the only result. The monkeys have since died, and the man is now touring with a troupe of performing dogs.

It would be easy to multiply accounts of the kind instanced above : the difficulty in writing on subjects such as this is to select from the abundant evidence of cruelty which exists; to appeal to readers without sickening them; to arouse determination to destroy the evil and not to discourage action by presenting too forcibly the evil's extent. Yet it must be made clear that the impression gathered from a stage view of performing animals is wholly deceptive, and I venture to make two other quotations. The first is taken from the article by Mr. Bensusan previously quoted from :

It must not be imagined that owners ill-treat their victims on the stage. It is in the wretched, ill-ventilated underground cellars where the greatest number of them are kept, that most of the weekly rehearsals are held, with an accompaniment of suffering that would shock a slaughterman. Many an animal goes through its performance in a state bordering upon the insane, with such an obvious terror of doing the wrong thing that it is really surprising how an intelligent audience can avoid seeing the true state of affairs.

At a theatre of varieties, whose management is of the very best, a foreigner and his wife came with a dog show. Nothing was noticed on the first night, and the proprietor left with his animals, saying he would come and rehearse on the following morning. At about half-past eleven on the succeeding day he rushed into the manager's office, a sorry spectacle. He hurriedly explained to the startled manager that while quietly rehearsing some ruffians he had never seen before set upon him and mauled him. At his request the representative of the house accompanied him to the stage, and there found the dogs cowering in a corner, and the wife of the owner screaming out uncomplimentary remarks in a foreign tongue to some three or four stage

hands who stood together in a group. "What is the cause of this disgraceful conduct?" cried the manager. "This here, sir," said one of the men, quietly handing a dog collar with a cord attached. "The brute had collars like this on all the dogs, and was jerking them. We've promised to lynch him if we catch him at it again." The manager took up the big, broad collar, which was full of sharp, jagged nails, and then went up to the dogs, who shrank from him howling, with their necks scarred and bleeding.

My final quotation is taken from a protest against animal performances by Mr. C. E. Haverley, an actor of thirty years' experience :

I have seen the "dear, sweet little dog" who said his prayers (God help him !) and did such clever things that the ladies vowed his trainer must possess "wonderful patience." I have seen that most unfortunate of creatures mercilessly thrashed in the dressing-room for a slight hesitation in one of those "sweet tricks"! I have seen that same dog so atrociously starved in his lodging as to arouse even a callous landlady to indignant protest. I have seen that dog's tail, that always hung so disconsolately, tied to its collar in a "happy" position by means of an invisible wire. And when the wretched creature wagged its tail in mute appeal for one ray of mercy the delight of the audience knew no bounds!

I have seen the be-diamonded couple fattening and battenning upon the protracted agonies of their victim. They performed at the leading London and provincial variety theatres.

I have seen the rollicking bears—those merry-hearted (!), irresponsible creatures, cooped up in semi-darkness under a cold and draughty stage,

and confined in such tight boxes with iron-barred fronts. They were unable to stand upright or turn, and the only movement their cramped quarters permitted was a jerk from side to side, and in this exercise they passed their half-starved days. When brought upon the stage they craned their necks in sheer relief from the unbearable strain of their fearfully cramped prison. Onlookers exclaimed "How human!" I have been by when the assistant to a well-known trainer, in the employ of one of the largest importers of wild beasts, struck a lion's paw with his iron-handled whip so as to cripple him for a month, simply because the poor beast lay with a very small part of his paw protruding from the cage. I witnessed the breaking-in of a den of lions by the greatest "lion-tamer" that ever lived. It was a fantastic nightmare of cruelty.

This trade, more directly than any of the trades that transgress, is carried on by the will, the connivance of the public; this trade, more easily than any of the others, could be put an end to. Approbation or disapproval; that is all that ensures its success or its destruction; no disregard of fashion, no denial of comfort, no burden of self-sacrifice is required. Shall there, amongst the "turns" at places of amusement, be animal turns, or turns of a kind in which animals play no part? That is the very simple question. The answer to it concerns every individual who seeks relaxation, pleasure, and amusement at any and every entertainment of which animal performances form a part.

"The soul grows by reincarnation in bodies provided by Nature, more complex, more powerful as the soul unfolds greater and greater powers. And so the soul climbs upward into the light eternal. And there is no fear for any child of man, for inevitably he climbs towards God." ANNIE BESANT

in *The Growth of a World Religion*

# WHAT LIFE MUST BECOME

By JOHN SCURR

**L**IFE for the mass of the people is a very drab thing. We have for nearly two centuries been so keen on getting wealth we have forgotten what life means. Life itself is really joy incarnated. Everything that is gloomy, everything that is ugly, everything that is painful is destructive of life, since it is destructive of joy. The soul is not "saved" in an atmosphere of gloom; it can only express itself in an atmosphere of light. It was with no mere chance that so many of the ancients chose the Sun as the symbol of God.

Who can be sad under the glorious rays of the Sun? He who is gloomy under such a condition must be a rare curmudgeon. Curmudgeon is the right word, for even chance has played its game to make curmudgeons ridiculous. When Dr. Johnson was compiling his Dictionary some person wrote him to say that the word curmudgeon was derived from *coeur* and *méchant*. Dr. Johnson gave this information, and, with his usual exactness in giving his authority, ascribed this opinion to an "unknown correspondent." A subsequent editor of the Dictionary, whose zeal was much in advance of his learning, gave the derivative of curmudgeon as *coeur*, unknown, and *méchant*, correspondent.

But argue as we may, and even though erudite editors tumble now and then, the fact is that curmudgeons exist. They destroyed all our village life and made the countryside unbearable for the poor. With the roll of the Puritan drum vanished folk-song and dance. Lads and lassies no longer met in the freedom of innocent frivolity. Satan found work for idle hands to do, and many sex problems arose which would never have been presented to us for solution if joy had not been banished from the countryside. We think much of the Brothers Wright and their struggles to conquer the air, but I venture to think that the man or woman who

restores My Lady Frivol to her place in our English villages will be one of our greatest benefactors.

Not only was joy banished from our rural places, but she was sternly forbidden to show herself in our towns. I have before me a list of fines which used to be levied on weavers and spinners in the early days of the nineteenth century. I will quote three items :

	s. d.
Any spinner found with his window open .....	1 0
Any spinner found washing himself .....	1 0
Any spinner heard whistling...	1 0

One wonders what the employer of these men was really like. Gaskell, in his "Manufacturing Population of England," draws a picture of such men who had the control of the destinies of the spinners which is saddening — "uneducated, of coarse habits, sensual in their enjoyments, partaking of the rude revelry of their descendants, overwhelmed with success." Yet they objected to a spinner whistling!

Can one be astonished that life is so drab and grey in poor districts, and that enjoyments when partaken of are of an hysterical nature? Should we hear the awful laugh of the factory girl released from her labours and rushing homeward with her colleagues if her grandfather had been allowed to whistle? Darwinians and Westermarckians may jangle as to whether acquired characteristics are transmitted, but I feel sure that if you destroy joy in one generation gloom is transmitted for many to come. And the reactions are terrible.

Does anyone in their sane senses imagine that we should have murder and suicide when joy is the reigning principle of life? Yet our judges assume the black cap and we keep a great army of lawyers, policemen, and what not in order to stop murder. We can only stop murder when

we make life worth living. Murderers are but poor tortured souls killed by our misanthropy. As for the suicide, the case needs no arguing.

If joy abounds no one wishes to leave this life until one has grown old, and one then simply sinks to rest with a feeling of healthy tiredness, even as one goes to sleep at the end of a well-spent day, feeling physically tired but at peace with one's fellows. And one's fellows do not grieve when one leaves them in this manner. A passing feeling of regret, perhaps, at the breaking up of a pleasant party, even as one may feel sorry when bedtime breaks into a pleasant evening, but no real grief and sorrow.

For my part, I hold strongly to the view that the coming World Teacher has this message to give to us : that Life is a joyous thing, a splendid adventure. If it be a splendid adventure then it must be joyous. For adventure presages mystery, and mystery thrills us to our innermost depths, stirring the pools of emotion, until realisation, which has coursed along the river of expectancy, bursts forth into the sea of joy.

Christ taught us to love each other. Love is the keystone of the arch of life. Without it the bridge collapses and be-

comes a heap of ruins. Yet we must not forget that from love cometh joy—joy of life; joy that we can welcome each day with gladness and each night with song; joy in the patter of the feet of the children, in the prattle of their tongues; joy in all the urge of youth and maidenhood; joy when the rubicon is crossed and the youth has become a man and the maiden a woman; joy in the wiser thoughts of middle age; joy in the calm and peace of the declining years. Life is a great thing, a noble thing. We worship our God when we live. We make our own pain, our own misery, our own distress. Evil has no real existence. It is a figment of our imagination. It is permitted to dominate because we permit it. It will vanish when we will it. For the joy of life is the mainspring of our existence. And this is the message which I believe the coming One will bring.

But there is work to do in the world to banish the evil, and to do so we must work to make the social conscience active. Life must be made worth while for the poor and lowly. For only as they become joyous will the world become light-hearted. And this is our destiny : That we become free, loving, and joyous; light of heart even as the children.

THE third principle of the Order might have quite a depressing effect upon members who are prevented by age and ill-health, a very small income, or by daily duties from taking an active part in helping to prepare for His coming, were it not for our Theosophic teaching as to the Power of Thought, or, as some perhaps would prefer to call it, Prayer. As Tennyson says :

More things are wrought by prayer than this world dreams of.

Both by Thought and Prayer we can "loosen celestial energy" and so help to infuse Divine strength and wisdom into Star officials, and Pentecostal power to manifest at Star meetings.

Nor must we fail in remembrance of individual members : that the Lord Maitreya may supply all their spiritual need, so that His Order of the Star in the East may be composed of what St. Paul called "living epistles, known and read of all men."

(The Writer's Group.)

# BOOKS WE SHOULD READ

“I APPEAL UNTO CÆSAR.” By Mrs. Henry Hobhouse. George Allen and Unwin, Ltd. 1s. net.

IT is seldom that I feel angry when I read a book. I did so feel when I read Lady Constance Lytton's *Prison and Prisoners*, and the same passion raged over me when I read “*I Appeal Unto Cæsar*.” In one respect the two works deal with the same theme; they concern themselves with the treatment meted out to persons whose motives are profoundly misunderstood and whose real crime is being opposed to the public opinion of the majority.

The Suffragettes were maltreated and suffered much from their prison experience. I believe I am right in saying that Lady Constance still suffers. Mrs. Hobhouse writes concerning the Conscientious Objectors. The tale which she unfolds is a horrible one and is a sad reflection upon the ideals of British justice, freedom, and so on which are held up for our admiration.

It must be remembered that military conscription was an entirely new principle introduced into our life and we had been reared in a tradition of hostility to it. We had always regarded it as the instrument of autocratic governments. Small wonder then that a portion of the population, more faithful to its traditions than the majority, as is usually the case, determined to resist. Some were animated by religious, some by ethical, and some by political motives. Whatever their reason they were acting in accordance with our traditions, and the Legislature recognised in advance their *raison d'être* by providing machinery for their exemption from military service.

Unfortunately the machinery has proved defective, as it must be confessed that the majority of the members of the military tribunals seemed by their actions to believe that it was their duty to decide appeals in accordance with their own opinions rather than in conformity with the laws of evidence. In addition, a

serious misunderstanding which was wrought with tragic consequences prevailed as to the powers of the tribunals to grant complete exemption from military service. As a consequence, large numbers of men who were entitled to be freed from military service were either refused exemption or had such conditions attached as were impossible for them to accept.

The Conscientious Objectors are denied the freedom allowed by the Legislature and are then arrested, even though their claim is admitted, tried by courts-martial, imprisoned, suffer all the rigours of our prison system, which is cruel and out of date, and then, in defiance of all our legal traditions, are again arrested, tried and imprisoned, and the process goes on endlessly. Men whose lives have been devoted to social and religious work on behalf of their fellows are treated in this manner. They come from all classes, and are of all religious persuasions. It matters not, the blind wheel of injustice goes on breaking them.

No wonder Mrs. Hobhouse writes, “as the mother of sons in France, who are daily risking their lives, subjected to the horrors and discomforts of the trenches, that I feel less distress at their fate—fighting, as they are, their country's battles, with the approval of their fellows—than I do for that other son undergoing for his faith a disgraceful sentence in a felon's cell, truly 'rejected and despised of men.'”

I cannot give the mere catalogue of bullyings, hateful prison regulations, and so on. They would fill a volume. I want every reader of the *Herald of the Star* to read this book, to read it dispassionately, and then if they are really patriotic and jealous of the fame of their fair country, respond to Mrs. Hobhouse's appeal that this injustice shall at once cease.

J. S.

A DEFENCE OF IDEALISM: SOME QUESTIONS AND CONCLUSIONS. By May Sinclair. Macmillan and Company, Limited, St. Martin's Street, London. 12s.

" Few are the lovers who know the Beloved. The devout seeker is he who mingles in his heart the double current of love and detachment."—KABIR.

ALL roads lead to Rome. Every worker along reconstructive lines, according to the principles laid down under the Order of the Star, and those in allied lines of work, will find much of interest and value in *A Defence of Idealism*. Its technical metaphysics will not appeal to all minds, the style may be open to various and diverse critical verdicts, but—"The book's the thing," and (like *Mysticism*, p. 307) "a thing of gradual development." A few chapter-headings will indicate the width of scope and range of elucidative enquiry—"Pragmatism and Humanism," "Ultimate Questions of Psychology," "The New Realism," "The New Mysticism"—the two latter invaluable compendiums to those workers who cannot work without thinking, yet dare not think without working, to-day. Indeed, apart from pure intellectual joy in dialectics and technical "alarums and excursions," much of the quintessence of this mental bouquet is imprisoned within the above-named chapters. Some may find travelling in the wake of \* "the strict Psychophysical Parallel-liners" rather "back-breaking" on the mental plane. (For it is certain that if there is a Mental body there must be a mental back—"Things which are equal to the same thing," etc. Q.E.F.) Others may complain that some of the conclusions do not seem to have arrived by the road of sufficiently warrantable premises. But that is picking, if not stealing, and many Admirable Crichtons among books fail to please everybody! The entire trend of reasoning causes a resuscitation of almost moribund hope within the breasts of some who still follow the gleam of the recurrence of the ancient union between science and art, truth and beauty, Aristotle and Plato, pragmatist and æsthete, and the remainder of that patriarchal family of twins! For from the ashes of

Pan-Psychism springs the fair Phoenix of Life Immortal, life eternal, indivisible. This idea is developed in a few pages from which quotation were unfair; they should be taken as a whole. The summing-up, if justifiable, opens doors and windows innumerable; indeed, "new heavens and a new earth" shine and beckon as we read. \* "When we see the thing through (desire of immortality, Q.N.) its history does not show up this belief as ignoble, infantile, and absurd. It shows the desire for immortality strengthening with man's youth and his Maturity, and declining and decaying only with his weakness and decay."

But from the point of view of the reconstructive worker, who now, more than ever before, needs all possible help, from every imaginable and substantial plane and world, the last few pages of "Conclusions" provide absolutely invaluable mental material for that triune being "the dream, the thought, the deed," whose incarnation is visible in every great act, reform, work of science or art, in each epoch of the world-drama. The remarks about individuality, the self, and The Self are of vital significance and far-reaching importance to all who believe that much of the constructive, perchance even some creative work of the future, has "Co-operation" as its "motif" and incentive.

† It may be that individuality is only one stage, and that not the highest . . . in the real life-process of the self. It may be that a self can only become a perfect self in proportion as it takes on the experiences of other selves, just as it could only become a perfect individual by taking on the experience of millions of other individuals. The individual, that is to say, may have to die that the self may live.

And again, such statements as the following show the lightning-flash of intuition opening the very heavens of thought, though bastioned with storm-gloom.

‡ The one Infinite Spirit . . . is the finite selves. That the selves are not conscious of this

\* P. 93.

\* P. 364.

† P. 375.

† P. 378.

union is the tragedy of their finitude. In our present existence we *are* spirit; but so limited in our experience that we know the appearances of Spirit . . . better than . . . Spirit. If we knew them *all* and . . . in order to know them . . . increased . . . pace of . . . rhythm of time. . . . Appearances would be whirled . . . into the one of Reality, as the colours of the spectrum, painted on a revolving disc, are whirled into whiteness by the sheer rapidity of its revolutions.

The reviewer commends that idea to his contemporaries. There is lovely by-

play therein, legitimate also! The two concluding paragraphs provide apt illustration of the joyous and joyful trend of the coming constructive philosophical idealism. Though the result of colour-revolution be white, yet each prismatic hue must contribute its quota to the whole. Thus, in the newest psychology, as in ancient myth and modern song, "Beauty is Truth, Truth Beauty."

L. N.

Be no longer a chaos, but a world! Produce! produce! were it but the pitifullest infinitesimal fraction of a product, produce it, in God's name! 'Tis the utmost thou hast in thee; out with it then. Up! up! whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy whole might. Work while it is called to-day, for the night cometh wherein no man may work.

EMERSON

Set me some great task ye gods, and I will show my spirit. "Not so," says the good heaven, "plod, and plough."

Skill to do comes of doing; knowledge comes by eyes always open and working hands; and there is no knowledge that is not power.

The law of nature is: Do the thing, and you shall have the power.

EMERSON.

# INTERNATIONAL BULLETIN

## HOLLAND

IT will perhaps interest those who were moved by what was told about the feather trade in the *Herald of the Star* of July, 1917, to know that a lady, here in Holland, is trying to substitute for the decoration of hats feathers made by products of the vegetable kingdom.

She cultivated some thistles, immortelles, and a kind of grass, of which she united several blades to a bunch that so well imitated heron's feathers that, wearing one on my hat some time ago, one of my friends said to me, "I never expected you to wear feathers on your hat."

The natural colour is a soft yellowish tint, but they can also be dyed, and

then, of course, you can have any colour you wish.

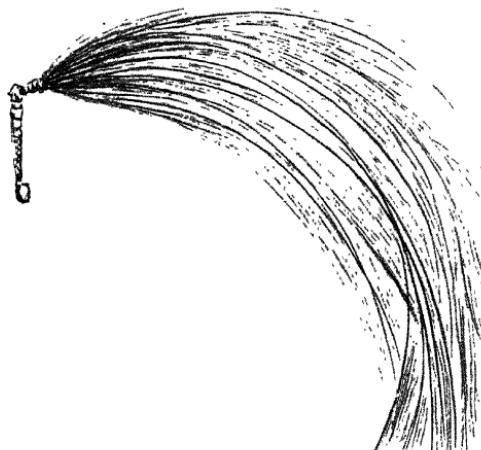
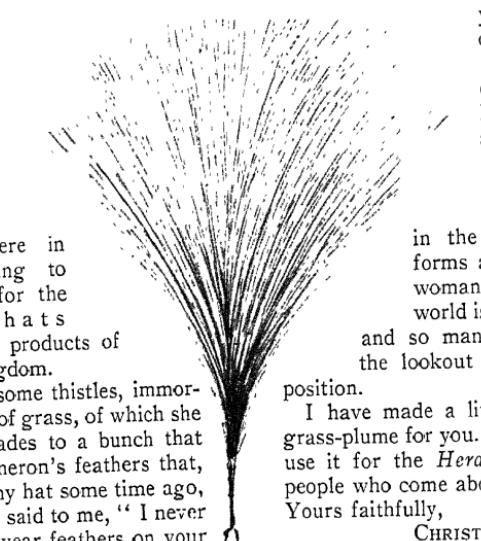
When this enterprise will have succeeded, as I believe it will, it will mean an important diminishing of cruelty in the world. It also forms a nice trade for a woman, now that the world is changing rapidly and so many women are on the lookout for an adequate

position.

I have made a little sketch of the grass-plume for you. Perhaps you can use it for the *Herald* or show it to people who come about such things.—

Yours faithfully,

CHRISTINE J. MEINERS,  
Local Secretary of the Order of the  
Star in the East for Ede (Province of  
Gelderland), Holland.



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# The Herald of the Star

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November, 1917

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As the *Herald of the Star* includes articles from many different sources on topics of varied interest, it is clearly understood that the writing of such an article for the *Herald* in no way involves its author in any kind of assent to, or recognition of, the particular views for which this Magazine, or the Order of the Star in the East may stand.

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### DURGA

This beautifully carved figure was formerly in the possession of the late Deputy Surgeon-General Norman Chevers, C.I.E., M.D., F.R.C.S., J.P., etc. (late Bengal Army), and the photograph is published by permission of his daughters.



# IN THE STARLIGHT

*By LADY EMILY LUTYENS*

*It should be clearly understood that the contents of "In the Starlight" are the personal views of the writer. Neither the Head nor the Order is at all responsible for them. But the writer feels she is more useful to her readers in expressing freely her own thoughts and feelings than if she were to confine herself to bare chronicles of events and to conventional ethical expressions.*

ALL seasons of the year have their special associations and religious festivals which symbolise the inner significance of these associations. In midwinter we celebrate the festival of the Child, and our thoughts turn naturally to the hope which the New Year promises. It is essentially a festival of Birth and Hope, and we gather round us at that season the children, and in the thought of their joy find our own. They are the buds of the tree of life which are to blossom into the perfect flower. So it is natural that we should find traces in all religions of a great traditional festival held at this season to celebrate the birth of a Saviour.

The Spring or Easter festival is an expression of Adolescence, and the thoughts which are associated with it may be considered in terms of the beauty and pain of that stage of life. The crossing over from youth to manhood; the taking up of life's responsibilities; the struggle which awaits all individuals as they cross the threshold of manhood and womanhood, between the lower and higher forces of their own nature. It is a season of struggle and stress. The sap rising in the plant forces out branches in all directions; the sap of life in the youth or maiden gives rise to tumultuous emotions and desires rising into poetry and song and service when properly used,

or dragging down its victims to destruction if not restrained. It is the age-long struggle of the spirit embodied in matter striving to be free and the resurrection so immediately following on the crucifixion is the sure promise of the final conquest of the lower self by the higher.

Summer is the festival of life's prime, the realisation in man or woman of calm strength and power. The struggle and fret of youth are passed, leaving the full bloom of maturity.

The Autumn festival and season is symbolical of fruition, and rightly, therefore, dedicated to the Mother. It is upon this festival that I should like to dwell for a space this month. As Mr. Maitra tells us in his article on "Durga Puja," it is at this season of the year in India that Durga is worshipped as the Divine Mother. In Western lands we have our harvest festival, which in earlier times was the festival of Demeter, the Earth Mother. In Christian lands we also celebrate on the last day of October the festival of All Souls. In Roman Catholic countries the cemeteries are redecorated with flowers and wreaths, and the thoughts of the pious turn to those who have passed beyond the veil. There is a very close and beautiful association between these two ideas. To many, Autumn is a time of sadness, because it is a time of death; they see around them nothing but

decaying vegetation and lose sight of the great beauty of Autumn, thinking of it but as a prelude to Winter.

Durga has also another aspect—that known as Kali the Destroyer. Hear the description of that aspect of the Mother :

In the East, the accepted symbol is of a woman nude, with flowing hair, so dark a blue that she seems in colour to be black, four handed—two hands in the act of blessing and two holding a knife and bleeding head respectively—garlanded with skulls, and dancing, with protruding tongue, on the prostrate figure of a man all white with ashes.

A terrible and extraordinary figure! Those who call it horrible may well be forgiven. They pass only through the outer court of the temple. They are not arrived where the Mother's voice can reach them. This, in its way, is well.

Yet this image, so fearful to the Western mind, is perhaps dearer than any other to the heart of India. It is not, indeed, the only form in which the Divine Energy presents Herself to Her worshippers. To the Sikh, She is absorbed embodied in his Sword; all women, especially as children, are Her incarnations; glorious Sita carries the great reality to many.

But Kali comes closer to us than these. Others we admire; others we love; to Her we belong. Whether we know it or not, we are Her children, playing round Her knees. Life is but a game of hide-and-seek with Her, and, if in its course, we chance to touch Her feet, who can measure the shock of the divine energy that enters into us? Who can utter the rapture of our cry of "Mother"?

Nature has also these two aspects. We all can appreciate the wondrous calm and peace and glory of an Autumn day; windless, a slight haze which but intensifies the wondrous colour of flower and tree. But there is also the other aspect during the equinoctial storms when trees are uprooted and leaves ruthlessly scattered over the face of the earth; when Nature seems to be glorying in a perfect orgy of destruction. Are not these two aspects inseparable from the ideal of the mother, the glory of tenderness and the fierceness of pain? The mother in travail for her child to be born, the rending of the womb that the new life may come forth. The destruction of the Autumn season is but the rending of forms which have ceased to express the life. The forms must be ruthlessly shattered that life may be more truly realised in new forms. There is no remorse in Nature; she finds joy in destruction. Thus does the mother also

glory in her pain which is a necessary prelude to the realisation of the new life.

Death is also the breaking of the form in order that the life may be released. It is significant that the festival of All Souls is followed by that of All Saints, the festival of those glorified spirits which have been set free from the vesture of pain. Only thus can the heart of the Mother be reached; only through storms can we attain to the eternal peace. So must our personality be broken again and again upon the wheel till we learn the lesson that form is nothing and life all. Both these aspects of the Mother are being realised in the world strife to-day. If we were to picture God as embodied in this war, would it not be as a ruthless destroyer? Yet we should be wrong. It is the Mother in travail bringing forth the child. What is death to the lower is ever life to the higher. Over the world to-day there breathes the two aspects of the Mother Heart: Kali the Destroyer, Durga—Mary—the Mother.

This Autumn season thus bears for us a dual lesson, and we shall learn that lesson as we study Nature. There is no attainment without previous failure, but Nature has no regret in her failures, but turns them all into beauty. Without the experience of storm and stress there would be no Autumn; without the seed and the flower there would be no fruit; without mistakes and failures, struggles and battles, there would be no realisation of peace. For as *Æ* (George Russell) so beautifully puts it:

The eyes that had gazed from afar on a beauty  
that blinded the eyes  
Shall call forth its image for ever, its shadow  
in alien skies.  
The heart that had striven to beat in the heart  
of the Mighty too soon  
Shall still of that beating remember some errant  
and faltering tune.  
For thou hast but fallen to gather the last of the  
secrets of power;  
The beauty that breathes in thy spirit shall shape  
of thy sorrow a flower,  
The pale bud of pity shall open the bloom of its  
tenderest rays  
The heart of whose shining is bright with the  
light of the Ancient of Days

We are all striving to beat in the  
heart of the Mighty Mother, but the veils

which enfold us hide her from our sight. She is for ever tearing away the veil that her children may behold her, and they in their folly and ignorance enshroud themselves anew.

Life lies at the heart of destruction and the flower of death is more abundant life, for "God created man to be immortal and made him to be an image of His

own eternity." Thus with folded hands we kneel at the feet of the Mother and pray :

From the Unreal lead us to the Real,  
From Darkness lead us unto Light.  
From Death lead us to Immortality.  
Reach us through and through ourself.  
And evermore protect us—  
O Thou Terrible!—from ignorance,  
By Thy sweet compassionate face.



WE talk about the "cruelty of nature." Let us try and understand what this cruelty means. The world now is inhabited. Crowds of men are here, and lo! that river, that made the habitation of the valley possible and keeps it fruitful, now overflows its banks and the mighty flood sweeps away village and town, men, women, children, and cattle, and only desolation is left behind. What is this? Is this horror a Divine working? What is this that Varuna has done? Varuna is working for evolution. His thought is not fixed on the forms in which the life is cabined, but on the life that is evolving within them, which can make for itself new forms. When those men are swept away, it is only the breaking of the forms that happens; the life upsprings uninjured and set free; for the body is the prison-house of the evolving life, and if the prison doors were never thrown open, we should be in jail all our lives and make no progress for the future. The God to whom form is nothing and life everything, to whom form is but a changing, convenient vehicle, and the life that moulds the form is the one thing that is worthy of thought, he strikes away the form when its purpose is completed; to him such destruction is the act of mightiest charity; it is the deed most helpful to evolution. We err, my brothers, when we look on death with eyes that are full of tears, with hearts that are breaking. Death is he who brings us to a higher birth, and who sets free the imprisoned soul; it is the liberation of the bird confined within the limits of a cage, enabling it to soar upwards into the heavens, singing, as it goes, with joy at the freedom it has recovered.

ANNIE BESANT

# DURGA PUJA

## The Annual Worship of Durga in Bengal

By HARENDRANATH MAITRA

*Hindu sacred art is symbolical, and under strict rule. No copy or idealisation of the human figure is permitted such as we find in the images of the Virgin Mary in the West; hence the European art critic often finds himself at a loss when confronted by fine specimens of Hindu sacred art unless he has previously studied the "Shilpa Shastras" (see our Frontispiece this month).*

**T**O write upon the Durga Puja reminds me of the great joy that every boy and girl, man and woman in India feels in this great ceremony of the Autumn. My heart leaps as I think of it, and I should like to go back to my country and mingle with those who will stand in front of the Mother Goddess and participate in the joy bells that ring in the household. It is a ceremony that makes the whole Hindu people one. In its present form it is said to have been introduced by the great King Rama-chandra, whose name is familiar to the student of Indian epics, even outside India. It corresponds very much to the Christmas of the West, with, of course, different meaning and significance.

This autumnal worship of "the Mother" gives joy throughout all the land, and one feels that there is something—a great vibration—a message of peace on earth and goodwill among men. All the courts, schools, colleges are closed for a month or so, and cities, which are really the parasitical growth of modern civilisation, have the atmosphere of being deserted, and the villages and the countryside bloom again with sweet smiles of children and of men and women, returning to the home of their childhood. Yes, fathers, husbands, brothers, cousins will be gathered round their womenfolk in the home, and there will go on a constant exchange of goodwill amongst the new-comers. All over India a deep sense of brotherhood is wafted as a thrill of new life; past wrongs are forgotten; friendships are renewed; joyous greetings are exchanged.

Although it is an ideal festival of the Hindu, even the Muhammadans take part in it a great deal socially; invitations are sent broadcast all over the village, and it is a wonderful sight to see so many people assembled together.

It often happens that a rich man, who has the means to celebrate this festival, does so with great ceremony for the three or four days; but his relations near and distant also take part in it. Invitations are sent out about a month before to the remotest corners of India if any of the relations happen to be there; and very often servants of the house are sent to those who are guests of honour, to escort them in some special way. They all come as if they are coming to one communal home, and from three days to about a month all these people live together, quite in harmony, the husband and the wife of the house giving charge of different departments of their household to different guests; and you would be surprised to see how, for a month or so, about three hundred people, including the servants of course, have the same food, the same luxury, the same communal life of one home. They have music, which all the members of that temporary household enjoy; and the whole village throngs together to take part in the musical entertainments, which are generally dramatic performances, most often from the great epics of India. New clothes are distributed to all the relations, servants, and the poor.

The family barber will come and the washerman with his wife and children. The Muhammadan neighbours also come

and take part in the ceremony, and thus it is made an unique opportunity to cultivate and develop the sense of oneness. After the usual days of worship are over, relatives and friends embrace each other; and if near relatives, the younger take the dust of the feet of the elder, thus cultivating humility; is it not the humble who shall inherit the Kingdom of Heaven? No harsh word should be exchanged during this period, because true friendliness then insures that they do not speak harsh words to anyone throughout the year. Boys and girls frisk about in their gala dresses, and sometimes they are reminded that if they use harsh words they will not get beautiful wives and handsome husbands.

This is one of the ways in which for ages past we have been developing our social evolution through the religious institutions of the country. And in this realisation—of the God-in-man and the man-in-God—image-worship takes a great part. It is not idolatry but ideolatry.

Image worship — idolatry so-called—is not an institution peculiar to India. The concept is found all over Europe amongst Roman Catholics and followers of the Greek Church. The Hindu religion is so tolerant that other great religions of the world coming in contact with it are learning tolerance, and it is a noteworthy fact that Islam and Christianity in India are daily increasing their breadth and catholicity. Religion in India can have no foothold if it does not bring forth a cultural ideal.

No worship has any value if you do not go deeply into it. It does not bring any change in life. There are many in India, both men and women, who have had wonderful God-realisation by the help of image - worship. And, whether you worship in a church or in a temple, until you get this realisation you will always remain in the dark, and until then your prayer and worship will remain meaningless.

The realisation of the Divine within and without is the ultimate ideal. In what way you get it, matters not. The Vedas say :

External worship, material worship, is the lowest stage, struggling to rise high; mental

prayer is the next stage; but the highest stage is when the Lord has been realised.

The man who kneels before an image in the Temple of Vishveshvara at Benares, or before the image worshipped temporarily in any house, says :

“ Him the sun cannot express, nor the moon, nor the stars, the lightning cannot express Him, nor the fire; through Him they all shine.”

All worship, according to the Vedas, is external, is merely material, if it does not help you in the realisation. Everything schools you to get to the state when you achieve realisation. “ All paths are mine,” says Krishna, and the Divine Charioteer repeats :

“ I am in every religion as the thread through a string of pearls. And wherever thou seest extraordinary power and extraordinary holiness raising and purifying humanity, know thou that I am there ”

Image worship is one of the many phases through which a Hindu tries to realise his Divine Ideal. It is only a means to an end. Just as a boy learns in the school-room that  $H_2O$  is the composition of water and sees the experiment in the class room, just as he learns the formula that  $(a+b)^2=A^2+2ab+b^2$ , and whenever he gets any problem of that kind solves it accordingly, so all systems of worship are simply the many formulas through which the human soul attempts to realise the Infinite, the Absolute, the Krishna, or the Christ within. The Image of Durga is also one of the many formulas.

Without some knowledge of the evolution of religion in India it is impossible to seize the full meaning of this Durga Puja. Speaking broadly, the course of religious evolution in India has passed through three states of the Hindu consciousness : the Perceptive, the Reflective, and the Imaginative.

In the early stage, the records of which you will find in the Vedas, the Indo-Aryans tried to apprehend God in nature. Indra, Varuna, Agni—all are nature deities, the manifestation of the One in the great forces of Nature. “ He is One. Sages call Him by many names.” They sat beneath a glorious star-lit sky, they breathed the life-giving rosy dawn, and

the golden fire of sacrifice, looked up to the wonderful Himalayas, silver-robed, piercing the blue. The mighty rivers, the forest—all had their message. They worshipped God in all.

The next stage was the Brahman of the Upanishads, the God within. "He Who is without form and attributes; Who is the Knower, though Himself unknown; the Seer, though Himself unseen; the Hearer, though Him no man may hear," represents the Reflective stage of the Hindu mind. You will find this thought embodied in the philosophy of the *Aranyakas* or the Vedanta.

The human mind is always progressive. It wants to find out more and more. And nowhere has the mind of a Hindu run so deeply as in thinking of the Divine. There is a significant passage in the Vedanta :

It, the Ultimate Reality, is different from all that we know, and different also from all that we do not know.

In the attempt to know the Absolute, the injunction is that, "It is not this, It is not this." "I do not say that I know It. I do not say that I know It. He who knows this truly knows."

Here in this agnostic utterance we find the seed of the Imaginative state of Hindu religious consciousness. There is a remarkable passage in the *Gita*, in which Krishna says : "He has no organs, but He is the essence of all organs." The same thought is in the Upanishads :

He has no eye, but has the quintessence of the quality of vision; no ear, but the very quintessence of the quality of audition; no olfactory organ, but the very quintessence of the quality of smelling; and so also in regard to all other organs.

This grand conception brought the idea of God as a Person. He does not possess any physical personality, yet He is a Person of spiritual entity. I cannot enter into all the discussions on this subject in a short article, but in this conception of God as a Person manifest, as well as unmanifest, we have the highest development of the human mind in the realm of imagination. This Imaginative state has given birth to all our Puranas which speak of the *lila* (play or sport) of God as a Person. Therein has been described

the relation of God and man, relation that is human as well as divine.

If God is Omniscient, then He must know Personality as well as Impersonality. And he cannot know all unless He has the Object upon which He can work. The philosophy must grant one Subject, one Object; one Enjoyer and one Object to enjoy; one Will and one Object upon which that Will eternally operates in the very Being of the Supreme as part of His Unity.

This conception of the idea of the Absolute gave birth to two schools of thought : the Shakta and the Vaishnava. We are not concerned here with the latter, except to say that in this School of Thought God and Creation are conceived of as Lover and Beloved; in the Shakta School as Will and Energy. This Energy has many manifestations, one of which is the conception of Energy as Durga.

This conception of Durga is the development of a previous conception. All our conceptions of Gods and Goddesses are the result of the race consciousness of the Hindu. And through the Particular we have reached out to the Universal.

The first conception of the Goddess is known as Jagaddhatri. There the Goddess rides a lion. The lion here signifies the animal strength and intelligence. The lion has his paw upon a vanquished elephant.

Evolution of man, at this stage, worked itself out almost completely through the conflict of the brute in man, with the brute in his fearful animal surroundings.

The next stage of social evolution was through a fierce tribal compact. There the Goddess Kali, a different manifestation of the same Energy, is the ideal. In the next stage of our social evolution the image of Durga came to us as a great Ideal. In this Image the spirit of Nationality is fully developed. Social life was completely organised. There has thus been a complete establishment in the national scheme of the different departments of life — military, economic, æsthetic, spiritual. Durga represented the perfected type of Nationhood. She has ten hands, signifying the protection that she gives in all directions. Her ten



# EDUCATION--THE OLD AND THE NEW

*By MISS MARGARET LEE*

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**W**HEN asked to produce an article on the New Ideals in Education, my first impression is one of the futility of the task. There can be nothing to say. It is merely a matter of common sense. Any one who thinks at all will have realised all the principles which I have to expound. Of what use to waste breath (or ink) in proving that the child's mind is not a sheet of white paper—that education is an out-drawing, not an in-pouring (or, more picturesquely, that "Man's mind is not a vessel to be filled, but a fire to be kindled")—that the development of a perfected individuality is of more value than the production of a number of smoothly working intellectual machines, and so forth? Tennyson, when asked to define his political principles, replied, "I am of the same politics as Shakspere, Bacon, and *every sane man*"; and these words indicate the probable attitude of the "new idealist." His principles are so sound, so convincing, that he is apt to take their appeal—to all those who count, at least—for granted.

But there is another aspect of things which the idealist is apt to ignore; an aspect presented only too clearly when we go forth from our own small circle into the everyday world around. Truly, "a little leaven leaveneth the whole lump," but the process has barely begun. This point may be illustrated from a letter lately written to me by a student who, since her college career closed, has spent several years as a teacher in a London County Council school:

DEAR MISS LEE,

I have a variety of emotions whenever I read, as in your letter, of the raising of the standards

(or ideals?) of elementary teaching. In the first place, elementary school teachers, as I know them, *have* high ideals—I am speaking, of course, of the modern ones.

But I wonder if you or anyone else who cherishes such ideals knows the least little bit of what appalling, soul-searing business teaching in an ordinary folk-school is? I know you argue that if you raise the teacher you raise the taught. But *can* you raise the taught? My four years in a more or less average school attended by the children of artisans has made me very pessimistic. More often than not the teacher finds himself up against a blank wall of utter indifference or active hostility, in which parents as well as children are involved. Nothing that is fair, pure, or of good report attracts them; and if interest is gained, it doesn't last long. They have too many outside attractions nowadays.

Besides, good things and beautiful things, heroic deeds and fine stories, are more or less indefinite, aren't they? And you must be so definite with these children. They will listen with apparent interest to a story; question them afterwards, and you will discover they have grasped nothing of it. The idealists say, "Tell a story and leave it—the children will see its beauty, understand its moral." Not they! Anyone with experience knows they know and see nothing that isn't rammed into them. That's what makes teaching such brain-numbing work.

You have a syllabus to follow, and the Head or the Inspector will examine on it. All "high-falutin'" must go overboard if anything is to be known by the class at all, and it's nothing but hammer, hammer, hammer—get those half-dozen facts that the Code requires, *somewhat*, into the children's heads. You have to present in broadest outline, smallest amount of detail, and a tremendous number of times, and then you'd be surprised at the small number in a class who have any intelligent grasp of the fundamental facts; and if you are so far enthusiastic and idealistic as to embellish your history lesson with stories of high endeavour, or to enliven your geography with travellers' tales, heaven help you when exams. arrive to show up the chaos into which your well-meant efforts have thrown the children's thoughts! It's brawn, not brain, that's wanted in an ordinary elementary school: a cast-iron nervous system will avail a teacher more than any amount of ideals.

Note the antithesis between the view presented here and that taken by such a teacher as Mr. Alfred Russell or Mr. Homer Lane. It is not merely the system which is complained of; it is the want of receptivity on the part of the average child. And yet the less optimistic writer can make out a fair case, and her conclusions would probably be supported (I make the statement with reluctance, but with deliberation) by the great majority of teachers in this Kingdom of England in this year of grace 1917. Her main conclusion is that the method of the idealist breaks down when confronted with the conditions which surround the elementary teaching, at least, of to-day, and with the very average material presented by the girls and boys of the artisan classes. Hence the corollary that such of our young teachers as adopt that method whole-heartedly are placed at a professional disadvantage, and must revise it before they can become practically efficient.

Now, Truth, relegated by proverbial philosophy to the bottom of a well, might equally or better be placed at the junction of cross-roads. It is our business to trace these roads and to mark their point of union.

The close connection between established educational theory and mediæval theology must never be overlooked. The representative of the old system (so termed for convenience, though the term does an injustice to many great teachers of the past) bases his view on two main postulates—the doctrine of original sin, combined with absence of *individual* “karma” (the sheet of white—or should we say more logically of dark-coloured?—paper, alike for all) and the theory of a single earth-life. To him, whether he be Churchman, Nonconformist, or Freethinker, each child is the victim, not of his own deeds in the past, but of the sin of Adam; all start with a common handicap, which it is the business of the educator of youth to overcome by a common method. According to this method, much has to be done *for* the child; he himself must learn to submit and obey, must follow in the path which tradition, orthodoxy, and

convention have marked out before him. Moreover, the time is short, and life becomes, from the standpoint of the moral instructor, a veritable race with the inherent evil tendency.

No wonder, then, that childhood, strongly curbed and disciplined, should have seemed a state of such imperfection as to demand the speediest and most forcible methods for its conversion into a state of adult efficiency—the child's ignorance and material ineffectiveness things to be got rid of at the earliest possible moment.

Impatience of the way and the way-faring was to disappear [only] in . . . an age that has found all things to be on a journey, and all things complete in their day because it *was* their day, and had its appointed end. It is the tardy conviction of this, rather than a sentiment ready made, that has caused the childhood of children to seem, at last, something else than a defect.

ALICE M'NELL, *The Children*.

It is easy to see what a shadow is cast over the process of education by the assumptions here implied. Of the practical outcome it is unnecessary to speak in detail. We know the symptoms too well; the attempt to “dump” the teacher's whole stock of experience, itself largely derived from tradition and authority rather than from life, upon the supposedly plastic mind of the child; the ignoring or suppressing of vital facts; the tacit acceptance of foregone and seldom-revised conclusions. Under such a system creative thought is at a discount; it is too dangerous, experimental, and time-absorbing; it may spoil the “safe” uniformity aimed at, by introducing new elements and combinations which out-grow the teacher's control.

Hard, indeed, must be the toil, superhuman the patience, of those who, generation after generation, fashion the world from such marred material, circumventing man's determined effort to hinder his own progress in the most effectual way! But the waste of it, fully realised, may well appal the bravest spirit.

What, then, of the other road? The modern educationalist starts with the two great ideas—dimly realised it may be, and called by many names—of a character inherited from the individual's own past,

and of a continuity of lives building up character and leading the soul back to its divine source by means of progressive experience. These, like all great truths but partially apprehended—as what truth is not?—are two-edged weapons in his hand. Used aright, they will produce results which exceed our wildest imaginings. Under their stimulus, applied with wisdom, the race might climb by incredibly swift stages the long ladder whose foot is in the dust and whose summit is in the stars; might besiege the doors of heaven before its destined hour.

But there is always the other possibility to contemplate; for the history of the world is only too rich in instances of spiritual teaching misapplied. *Corruptio optimi pessima*; the seven devils are still at hand to force an entrance into the swept and garnished house.

Some excellent suggestions as to the evils resulting from an indiscriminate application of the "new ideals" are made by Miss MacGregor in an article contributed to *Theosophy in Scotland*, May-to-June quarter, 1917. She emphasises the need, so often felt, for the selection of teachers from one class of egos alone; those whom Eliphas Lévi terms "les affranchis" in contrast to "les dominés." These freed, or illuminated, or twice-born souls can judge of the degree of progress made by others, and give to them so much, and no more, of the wisdom than they can absorb and usefully apply. "But," says Miss MacGregor, "what educational systems or theories can be carried out where the teacher is one of the bound or irresponsible, under the rule of expediency, not established in principles? Suppose that he has learnt the newest and most progressive methods; in his hands these will be more destructive than the most old-fashioned ways followed by one of the 'free.' Educationalists seem to think everything will go right if this, that, or the next system or theory is introduced, whereas we are no further on if the wrong persons are chosen to carry it out."

Here is a point of the utmost importance and one that may help to solve the problem presented in the letter previously quoted. It is not every teacher, however enthusiastic and able, who can profitably apply the "new ideals"; nor is it (as Miss MacGregor also points out) every child who can benefit by their wholesale application.

No blame, either to teacher or child, is here implied; indeed, a logical acceptance of the evolutionary principle can lead to no other conclusion than that a sudden, drastically effected change from old method, however bad, to new method, however good, must involve the sacrifice of much that is useful and even necessary to certain classes of human beings, and may even engender more abuses than it eradicates. Almost superhuman wisdom and patience are needed to guide the critical transition. But such wisdom and patience are at the service of the world, will it but draw upon them in its profound need.

The moral of these remarks (if they have a moral) seems to be the trite one, "*Festina lente*"—hasten slowly. Let sane and careful schemes for applying the new ideals—constructive schemes, thought out in every detail by practical workers, not left hanging in the air by theorists—go hand in hand with the abolition of the old. Nay, more; let the old contribute its quota to the new, and let the fruit be, not mere compromise, which too often signifies an escape from clear issues, but a real harmony of underlying truths.

Then we may get schools and colleges in which rigidity and eccentricity of method, suppression and over-stimulus of the individuality, are alike avoided; in which the child may learn to reach the "*via media*" that, so far from being the way of mediocrity, is identical with the path, "sharp as a razor's edge," across the cosmic abyss.

# THE MINISTRY OF RECONCILIATION

*By BERTRAM PICKARD*

L ISTEN to the tread of the armies in all countries! With what glorious self-abandon are men to-day offering their lives in the service of their nation! Surely the heart of Him who gave His life for men is rejoicing in this heroism. 'Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends.'

"Listen again and you shall hear another sound! It is the deep sorrow of a world in anguish. Men stricken, women bereaved, children fatherless. In that cry of pain we hear the tones of the Son of Man. In all our affliction He is afflicted. Yes, more, He is cast out; for we have not followed Him whose name we profess to honour. We have builded our city on the wrong foundation, and now it is falling upon us. We have denied our Lord; we have betrayed Him; we have crucified Him again."

These are the opening words of an appeal issued by "The Fellowship of Reconciliation," which (and again I use their own words) is "a company of persons who seek, individually and corporately, to take their part in the 'Ministry of Reconciliation' between man and man, class and class, nation and nation, believing all true reconciliation between men to be based upon a reconciliation between man and God."

"God was in Christ reconciling the world unto Himself."

"He gave unto us the ministry of reconciliation."

"The movement which has taken shape in the formation of the F.O.R. originated in the coming together of men and women belonging to various Christian communions who are profoundly dissatisfied with the confused utterance of the Christian Churches concerning the

present war and war generally. To them it appears that there has been a general failure to interpret the mind of Christ at this time, and that this failure entails a very serious menace to the future of the Kingdom of God, both in this country and throughout the world. They are persuaded that no war, however justifiable on prevailing standards, can ever be justified from the Christian standpoint."

They met in conference at Cambridge during the last days of 1914, met under a very real sense of the burden that the present catastrophe has laid on men's hearts, feeling very conscious that the world was reaping the harvest of sin, which they had helped to sow, seeking for guidance, listening for the voice of God, willing to know His will for them and wishing to do that will wherever it might lead them.

As one who was at that gathering and as one who is in whole-hearted sympathy with the purpose of the F.O.R., I want, if possible, to pass on something of the vision that we saw, or at least as I saw it. Of course, we did not see to the end; there were many difficulties and doubts; but we saw enough to know our immediate duty, and we were given sufficient faith to know that if we were true to the vision our eyes would be opened further. "He that doeth the will, shall know of the doctrine."

There is one result of the war the importance of which it is difficult to overestimate, and that is its stimulus to thought. It is surprising how contented we are in times of peace and prosperity to follow the line of least resistance, preserving our self-complacency with prejudices and preconceived ideas which we had never troubled to examine. Then, without a moment's warning seemingly,

we were precipitated into the maelstrom of a world war, and now we are having to think out most of the things which we previously took for granted, not least amongst which are our religious conceptions.

As never before, it is felt that war, at any rate between so-called Christian nations, should be impossible, and it is vaguely suggested that Christianity should have averted this war. But it hasn't done; and at once we ask: Is it Christianity that has failed or is it we, who call ourselves Christians? Then we ask, What is Christianity? And then, Who was Christ and for what did He stand? "Who say ye that I am?"

Quite naturally we turn to the New Testament to find what those who knew Christ whilst on earth thought of Him, and it is indeed new when we read it in the light of to-day, particularly if we read one of the modern translations (either Weymouth or Moffatt).

What of the life of Jesus? It was a life of energy and stern opposition to evil, a life of sympathy for the oppressed. It was characterised by a love for sinners, which never belittled their sin, but which made them deeply conscious of it. It was a life of passionate service, and though sometimes the work of healing seemed to hamper His greater ministry, yet He never could refuse to meet the need of a human being, and out of compassion He conquers by His own goodness the evil that is in those who cry to Him to save them. "Be not overcome with evil, but overcome evil with good."

And what of His teaching? Did Christ differ from the great teachers of the Old Testament? And if so, where and on what did He lay the emphasis?

At the outset we must remember that Christ Himself said, "Do not imagine I have come to destroy the Law or the prophets; I have not come to destroy but to fulfil." He considers, then, that the teaching of the Old Testament is incomplete and that He is to do the work of completion; or, in other words, that the Old Testament is a progressive revelation of God and that He (Jesus) is the supreme revelation of the Father. Then it is just

where He transcends the teaching of the Law that we should expect to find the emphasis.

And that is so! "Ye have heard that it was said" . . . "But I say unto you." . . . There is no need to quote those passages at length, for they are summed up by Jesus when He said, "A new commandment I give unto you, that ye love one another, as I have loved you." We have seen something already of what His love for men was and we shall see more when we come to consider His death. It is not surprising, then, to find Christ summarising His teaching in this way: "Well, then, whatever you would like men to do to you do just the same to them; that is the meaning of the Law and the prophets."

And we shall remember that passage in Paul, Christ's greatest interpreter: "Never revenge yourselves, beloved, but let the wrath of God have its way; for it is written, Vengeance is mine, I will exact a requital—the Lord has said it."

No! If your enemy is hungry, feed him; if he is thirsty, give him drink; for in this way you will make him feel a burning sense of shame. "Be not overcome with evil, but overcome evil with good."

And, lastly, what of the Cross? It is important to remember that Christ did not see clearly what His death was to be until very near the time appointed. It was only gradually that He came to know the full implication of His Messiahship. At that time there were two conceptions of the coming Messiah, both of which had their root in Old Testament prophecy. The one was of a conquering Messiah who would lead Israel to victory and then would rule the world in peace as King. The other was of a Messiah who would come descending in the clouds of heaven and who would proceed to govern the world by supernatural power.

It is quite clear that Jesus must have known of these prevalent ideas, and this is borne out by the temptations in the desert. The temptation to worship the Devil in order that all kingdoms of the world should be His, is surely nothing more than the temptation to fulfil the part

of a conquering Messiah, and the temptation to cast Himself off the pinnacle (the Rev. Wm. Temple suggests) is the temptation to play the rôle of the Messiah who was to descend from heaven.

But no! Jesus already had a conception of Messiahship that was unique. Instead of a conquering hero, he was to be (as Isaiah saw Him in that finest burst of prophecy) "a man rejected of men, a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief." We shall appreciate something of the unexpected character of this conception when we remember how that even the disciples forsook Him, thinking that their master had failed to save the world, or even His own people, when He went the way to Calvary. And we are permitted to see also something of the struggle that took place in the mind of Jesus before He was prepared for the Cross. We remember how He rebuked Peter, who protested when Christ spoke of the coming end—rebuked him with such energy that we can see the reality of the temptation that the words of Peter were to Christ, and again we remember His prayer that if possible this cup might pass from Him, nevertheless not His will but God's be done. The struggle is won—He knows the Father's will, and at once proceeds to Jerusalem to drink the cup to the bitter dregs. There is nothing of hesitation. He rebukes Peter for using the sword in His defence, never thinks of calling the legions of angels to His aid. He bears the awful burden alone, "a man rejected of men," and yet—"Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do."

In the Passion of Christ we see a picture of God—we catch a glimpse of His method. The Cross is the absolute denial of coercion as a redemptive force in the world. It is the supreme example of the unconquerable power of love, for though apparently Christ had failed, there followed the resurrection, and His work has revolutionised the world. As in His life and teaching, so in His death we strike the keynote: "Be not overcome with evil, but overcome evil with good."

This, then, is the Man we profess to follow, and the Cross is what it costs God

to forgive the sin that brought Christ to it. And what was the sin? There was nothing outstandingly wicked; in fact, it was due largely to the influence of the Pharisees and Sadducees that Christ was convicted — and they were avowedly religious.

There was one sin above all others which Christ denounced, and that was hypocrisy, smug self-complacency, and self-sufficiency. It was the sin that brought Him to the Cross. The Rev. William Temple is very true when he says: "One may have realised before that one was indifferent to the needs of people, that one was careless about principle and the great claims of duty; but one did not much mind; and when, without any theological interpretation of the Cross at all, one sees what the effect of that frame of mind can be, and, indeed, what in itself it is when it is brought into contact with such a life as that of Christ, one begins to realise the evil of it. "It was not crime or vice that sent Christ to the Cross; it was respectability and religious stagnation and compromise."

And becoming conscious of our own sin, we become conscious also of our national sins, as well as those of other nations, and we see in this war the inevitable outcome of a doctrine which is fundamentally anti-Christian — the doctrine that material force, whether it be navies or armies or the power of money, is the ultimate appeal in human affairs. Men have believed in the power of God—so far. They have trusted to the power of love and goodwill—so far; but they have made their faith of no avail by preserving the idea that behind it all lay material resources which they could and would use if necessary.

We catch a vision of the central problem of our faith; we see on one side the world with its belief in the things that are seen as the great realities, and on the other side Christ, whose power lay in the things that are unseen and which He proclaims to be eternal. And we look into our own minds and we find how very, very weak is our faith in the unseen and how much we look to and depend on the tangible things of this world. We feel how hard it is to be

a Christian and we cry "I believe, help Thou my unbelief."

We have seen Him whose disciples we are. We have seen how very far short we fall of the ideal and we ask what does it mean to be a disciple of Christ? What are the demands of a worthy discipleship? What did Christ expect from those who would follow after Him?

Whilst we must not underestimate the supreme work of Christ Himself, neither must we underestimate His need of human co-operation. We shall remember the tremendous importance in Christ's own mind of the training of the twelve, and it is of great significance that He never spoke to them of His Messiahship until Peter, through spiritual perception, had divined the Son of God. "Flesh and blood hath not revealed it unto thee, but My Father which is in heaven." We remember His terrible disappointment that they could not watch with Him even for one hour, and the bitterness of the Cross is surely not the physical suffering; but the fact that He was forsaken by the very people that He loved and for whom He was dying.

What has Christ to say of discipleship?

"If anyone wishes to follow Me, let him deny himself, take up his cross, and so follow Me; for whoever wants to save his life will lose it, and whoever loses his life for My sake and the Gospel's will save it." "He who loves father or mother more than Me is not worthy of Me; he who loves son or daughter more than Me is not worthy of Me; he who will not take his cross and follow after Me is not worthy of Me." "If a man hate not his father and mother, yea, and his own life also, he cannot be My disciple."

We must not lay undue stress upon isolated texts, but may we not say that these express the essence of Christ's teaching about discipleship? It was to be no half-hearted allegiance—His demands were absolute. "What is that to thee? follow thou Me"—"I am the way." Paul gets to the heart of it when he speaks of our being "heirs of God, heirs along with Christ—for we share His sufferings in order to share His glory." There are those two sides of discipleship—the fellowship of suffering and the fellowship

of glory. You remember when the scribe came to Jesus saying, "Teacher, I will follow You anywhere." The answer came, "The foxes have their holes, the wild birds have their nests, but the Son of Man has nowhere to lay His head." And again, "Do not imagine I have come to bring peace on earth; I have not come to bring peace but a sword. I have come to set a man against his father, a daughter against her mother; yes, a man's own household will be his enemies." It was to be no easy thing, this name of Christian, and history has shown how true his prophecy has been. The centuries are red with the blood given for Christ. But there is the other side: "Blessed are those who hunger and thirst for goodness, they will be satisfied." "Blessed are you when men denounce you and persecute you and utter all manner of evil against you for my sake; rejoice and exult in it, for your reward is rich in Heaven." And again we look to history and we see countless men and women whose greatest joy was that they were counted worthy to suffer with Christ.

If, then, we are to be true to Christ—if we are to be worthy—we cannot shirk the heavy responsibilities of discipleship. "Ye are the salt of the earth. As the Father hath sent me, so send I you into the world."

This leads us naturally to the thought of the body of Christ or the Church in its widest sense.

"Full authority has been given me in heaven and on earth; go and make disciples of all nations, baptise them in the name of the Father and the Son and the Holy Spirit, and teach them to obey all the commands I have laid on you. And I will be with you all the time, to the very end of the world." Discipleship is not to be purely personal, but also communal. We are members one of another, and all members together in Christ, who will be with us in spirit.

Christian fellowship is the normal environment of the Christian life, and quite naturally at Christ's death small communities of Christians came into existence who met, united by the sense of Christ's living presence amongst them.

And it is significant to find that for the first three centuries there were, practically speaking, no Christian soldiers. It was only when, with the conversion of Constantine, Christianity became the State religion of the Roman Empire that the conception of the world-wide character of Christianity was weakened, and at once the prime function of Christianity was transferred from missionary enterprise to something less of an international and more of a national or tribal character. It was then that the Christian increasingly began to take part in war. There have been many attempts to recapture something of the primitive Christianity of the first centuries, and in almost all instances the refusal to fight has been one of the distinguishing characteristics of these various movements.

And what of the Church to-day? Again I mean the term to include all the different forms of organised religion. What stand is it taking in relation to the war? Of course, it is difficult to dogmatise, and there are naturally great variations of opinion; but, generally speaking, it would be true to say that the Church in each of the countries engaged is endeavouring to justify the war from their own nation's standpoint, and even go so far as to call it a righteous war, invoking God to give them victory. So that we are faced with the appalling tragedy of Christians slaying Christians, each firmly convinced the other is wrong and each praying to the Father of both for victory in the name of Christ who died that they might live and who taught them to pray "forgive us our trespasses, even as we forgive them that trespass against us," a prayer which is said in all solemnity in the churches to-day. There is surely something terribly wrong in a position that is so full of contradiction. It is sufficiently tragic to think that Christianity has been unable to prevent the war, but it is still more tragic that to-day, when it would seem the Church was offered a supreme opportunity, when men and women were looking for guidance and asking with the so-called unchristian nations, "Is this Christianity, this hell on earth?" that the Churches cannot give a

better answer than to affirm the righteousness of the conflict and to vie with each other in their eagerness to recruit their Christian brethren for what they are sometimes pleased to call God's war!

The Church's opportunity would be to proclaim the war the inevitable result of sin and to call their country to a true repentance, which would of necessity involve a real opposition to the sin that was in themselves as well as that of their enemies.

The Church's failure is in so far as it is emphasising the sin of our enemies and is overlooking the national sins, speaking of "clean hands" and such self-righteous phrases.

Its opportunity would be in witnessing to the moral and spiritual forces as the only forces that will save the world by the overthrowing of wrong ideals.

Its failure is in speaking of national achievement in terms of lead and silver bullets and teaching that Satan is to be cast out by Satan, or, in other words, militarism by militarism.

Its opportunity would be in witnessing to the international and world-wide character of Christianity. Its failure is in so far as it is feeding the purely national spirit and is tending to reduce the conception of the all-embracing Fatherhood of God to the Old Testament conception of a tribal deity. Its opportunity would be in speaking with hope of a day when the peace of the world will be a reality and in pledging itself to strive for that day with all its power.

Its failure is in emphasising the difficulties of world-wide peace and refusing to challenge the wickedness and futility of war and to fight the forces that make for war.

And what is our individual duty, now that war has come and our country is involved in it? We are told that our King and country need us, and that the supreme need is to defeat our enemies on the field of battle. As citizens of this country which we love so well, we desire to do the thing that is truly best for her. As Christians we desire to do the thing which is most in harmony with the mind of Christ, and we must reserve ourselves

the right to refuse to do our country's bidding, if we are convinced that that bidding is not God's will for us, of course being prepared to risk the loss of any benefits which we derive as citizens.

It is perfectly clear that to some the call of country and the call of conscience are one, and not for a minute must we deny them the title of Christian, because none of us are Christlike—and the only satisfactory definition of a Christian is one who in all sincerity is endeavouring to follow Christ. But to some of us it seems as if we are faced with two apparently conflicting duties—our duty to Christ and our duty to our country. We are told that to deny our full support to the war, or even to criticise it, is to be not only a traitor to our country but to liberty, freedom, and humanity, and yet our conscience tells us that all war is wrong and contrary to God's will as revealed by Christ. Our reason tells us that fighting cannot and has not saved Belgium from the horrors of war. Our own guns as well as the Germans' are desolating her at this very moment. We know from the reading of history and from our own experience that militarism will never destroy militarism, because it is only the expression of a state of mind, and a state of mind cannot be changed by coercion, but only by the substitution of another state of mind. We all see that, whatever the rights and wrongs of the various points at issue, justice is not certain to be achieved whichever side wins. As we are so often told, it is money that will eventually settle it and not the righteousness of the cause.

Then our sense of morality is irreconcilable with war. As Dr. Henry Hodgkin says: "War is not simply 'the use of force,' it is the organised murder of innocent men upon a terrific scale." However excellent the discipline of a soldier's life may be, it cannot be right that his only duty is implicit obedience, when he is told to do things which he would know to be in time of peace gross violations of the laws of common morality. Surely a double standard of morality has no place in the life and teaching of Jesus. And, lastly, we have the guidance of the Christ

within ourselves. Paul said, "I live, and yet no longer I, but Christ liveth in me." George Fox, after years of seeking, made the discovery that "there was one, even Christ Jesus, who could speak to my condition." Call it what you will—the "inward light," the Christ within, the Holy Spirit—it is that in man which, irrespective of race, creed, or colour, can be appealed to by the divine. It is that intangible something which gives us our faith in humanity, which makes it possible for us to believe that there is something of good in all, and which gives us our hope in the eventual triumph of right. It is the "light that lighteth every man" according to John. But if that is true think what it means! If it is that of the divine within men, that gives them their common brotherhood because of their common sonship of God, it must mean that in slaying one another they are unwittingly striking at the heart of God Himself.

And so we have either to do something which we know to be wrong for ourselves or we must refuse to support the war as far as possible by deed or word or thought. We have seen a vision of the Christ crucified again, and we dare not keep the vision to ourselves.

And, after all, are the claims of Christ and country antagonistic? Who would dare to say that Christ betrayed His disciples when He rejected the sort of Messiahship they expected of Him and went instead the way of the Cross? Haven't we to follow His example? Should we not betray our fellow-countrymen if we follow anything less than the highest that we see? The solution of the apparently conflicting duties lies in the fact that the conscious participation in evil is a betrayal of man and God, and we feel sure of this when we remember that Christ, though perfect, is yet our highest example of all-embracing sympathy for men. It was His supreme faith in God that brought Him to victory through apparent defeat. It is faith that we most sorely need in choosing the path which seems to lead to certain failure.

We feel that "it is a solemn thing to stand forth to the nation as the advocates of inviolable peace." It means that we

are committed to a spiritual warfare against war, and our testimony must be as far as possible consistently borne against all war. It is only when we come to analyse the spirit that makes for war that we discover how far-reaching that spirit is. We find it not only in our international relationships, but also in our social, industrial, political, and, in fact, in all our human relationships. We find how far short we ourselves fall of our peace ideal. But "for the development of all that is best in human life, and for the sake of the generations that follow us in all nations, we are determined to press forward to this goal in the firm conviction that God has called us, and that He will defend the right."

There has been something wrong about the presentation of the peace ideal in the past. It has been conceived in terms of passive neutrality, and has failed to touch the imagination.

But surely the cause is great enough? It is clear that a repetition of such wars as this spells race suicide. And yet how

strange that we will spend millions a day, besides the awful toll of life and happiness, in the pursuit of an ideal largely national and how very, very little in the furtherance of the Christian ideal of perpetual peace. We see that men and women are willing to live and die for ideals—they are doing it gloriously today. We must present peace in terms of positive, self-sacrificing love before we can hope to destroy the fascination of war with all its opportunities of service and devotion.

We must seek to live nearer to the life of Christ. In seeking to establish a world order based on Love we must be willing to accept fully the principle of Love both for ourselves and in our relation with others, and to take the risks involved in doing so in a world which does not yet accept it.

"Dreamers of dreams!" We take the taunt  
with gladness,

Knowing that God beyond the years you see  
Hath wrought the dreams that count with you  
for madness,  
Into the substance of the life to be.

**P**EACE be with you, near and far,  
Brethren of the Silver Star;  
Peace be yours no force can break,  
Peace not death has power to shake,  
Peace from peril, fear, and pain,  
Peace until we meet again—  
Meet before yon sculptured stone  
Of the All-Commander's throne.

# ABOVE THE CLOUDS OF WAR

By A. J. WILLSON

*"I have seen Him in the watch-fires of a hundred circling camps,  
They have builded Him an altar in the evening dews and damps;  
I have read His righteous sentence by the dim and flaring lamps;  
His Day is marching on."*

J. W. HOWE  
(War Hymn of the Americans, 1861.)

**I**N the unclean darkness of a black-yellow London fog, whose foulness is the outcome of thousands of cheery firesides, by an effort of our will we can raise our thoughts above the dirt and mirk of our surroundings and realise that a few hundred feet above the carbon-laden atmosphere the glorious sun is shining brightly and all is vigour and light and exhilaration and exultation. Such a flight gives us courage to plan how best to arrange conditions below, so that the air may be cleared of carbon refuse and the land be drained of the surplus moisture until black fogs, as we now know them, become things of a bygone age.

In the same way can we rise above the dark clouds and miasmatic vapours that ensnarl the battlefields to-day—fogs that you and I have helped to thicken by every thought and act that grabbed instead of gave.

On all the seven seas the war is active; on hill and in dale, in swamp, on heather-clad heath; it stretches across Europe in trench and redoubt, "pill-box" and "funk-hole," past ruined cities and villages and battered holy places, leaping the free Swiss mountains to the fighting-ground of Austria and Italy. Then joining up with the Rumano-Russian lines in the Balkan Peninsular, the battle-line crosses to Palestine, Egypt, and Mesopotamia, and only vanishes to reappear sporadically over the whole earth.

Everywhere we hear the

Noise confused of the great Captains,  
Shouting against each other in the fight,  
And the deep voice of all Creation groaning  
Gives her no rest either by day or night,  
While all her pleasant seas are turned now  
To seas of death . . .

Very forcefully has Ruskin put the situation in his lecture on "War" in *The Crown of Wild Olives* (which should be a text-book for all our schools). He describes how in war time masses of men, taken from all industrial employment and fed by the labour of others, counted by hundreds of thousands, are brought face to face. "You tear those masses to pieces with jagged shot, and leave the living creatures countless beyond all help of surgery, to starve and parch, through days of torture, down into clots of clay."

Add to this dread picture of battle the days and months of sickening delay before the final order to "go over"—days and months often spent in conditions hitherto unthinkable in civilised life. Men huddled together in caves and dens hollowed by their own hands; out of touch with all that used to make life bearable, hungry, thirsty, with the spectre of grim Death ever peering mockingly at them above the shallow parapet of the waterlogged trench. Even when they go back for much-needed rest and refreshment, their trial is not over, for temptations lure their over-strained senses to follies, and worse,

that in saner moments they would carefully avoid.

All this and more. But in the midst of these nightmare horrors of thick darkness, only thrown into deeper shadow by the light of the ideals for which men so heroically give their lives, lift up your eyes, and behold! "the glory of the Lord" is over all and everywhere wisdom and power and love are working, even as above the fog-laden London day shines ever the glorious sun; and were these unseen influences withdrawn but for a moment, London, Europe, our globe would cease to be.

With hearts full of compassion, intent to help all who are in the darkness, let us rise in thought and remain above for a time and study, in the light of the wider knowledge brought to mankind at the end of the last century, those things that alone can avail to explain and help us when we return to the dark mists of this terrible war time. As from our height we scan the whole sweep of happenings, we become conscious that the fighting on earth is in some way a preparation, a clearing of the way for a great forward step in evolution, and at the same time we dimly sense the stupendous fact that it is but a reflection—so to say—of a battle between the forces of what we, for want of more precise terms, call good and evil, in regions which are beyond our earth-blinded ken, but whence emanates the life force that expresses itself in what we call "Laws of Nature," when we begin to comprehend them; "cataclysms," when we do not. We catch hints now and again, from those who have long studied above in the sunlight in order the better to work with us below in the gloom, of a "guardian wall." "Built by the Hands of many Masters of compassion, raised by their tortures, by their blood cemented, it shields mankind, since man is man, protecting it from further and far greater misery and sorrow."

Turning from this glimpse so incomprehensible to most of us, the law of cycles begins to unfold and we perceive that present happenings have their prototypes in the past history of man on earth, so that many who are struggling together now

have, in bodies of a long-past time, warred against each other in world crises so remote that history, as convention reads it, for the most part knows them not. Our French Allies show an inkling of this—those of them, at least, who are interested in *Kurukshetra*, a paper written in the trenches and edited in Paris. For Kurukshetra was the scene of the great battle, recorded in the epic of the *Mahabharata*, which ended one cycle of evolution for Indian Aryans and heralded another, just as the "accounts amongst the nations" are being settled to-day.

That idea carries us on to the fact that we are not our bodies. Bodies are mortal. Men, Thinkers, are immortal. With one hand man reaches up to Beings so perfected that the plan of the Universe lies as an open book before them; with the other hand he reaches down to the lowliest soul in the march of evolution. We have a hint that those two hands, seemingly so far apart, are really clasped, and that high and low are found to be merely two aspects of one great whole.

Shakespeare talks of our strutting our brief hour on life's stage in guise now of infant, now of youth, of manhood, of old age, and we have only to carry on the simile further to realise that, in the greater sweep of his whole existence, a man's life is but as a day. Hard lessons have to be conned life after life, even if easy ones are learnt quickly, and gradually he gains greater and greater control over his various bodies and his changing surroundings, until at last he becomes expert in the use of bodies, so extended in their capacities that they transcend in knowledge the illusions of earth and can realise the governing facts behind the mist waves of matter.

Gazing thus on the battlefields of today, we can actually see the men rising from their bodies as these fall before bayonet thrust, burst of shrapnel, poisonous fume, or any other of the thousand and one weapons that seem so relentlessly cruel to our fear-distorted sight below. Seen thus from above, the illusion of the Death legend of our civilisation is pierced, and in place of his grinning scull and scythe, a glorious all-

powerful Being stands revealed—strong with the strength of all wisdom, wise with the sight that knows the past of each man and his immediate possibilities, compassionate with a love and understanding that only Those Who Know can feel. And the eyes of this mighty Angel of Death search the hearts and reins of men as each comes forward at the call of duty to "do his bit," strung up to the highest of which his body is capable. So one man is left to "carry on" with his fellow-men, because after-war conditions will be of benefit; another is taken, for, though full of the beauty and vigour and aspiration of young manhood, something in his body or his home surroundings would be a bar to the quick progress required to prepare for the return of the World Teacher in the immediate future. Again, another will be taken because he will be invaluable on the "other side" in helping those who have "gone West." His scorn of death and lovable and heroic qualities have gained men's hearts here and will attract them to receive help from him to master the best conditions on the other side.

And so the beautiful story unrolls; and the noise of cannon, the frenzied battle shouts, and the groans of the wounded take their right places as "examination tests," so to say, to prove a man's grip on realities and on the lasting treasures of life.

And the wounded? Could we but search each man's consciousness, we should learn much that would stay all hopeless grief of desolate friends. We should see that it is true that not one sparrow falls unheeded. The lips whose last faint breath was sighed away in the arms of the Beloved are sealed, and the sad wife and sorrowing friends know nothing of the triumph of love and peace in those last hours, before his torn and mangled body set their loved one free. Stories of the "Comrade in White" and "Invisible Helpers," as of the "Angels of Mons," have a foundation in truths so beautiful that men shrink from accepting them, dreading to find them untrue.

And of those who do not die? No man can return after a time of anguish, wounded and athirst, with the chill of the

dead around him and the curses or prayers of the wounded in his ears, and the pitiless stars shining through the long nights over all, and be just the same as he was before. He has passed the test and risen in evolution—or failed *this time* and has been returned to con his lessons of life still more. But the lists of V.C.'s, D.S.O.'s, M.C.'s and other honours, do not tell a tenth of the grand triumph of man over his body in the final test, face to face with Death.

We note, too, the great spirit of comradeship that has spread amongst these men, once so far apart, now united in training that they may worthily give up life and life's joys for an ideal—for peace, not for themselves but for generations still unborn. They are truly blood-brothers and like to be together in pleasures as in pains. High born and lowly, cultured and refined, true manhood transcends the limitations of body, and lips whose language is the dialect of oaths are perchance found to be as fundamentally clean as those trained to terms politer and more in accord with our times. Conventions, good or bad, as we think them, fall away before the approach of the great Angel of Death, the Rewarder, the Releaser.

Now let us visit a soldier's home. Some are patterns of neatness, but in this one the wife, patient and good, is too weighed down by the effort to meet the requirements of oncoming children to make a true home. A tiny living-room, only possible if empty of furniture and ventilated by a blazing fire and open windows, is closed up and crowded with dirty sofa and chairs and unwashed vessels. The wife, without time to keep even her hair tidy, has neither the knowledge nor the means to feed husband and children well. Note the child's scarred face, showing the working out of an ignorant breaking of Nature's law. See the street and grimy backyard, which are the children's only playground; and the public-house, so convenient at the corner, which will be the refuge of the father on his return, there to forget the miserable present in recounting the past victories of his regiment. Now judge. Is it better for the man to leave his body on the battlefield and, after due

rest, to be born into the better conditions of the times before us, or to return with body and mind "in the pink" from the healthy training of drill and open-air life and the good food of the soldier, gradually to sink to his old level, and to resent upon his ignorant wife the consciousness of his downfall?

For the cultured and artistic the problem may take a more subtle form, but seen "from above" it is better to be capable of the supreme act of self-sacrifice in renouncing art and its promises for an ideal, than to dedicate our days to the shadow of art down here and to turn our back to duty's call in a world crisis. What right has a man who will not die for his country to live with her, preserved by the supreme sacrifice of other men?

"Peace" and "War" are terms so often used in the wrong place. What true peace is there in a condition that is only longed for because it better enables us to exploit our fellow-men; to pull down the rich, if we are poor; to use the poor for our aggrandisement, if we are rich? Surely such a condition, which is that of the society we have been brought up in, can but end the "reckoning up" day of an Armageddon. Yet War has no power of transmutation in itself, only through the trumpet call to each man to transcend the selfishness of his body; the call that rings out when the hour strikes, when the cup of iniquity is full and the nations must be purged—or fall.

Hear again what Ruskin writes about the fighting man—Ruskin, who sensed great truths behind the shadows of his day:

I feel as if it were, somehow, grander and worthier in him to have made his bread by

sword play than by other play; I had rather he made it by thrusting than by batting; *much* rather than by betting. Much rather that he should ride war horses, than back race horses; and—I say it sternly and deliberately—*much* rather would I have him slay his neighbour than cheat him. . . .

You may go to your game of wickets, or of hurdles, or of cards, and any knavery that is in you may stay unchallenged all the while. But if the play may be ended at any moment by a lance-thrust, a man will probably make up his accounts a little before he enters it. Whatever is rotten or evil in him will weaken his hand more in holding a sword-hilt than in balancing a billiard cue, and, on the whole, the habit of living lightly hearted, in daily presence of death, always has had, and must have, power both in the making and testing of honest men.

Look into the faces of the men returned from the front. Their eyes see deeper into life with a nobler, cleaner outlook, in spite of battle soil.

But when real Peace has been made possible by self-sacrifice; when Brotherhood is not only a name, but a reality on earth; when men help each other Godward, and for one man to fall is only for another to spring forward to raise him; when bodies are recognised as the school-house of the soul; when the differences of men's and women's bodies are seen to be but designed to give the soul all experience, as it is born now into a man's body, now into a woman's—then war will no longer be required to do its purificatory work. We long ever for the perfection of that Peace that shall come to all—as we deserve it.

Can anyone be surprised that after such a glimpse of the realities behind this War we go about with glad faces full of confidence, whether we be soldiers in the trenches or mothers and sisters in the midst of air-raids at home?

He has sounded forth His trumpet that shall never call retreat,  
He is sifting out the hearts of men before His judgment-seat;  
Oh, be swift, my soul, to answer Him; be jubilant, my feet;  
Our God *is* marching on!

J. W. H.

# WHERE CHILDREN PLAY

## II.—A Vacation School

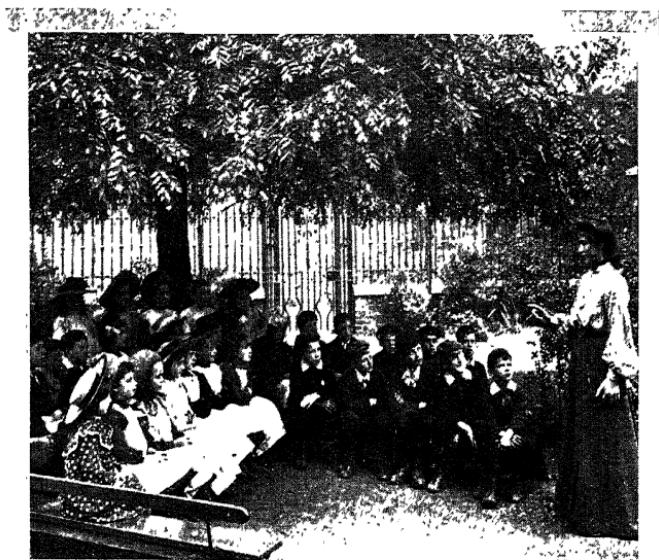
By CECILY M. RUTLEY

(Concluded from page 495.)

**A**LTHOUGH there are now in London many vacation schools and organised playgrounds for poor children during the summer holidays, there is none that for size, variety, and scope of occupations can at

August, enabling a thousand little Londoners to spend at least part of their summer holidays in happy and healthy occupations and surroundings.

Five hundred children attend in the morning and another five hundred in the



STORY-TELLING

all compare with the Vacation School held at the Passmore Edwards Settlement, Tavistock Place. This school is something quite unique of its kind, and people interested in child welfare and education come from all parts and all countries to see the wonderful work that is being done.

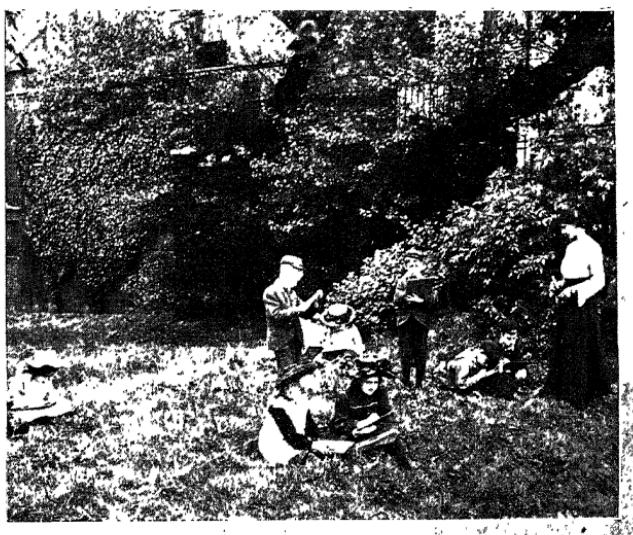
The school was started by Mrs. Humphry Ward, the founder of the Evening Play Centre movement, in 1902, and since then it has met for three weeks every

afternoon; the School meets from 10 to 12.30, and again from 2.30 to 5, for five days each week. The children who come in the mornings during the first week come in the afternoons during the second, and return to the mornings in the third. As with the Play Centres, the first selection of children is left with the day schools, the tickets of admission being divided amongst a number of schools in the districts around. Great care

is taken that children who will benefit from the Country Holiday Fund, or who will get away from London by any other means, shall not also be admitted to the Vacation School, at least not until every other necessitous child has been provided for; and places are never vacant, for as soon as a child falls off in his or her attendance—and a certain number do each day, the attendance being entirely voluntary—the place is immediately filled by another taken from the list of names of those always waiting for an opportunity

ness for All," a motto which is not merely preached but practised by both teachers and children each and every day of the School. The following, an actual occurrence, will give some idea of how active and vital a part this motto plays. One might almost say it *is* the Vacation School.

It is ten o'clock on an August morning. In the spacious courtyard behind the main Settlement buildings five hundred children, boys and girls of ages ranging from seven to fourteen, are lined up ac-



NATURE STUDY IN TAVISTOCK PLACE

to come in. The news of the Vacation School travels far and wide. Every day fresh children come asking to be admitted. The homes of many of these are often several miles away, but quite little children think nothing of trudging long distances to and from the school.

The Vacation School owes its marvellous success to many things—to its excellent organisation, its small classes, its specialised teachers, its good fortune in accommodation, indoor and out, but especially to its motto, "Equal Happi-

cording to their years—each line containing from twenty to twenty-five children—facing letters of the alphabet fastened upon the opposite wall, by which letters the classes are distinguished from each other.

A teacher stands at the head of each line, and on the top of a flight of steps, looking down upon the children, stands the headmaster.

First, a bright, simple hymn is sung, and five hundred little voices rise sweet and clear upon the fresh morning air. Then

the Lord's Prayer is slowly and reverently said. After which the headmaster says, "Children, I have something to say to you. The people who live in the houses overlooking the garden tell me that yesterday we made too much noise at our play. Now, we are all here to have a good time. But you know our motto, and when our way of being happy causes annoyance to anybody else, of course we must stop. I know you will not let the complaint be made again."

The children are neither scolded nor

thing else, but because anything different would seem a mean, even senseless thing to do, and finally does not occur to them to do at all. When will every day school learn to act in the same way, allow the children to work always in an atmosphere of freedom and self-respect, and so save their individualities from being stunted, and sometimes, alas! for the time being, at least, crushed?

Happiness and goodness, according to Robert Louis Stevenson, stand in the relation of cause and effect. How he



TOY RIFLE DRILL

threatened, but appealed to as rational beings. They recognise the justice of what the headmaster says, and the noise does not have to be complained of again—at least, not for many days, when in the exuberance of youthful health and spirits the need for rather quieter play may again slip out of little minds. Other little misdemeanours, inseparable from so large a gathering, occur. The culprits are appealed to in a similar way, and so a system of free and almost "self"-discipline grows up. The children behave properly, not because they are afraid to do any-

would rejoice to see such a striking example of his precept as the Vacation School! Perhaps in spirit he sometimes hovers over it. For happiness is everywhere, and because the children are happy they are good.

Mornings and afternoons are divided into four periods, and at the Vacation School the children do not choose their occupations as at the Play Centres, but go to different classes in turn. Most of the classes are out of doors when it is fine, in the large garden with its green lawns and shady trees. One might expect that

## WHERE CHILDREN PLAY

garden to suffer from its three weeks' occupation, and the constant passing and repassing of hundreds of little feet. But the children quickly learn to respect the grass, and even the gravel paths, and I doubt whether any outsider would know, when the School is over, that it had ever been there at all.

Many and varied are the occupations, suited to the tastes of all. Some are altogether active, some more sedentary, and the two are made to alternate as much as possible. There are some classes especi-

Work. Here the fingers are employed, and the minds as well, in making baskets of many different shapes and sizes. The children talk freely as they work, and move about if they wish to compare notes, or lend one another a helping hand.

On an adjoining lawn the older girls play Basket Ball, and on another lawn there are Singing Games and Morris Dancing for the younger ones. Seated round a long table in the shade, on one of the gravel paths, a class of little boys or girls may be seen busily cutting out



GYMNASТИC

ally for the girls, and others for the boys; some to which both boys and girls go; some only for the younger, others only for the older children.

Under the ash tree there is Story Telling, and many a happy little circle of boys and girls sits beneath its shade, feet and bodies resting awhile, imaginations wandering far afield in the realms of Faerie. When the story is finished there are books to be read and looked at on a long table near at hand.

On an adjoining lawn there is Basket

pictures from illustrated papers and pasting them into scrap-books, and at another table other little people are playing with toys and quiet games.

There is Rug Making with coloured wools in another part of the garden, and Recreative Needlework on another lawn. For the younger girls and boys there is a Painting Class, but the elder ones have higher aims. Their class is designated by the name of "Art"; they attend it for a double period at a time, and at it some really creditable work is done. There is

Clay Modelling at another table, and at another simpler modelling in Plasticine. There is Cardboard Work, Bookbinding, and Toy Making. In the Cobbling Class the boys mend their own boots and shoes

The "Babies" under seven have a Kindergarten and several trained teachers of their very own. You may watch them blowing soap bubbles or playing happily in the garden, and delving with little spades and buckets in the covered sand-pit in one corner of the courtyard. It is one of the prettiest sights in the School to watch them marching along singing their own little songs.

Thus the big garden is fully occupied. But there is no crowding, and when every class is settled at its work there still seems room to spare. And everything is so delightfully happy, and informal, and free. When it rains, or is chilly, or cold, there is a room provided for every class indoors.

There are some classes that, wet or fine, are always held indoors. In the Drawing Room, or Hall, of the Settlement there is Dancing and Musical Drill for the girls, and there is a Dramatic Class to which girls and boys of special ability are invited, and where a little play is rehearsed to be acted on the last day of the School. Downstairs in the kitchen the girls make buns and scones, and other simple things, which they can buy at cost price, to eat themselves, or to take home. In this class, as in all the others, recreation and enjoyment are aimed at rather than the acquirement of fresh knowledge or skill, and whether cooking, or polishing the silver or brasses, the little folk in the kitchen are as happy as they can be.

The fine gymnasium is almost always occupied by the boys, and in another building on the opposite side of the courtyard they have two fully-equipped Wood-work classes. In the courtyard the boys play games. For Cricket they go to a field not far away, and they have matches with boys from other clubs or schools. Drafts of both girls and boys are taken to the swimming baths on alternate days.

Most of the classes meet for thirty-five minutes at a time. But some, like the Art

and Cobbling classes, the Needlework, Cookery, Basket and Cardboard Work, last for a double period—i.e., an hour and ten minutes instead of thirty-five; while the Woodwork classes extend through the whole morning or afternoon. At the end of each period a bell is rung, and the classes that are to change march from the garden into the courtyard, or, if wet, from their class-rooms indoors into the gymnasium, and lining up before their respective letters wait until the next teacher comes to take them off. This marching to and fro, although naturally taking up a little time, makes a pleasant, healthy break between the work.

Girls and boys who show marked ability in any occupation are also invited to attend for that class in the mornings or afternoons, when the five hundred to which they really belong are not present, so that little artists, modellers, needlewomen, carpenters, and basket-makers have a real opportunity of becoming quite expert in their chosen crafts.

Mrs. Humphry Ward keeps in close personal touch with the School. If she is in London she is certain to pay it several visits, and to come to the Open Day and Display at the end of the three weeks, when parents and friends are also invited to see what their children have done. The classes go on just as usual, and all the finished work may be seen.

This work is really wonderful. It shows what energy, and skill, and real interest in your craft can accomplish in fifteen days. There are full-rigged ships, bookshelves, cupboards, tables, desks, and countless other things, the work of the carpenters. There are picture frames, boxes, book covers, blotters, and toys of all descriptions made from coloured papers, cardboard, and paste or gum; sketches, drawings, and designs from the artists, many of which are *real* "works of art," and beautiful little figures and models in clay. There are little dresses, pinafores, dressed dolls, and many other articles, useful and ornamental, from the needlewomen, baskets, finished scrapbooks, and rugs. In the Hall a display is given, in which all the performers are children of the School, and which consists

### WHERE CHILDREN PLAY

of gymnastics, singing games, dancing, and the play which has been so carefully practised and rehearsed by the dramatic class. And then the children go home, with not very long to wait until the day schools re-open for the autumn term.

It is not all play for the teachers at the Vacation School. The work, though infinitely delightful, is arduous and tiring, for each teacher is enthusiastic, and gives freely of his or her best. But the reward

is great. It is the joy of the children that returns to them, and the knowledge that a thousand of London's necessitous little ones will hold as one of their happiest memories, until summer comes round again, the three weeks spent at the Vacation School. They all think they go there to play. They are surely also being educated in the highest and truest meaning of that word.

## COMRADE, GOOD-NIGHT

**G**OOD-NIGHT, Good-night!  
With hands in steadfast grip,  
With firm close-folded lip,  
We silent stand—and part—  
A memory in each heart  
Of dear companionship.  
Henceforth, may be—our ways wide leagues apart—  
Good-night.

Good-night, good-night,—  
We part for days—for years—  
For cycles ;—yet no tears  
Shall dim the brightness of the lingering glance;  
No fainter grow our heart beats (though perchance  
There comes the quick cold thrust of passing fears)—  
Good-night !

Good-night, good-night,—  
As comrades part, we part,  
With courage in the heart,—  
With love more strong, more wise,—  
With clear unfaltering eyes,—  
As those who see long visions—faint and far—  
Mounting æonian steps from star to star,—  
Themselves a part of that great Enterprise. Good-night !

ADA M. SMITH

# THE EMPLOYMENT OF CHILDREN

By JOHN SCURR

*Mr. Scurr is one of those who realize that "the future is with the young." We stultify their manhood if we overwork children now. "The swiftness of the world-progress depends on their acceptance of high ideals," and their capacity to act upon them.*

IT is being recognised that we committed a terrible national blunder when we permitted children of tender years to enter industry. The Legislature has taken steps to deal with the problem, and according to the Annual Report for 1916 of the Chief Medical Officer for the Board of Education, just published, the following things have been done :

"A minimum age has been fixed for the employment of children, which has gradually advanced from 8 to 12 years; the hours of labour and the trade processes in which children may be employed have been restricted; and a system has been established by which attendance at school has been made a condition of labour in factories or workshops for all children as defined by those Acts."

Children in industry in Britain may be grouped under five headings :

- (1) Young persons over 14 years of age.
- (2) Children under 14 (but above 12) wholly employed as possessing an exemption certificate from the Education Authority.
- (3) Children under 14 (but above 12) partially exempted (so-called half-timers).
- (4) Children aged 12-14 employed under the Coal and Metalliferous Mines Acts.
- (5) Children in attendance at school, but employed out of school hours.

Some 400,000 children pass out of school yearly at about the age of 14. The number with labour certificates is about 200,000; and "half-timers" are estimated to reach 30,000, but to these must be added the children attending school but employed out of school hours, who number in normal times about a quarter of a million. Such children work from 5 to 30 hours or more per week, in addition to 27½ hours of schooling, thus

bringing up their total hours of work every week to the adult standard. Fifty per cent. of these children are engaged in what is described as "unskilled work," and their employment "is not conditioned by adequate safeguards, or, indeed, any safeguards for their health, and for the development of their individual capacity or social efficiency." "Moderate employment of an educational character, under healthy conditions and effectually supervised, may not prejudice and may even conduce to the training of certain children under 14 years of age. It is a question of proper control rather than absolute suppression; of wise selection rather than prohibition." Personally, I should favour the total prohibition of employment for gain of all children under 16, but the words quoted from the Report are an accurate summary of public opinion on this question in Britain.

Under the Employment of Children Act, 1903, local authorities have power to make by-laws regulating the employment of children as regards age, hours of employment, and specified occupation. No child under 14 can be employed between nine o'clock at night and six o'clock in the morning, but the local authority may vary this rule. No child under 11 can be employed in street-trading and no "half-timer" can be employed in any other occupation.

The Labour Exchanges Act, 1909, established Labour Exchanges, of which about 400 are in existence, to nearly all of which are attached juvenile departments. "Speaking generally, some 10,000 boys and girls are registered at these Exchanges per week."

The Education (Choice of Employment) Act, 1910, gives the local authorities power to make arrangements for giving boys and girls under 17 years of age assistance with respect to the choice of employment. Special committees (Special Advisory Committees) have been appointed locally to deal with the subjects of these Acts. They are generally constituted as follows: A chairman appointed by the Board of Trade, 6 persons nominated by the Local Education Authority, 3 representatives of employers, 3 of workpeople, 3 interested in youthful welfare, and 1 secretary. In addition, the local education authorities have juvenile employment committees.

Despite these legislative and administrative precautions, much injury is inflicted on children. I cull one or two instances:

*Gloucestershire*.—“A child aged 12 years, an errand-boy, worked 1 hour before school, 1 hour at midday, 4 hours after school, and 13 hours on Saturday. His teacher told me that he was nearly always inattentive in school. He looked over-tired and nervous. His wages were 1s. 9d. per week.”

*Rutland*.—“During the year 77 children who worked out of school hours were submitted to medical examination; 69 of these were boys and 8 girls. Twenty-six of these worked on the land, 18 ran errands for householders, 16 worked for tradesmen, and 5 distributed papers. The hours varied from 60 a week to half an hour a week. In the former of these cases the lad, aged 13, did not attend school. He receives 7s. 6d. per week, but was certainly considerably below normal in nutrition.”

*Warwickshire*.—“In the cases of 5 boys working 37, 38, and 39 hours, they were at their employment before breakfast, during the dinner-hour and all the evening, while on Saturdays they all put in over 12 hours. The result was they had no time for relaxation of any kind. These boys were physically and mentally among the worst in the series.”

*East Ham*.—“Although no physical injury may be shown before the age of

14 years, constant work under discipline must tend to lessen a boy's chance of developing originality or of following any bent he may have towards a special career. Early employment leads also, in the majority of cases, to employment in 'blind' directions, where no special trade is learnt, and the boy, when too old for paper-selling, milk-rounds, or errand-running, is thrown on the world as an unskilled young labourer.”

*Hindley*.—“We find that in the majority of instances it is not the poorest parents that call their 12-year-old boys and girls from bed at 4.30 a.m. or 5 a.m. to go and work at this age. Some of the parents that do not need the money earned by their children justify their attitude by telling you that in the case of weavers, if the girls did not enter the weaving shed as half-timers, they would have to wait too long for looms of their own.”

#### NEWPORT (MON.) FIGURES OF EMPLOYMENT.

		GIRLS' SCHOOL.	
Of age	7	there were	9 workers.
“	8	“	17 “
“	9	“	23 “
“	10	“	16 “
“	11	“	23 “
“	12	“	26 “
“	13	“	36 “

		BOYS' SCHOOL.	
Of age	8	there were	9 workers.
“	9	“	22 “
“	10	“	48 “
“	11	“	53 “
“	12	“	94 “
“	13	“	67 “

The commentary of Sir Geo. Newman is instructive, and I give it in full: “From the records of 1916, and from previous evidence, several points become clear. The first conclusion is that, if these records are representative, *a very large number of children are being prematurely employed*. These local reports are examples of a practice so widespread as to be well-nigh universal. Secondly, *many children pass through the strain of premature employment apparently uninjured*. It must not be forgotten (a) that it is, as a rule, the stronger children who are selected for employment; (b) that such employment brings in increased wages, and therefore often means more and

better food, and (c) that such employment is often out-of-door work in the fresh air. In these respects there are compensations which conceal the immediate effect, and may even, in some cases, prove on a balance of advantages to be physically beneficial. Thirdly, *the physical injury which manifests itself is insidious and inconspicuous, but far-reaching.* Malnutrition, anaemia, fatigue, spinal curvature, and strain of heart or nervous system are conditions the discovery of which generally calls for clinical investigation and careful inquiry. They do not catch the eye, or arrest the attention of the casual observer. But they are profoundly important for two reasons: they lay the foundations of disease and they undermine the physiological growth of the child at a critical juncture in life. The question is not only in what way does this employed child differ from other children of its own age, but in what way has this child-worker degenerated from its own previous standard, actual or potential, and what will be its condition in 5, 10, or 20 years? That is the vital issue. The strain of the stuff is past repair, the opportunity for laying healthy foundations has been irretrievably lost, the seeds have been sown of body habit or disease which inevitably and surely lead to premature disablement, incapacity, and unemployability. Fourthly, *it is the con-*

*ditions rather than the character of the employment which tend to injure the child.* Apart from exceptional occupations which are in themselves injurious, it is the long hours, the unsuitable hours, the interference with sleep and food, the ill-ventilated or heated rooms, the exposure to unsuitable surroundings, lifting heavy weights, prolonged standing, and so forth which exert the pernicious influence. Thus it is control of conditions, rather than suppression of occupation, which is needed. And of all the undesirable conditions, the most radical and persistent is that of *long hours.* It is a remarkable and significant fact that, all through the history of child labour, the dominant evil is not accidents or poisoning or deformities or specific disease (though these occurred in certain industries), but the stress and fatigue of the immature body due to long and unsuitable hours of occupation. The actual work is often easy—‘fool-proof,’ as it is termed. It is not the work but the continuous strain which kills, a strain which entails inadequate opportunity for proper food and rest.”

This is a damning indictment. And it is as well that the Chief Medical Officer of the Board of Education has set it out so mercilessly, yet so impartially. Perhaps we shall move, and stop the scandal.

DO ye hear the children weeping, O my brothers,  
Ere the sorrow comes with years?  
They are leaning their young heads against their mothers,  
And *that* cannot stop their tears.  
The young lambs are bleating in the meadows,  
The young birds are chirping in the nest,  
The young fawns are playing with the shadows,  
The young flowers are blowing toward the west—  
But the young, young children, O my brothers,  
They are weeping bitterly!  
They are weeping in the playtime of the others,  
In the country of the free.

E. B. BROWNING

# SHOULD WE WEAR BLACK?

By H. H.

**N**EEDLESS to say, the question which stands at the head of this article is not asked with regard to the inclusion of black in our everyday attire, or its omission from it, but in relation to that special sense in which black is worn as "mourning."

Put in that form, it is a question which has a very particular relevancy to the present time, when, owing to the disastrous world-war, there is hardly a home from one end of the land to the other which is not mourning the loss of one—or, alas! even more—of its members; there is not a soul among us who is not counting with a sorrowing heart the many, many gaps in the circle of his or her nearest and dearest friends. There could not, therefore, be a more appropriate season in which to raise the issue as to whether the wearing of what is known as "mourning" is commendable from any point of view, whether it be regarded as a homage to—and a commemoration of—the beloved "dead," an expression of the grief of the survivors, or whether it be merely looked at from the standpoint of simple common sense.

The custom is so widespread, indeed, one may say so universal, that it is difficult to approach the subject with an unbiassed mind, because with most of us, and especially with those who are going down the hill of years, it is so interwoven with old associations, it is so entangled with traditions that are endeared to us by a thousand memories of those who have gone before, that it has acquired what we might almost call a spurious sanctity which prevents our examining it purely on the grounds of its actual merits or demerits.

First, it is a matter of sentiment, next, it is a matter of convention: suppose we try and examine it in both these lights.

Let us approach it on its sentimental side first, and foremost of all in its aspect as an expression of our grief for those

who have passed over. We may divide this examination roughly into two categories; firstly, does the practice of wearing black as mourning do them any good? secondly, can it be considered in any way as a consolation to ourselves? In the former case, if it be possible that our beloved who have passed over are conscious in their new surroundings of such very mundane matters as the clothes that the relations and friends whom they have left behind them are wearing, is it to be supposed that they can derive any sort of comfort or satisfaction from the knowledge that we are not only lamenting our loss of them inwardly, but are also outwardly steeping ourselves in gloom by way of doing honour to their memory? Surely so to think of them is to credit them with a most futile and belittling form of selfishness.

We are told by all who know that nothing so disturbs the peace and retards the progress of our friends upon the other side of death as vehement outbursts of sorrow and unrestrained indulgence in grief on the part of us who mourn their loss; it troubles their serenity, it accentuates any purgation which they may have to experience, and it forcibly drags back to earth those thoughts which they are attempting to turn towards higher things. If this be so, and a large and increasing number of people firmly believe that it is so, how can it be possible that a daily and hourly insistence upon our grief, a nursing of it in the concrete form of "customary suits of solemn black," can fail to have a harmful effect on them?

If we would arrive at a reasonable judgment in the matter, we cannot do better than put ourselves in their places and suppose the positions to be reversed.

Let anyone ask himself or herself this question, "When my time shall come to pass over into the Unseen, do I really wish that those to whom I have bidden a temporary farewell

should behave as though that farewell were in truth eternal?" —because that is what it amounts to—" Do I wish that they should dwell upon the gloomiest aspect of death by the gloomiest garb which they can assume, in order to 'commemorate' all the happy days which we have spent together, all the bright and tender memories with which I would be linked in their recollection, as they will be in mine? Is it really a fitting expression of that hope of a lasting link of love between us, unbreakable and unending, which we mutually entertain?" I venture to think that there is not a single one of us who would answer those questions in the affirmative.

And if we would not wish it, is it not reasonable to conclude that our "dead" would not, and do not, wish it either?

And, if that be granted, it inevitably follows that, in wearing black for them, to put their memories in mourning not only gives them no kind of pleasure but is actually contrary to their wishes as well as to their highest interests.

So much for those whom we profess to mourn by wearing black. Now let us take the point of view of the mourners.

Is there anyone who will assert that from the wearing of black he finds the slightest solace for his grief or the smallest consolation for his loss?

When we truly mourn we need no outward reminder of that which is ever present in our inmost selves, nor do we desire to impress the intensity of our sorrow upon the outside world by wearing our heart upon our sleeve—a black sleeve!

Why, then, do we wear black? There is only one answer: we wear it as a tribute to convention, fashion, "that monster custom who all sense doth eat." Although we know in our hearts the unreason—indeed, the absurdity—of that custom, we still continue it because we have not the courage to break away from it, we endue ourselves with the livery of the rook and the raven lest we should be accused of disrespect to our dead, and, so strong is the force of habit, that many of us have come to believe the omission of the conventional

mourning garb really would constitute some sort of slight to their memory.

Yet, to show how fallacious this is, one has only to look back a comparatively few years, and those within living memory, to arrive at a time when it would have been considered disrespectful to the departed not to have attired the mourners at his obsequies in the luminous black mantles and crape scarves (provided by the undertaker), not to have had standing at the door of the house whence the body was borne forth two absurd personages, termed mutes, arrayed in sable cloaks and tall hats swathed in huge scarves of crape gathered at the back into a grotesque bow with long depending ends, and both of them bearing long black wands muffled, like the mourners, in prodigious scarves of black; it would have been an omission of the grossest magnitude not to have carried the coffin of the deceased to the grave in a hideous closed hearse funerally adorned with a multitude of towering panaches of sable plumes and drawn by four coal-black horses (generally dyed!) sweeping the ground with portentously long tails (mainly false!), trapped with trailing housings of black velvet, and headgear to match (giving them the appearance of equine Familiars of the Holy Inquisition!), each bearing also on his head a prodigious plume of black ostrich feathers to match those which waved above the hearse; the coffin, also, was very generally covered with black cloth and ornamented with the inspiriting symbols of the death's-head and crossbones, in metal, also japanned black; an enormous pall of black velvet, having a wide border of white silk, with which to cover the coffin, much to the embarrassment of the, thereby, blind bearers was also *de rigueur*, and all this silly and dismal pageant was thought to be only a proper observance of the honour due to the dead. Moreover, not only had Grief its own sable hue in which to mourn, but it had its own peculiar fabric—crape, into whose very warp and woof apparently was woven the sanctity of sorrow, and in this sombre material every female mourner who had lost a near relative was required by the tyranny of custom to drape herself from

head to foot; the mere male mourner was let off with a full suit of black cloth and a deep band of the same swathing his tall hat to its very top.

For the wife who had lost her husband there was a perfect riot of crape, extending to a "widow's bonnet"—black, with an inner garnish of white crape, and a trailing veil of black for outdoor wear; while, within doors, she was expected to endue herself with a hideous headgear of white crape, adorned with two long and wide streamers of the same material, called a "widow's cap"; and around her wrists were further deep bands of white crape (always the same crape!) which were felicitously known as "weepers"! Could anything be sillier or in worse taste? Could anything more nearly amount to a mockery of genuine grief, or be more calculated, were that possible, to bring it into contempt? Then there were, after a rigorously stipulated time, all the absurdities and nice gradations of "half-mourning" (and indeed of quarter mourning), through which the mourner relapsed from the desolation of crape into the bereavement indicated by mere black, and thence, by nicely modified gradations, from black into black and white, from black and white into purple, grey, and lilac, and from these, with ever-increasing consolation, back to the comforting domain of cheerful colour.

Was ever such banality of grief? It recalled the old joke in *Punch*, in which a lady entering a "mourning warehouse" (the very name is an absurdity) is accosted by the shopwalker, and in answer says that she wants some lilac ribbon, to which he replies, "This way, then, madam, if you please, to the counter for mitigated affliction; that is the department for agonising woe."

Of course we have completely abandoned the gross funeral customs that once dishonoured death and made the progress to the grave an exhibition of absurdity and bad taste, and this reform was largely due to the unsparing and deserving satire heaped upon it repeatedly by the great Charles Dickens; also, the widow's cap and weepers have followed them, but comparatively recently, into the limbo of

futile fashions slain by common sense; crape is fast falling into disuse, if it still maintains a precarious hold on the past generation, and this reversion to reason owes much to our own Royal Family, whose example in the matter of mourning has been not only eminently reasonable, but largely followed. To them we owe it that purple and grey have very generally, at funerals, superseded the former accessories of all-prevailing black. Royalties, indeed, would seem always to have held more sensible views upon the subject of mourning than less exalted personages. The Royal House of France "mourned" in white, and to this custom, as the widow of Francis II., Mary Stuart owes her sobriquet of "La Reine Blanche." Our own Henry VIII. and his daughter Elizabeth both heartily detested "mourning," and forbade the appearance at Court of any of their subjects in that garb, in which they will have the sympathy and approval of very many sensible people, quite apart from that of the present writer; which brings us to another phase of the indictment against black as a desirable wear, since it runs as counter to health as it does to reason and to right sentiment. Its hygienic record is quite of its own colour; it repels the health-giving light; it attracts germs; it depresses the wearer—and nothing renders anyone so easy a prey to adverse health influences as a condition of depression—and not only does such a state of dejection adversely affect the health and spirits of the wearer, but, also, it exercises a similar influence on all those with whom he comes in contact—nothing is so contagious as depression—so that he—or more probably she—goes about diffusing gloom germs and melancholy by way of a tribute to the memory of the loved one whom he—or she—is "mourning."

Well within the last half-century a graceful custom has gradually come to obtain of replacing the dreary pall, formerly inevitable at funerals, with wreaths and garlands of natural flowers, than which, speaking to all our hearts as they do of hope and immortality, there could be nothing more touching nor appropriate, provided always that the custom is not

carried, as we too often see it, to an excess of extravagant display. It is no more seemly to deck out a funeral as though it were a festival than it is desirable to deepen its solemnity into what Dr. Johnson once defined as "inspissated gloom."

It was a happy inspiration and a beautiful thought which led the Conservative Party to perpetuate the memory of Lord Beaconsfield by the yearly wearing of his favourite flower, the primrose, upon the anniversary of his death.

I remember once going to a funeral at which many of those who attended it wore a bunch of wallflowers as a tribute to their friend who had passed over, that having been the flower he liked best. Surely such a recognition was a better commemoration than steeping themselves in black from head to heel.

Again, to turn to the exclusively practical side of the wearing of black in token of mourning, it is an expense which the vast majority of people can ill afford; it represents a twofold waste, since, in addition to the extensive purchases of black which have to be made, there have to be considered the clothes—often new or very little worn—which are put aside till the period of mourning is over, and, when that time arrives, especially in these days of frequent changes of fashion, they are found to be out of vogue, and so have to be discarded, so inflicting an utterly needless extravagance on the wearer.

As for the poor, it is notorious that they often half ruin themselves and incur heavy debt in order to do honour to their dead by a funeral altogether out of proportion to their means and an expenditure on black clothes which represents a heavy burthen on their earnings. And the responsibility for this futile waste rests upon those who consider themselves their social superiors, for, remember, it is the upper classes of society who set the fashions and those who are lower in the social scale who follow them; therefore, when you bow the knee to an irrational and extravagant custom which does no good either to you or to those whom you "mourn" you are doing positive harm to hundreds of thousands of your fellow-

creatures who look to you for an example only to receive from you an ill one.

Then there is another point of view, a by no means unimportant one, from which the question may be considered, and that is the aspect of black as it appears in the light of association and symbolism.

By both of these, which are so inextricably interwoven with sentiment, black stands disclosed as altogether sinister.

Tradition and legend have ever associated it with the Powers of Darkness, have ever averred it to be the livery of Evil; in the phraseology of everyday life we employ black as a synonym for all things dismal; when things are at their worst with us we say that the outlook is black, when we want to describe a morbid tendency in anyone we say that he always looks on the black side of things, when we want to depict a villain we say that he is black-hearted; black is the epithet which we intuitively apply to midnight, to murder, to treachery, to all that is worst in debased human nature.

Such is the symbolism of black in common speech, and upon the Physical Plane; and when we come to consider it from higher standpoints its record is even worse.

Occultism declares black to be the distinctive hue of malice, with whose emanations it is instinct; it stigmatises the thaumaturgy that is used entirely for selfish ends, and malignantly employed to injure others, as Black Magic, and the bestial and blasphemous rites which are the culminating ceremonial of the Devil-worshippers' cult are known as the Black Mass.

Black is the typical and accepted colour of despair. Who is there of us that would desire to associate his beloved who have gone before with such a sentiment, with such a string of detestable associations? Then why should we commemorate our "dead" by wearing it?

If, as St. Paul says, "We mourn not as those that have no hope," what colour can be less fitting in which to mourn those from whom we have parted for a brief season than that which is the accredited vesture of despair? But if it be a comfort to any to wear some visible and outward

mark of respect, surely the wearing of a band upon the arm sufficiently fulfils that purpose, though in place of black it is far preferable that the band should be purple; *not* because that colour is what is termed "half-mourning," but because it is the one allotted by Occultism to the highest qualities in Man Immortal, because violet typifies the never-dying Spirit. A band of such a colour would have a double significance, proclaiming to the world that "we mourn not as those that have no hope." The wearing of black as mourning is the sole relic of those semi-barbarous funereal customs of our ancestors which we now profess to regard with mingled amazement and amusement, yet its use is dictated by exactly the same spirit as that which inspired the discarded customs which we now perceive to have been not only meaningless but absurd. It is for us—for all of us—to resolve that we will no longer perpetuate a practice which has literally nothing to recommend it; but *all* of us means *each* of us, and,

individually, you and I. If a thing be desirable to be done, then each one of us must contribute towards doing it, and not refer it vaguely to the general action of the community.

No one of us, man or woman, can live entirely to himself or herself, each lives to his or her neighbour, towards whom the force of influence and the power of example are among our most potent duties.

If we are convinced that the wearing of black as mourning has become an anachronism, is in itself indefensible, then it is *our* duty to show forth that truth not only with our lips but in our lives, to practise what we profess, and not to wait for someone else to lead the way. So when the question arises, "Should we wear black?" let us have the courage of our convictions, let us range ourselves boldly upon the side of common sense, of right feeling, of health, of hope, of happiness, and answer that question in the face of all the world with an emphatic "No."

## TO THE BAND OF SERVERS

**I**N ways that seem but dark and desolate  
You lead with Light, O Souls of great Desire,  
Lifting Day's torches till the blind who wait  
In darkness see, and seek the Fount of Fire.

As Winds of Dawn, blown through the Wilderness  
World-wards, you sing, till the deaf hear, and long,  
And leave the silence, striving to possess  
The Message and the Rapture of that Song.

Pilgrims of Love! who on the barren sands  
Give your Heart's blood for those who faint and fail,  
Into those emptied cups Angelic hands  
Pour down the Treasure of the Holy Grail.

ALTHEA GYLES

# A WOMAN'S LODGING-HOUSE

By PRISCILLA E. MOULDER

*In these drear, cold November nights, it is well that our attention should be called to those who require our sympathetic attention. No man or woman in this England of ours should be without fire, food, and shelter.*

**H**OW very true is the old proverb, "One half the world does not know how the other half lives." But I, for one, had never realised its full meaning until I recently went through a woman's lodging-house situated in a great industrial centre. It was a depressing night in November, foggy and wet. The matron at once took me in hand. She was a capable, energetic, good-looking woman, with keen, dark eyes, rich brown hair and a pleasant face, just the sort of woman for such a position. She explained that, when full, the house could accommodate about 250 women, and that the prices charged for beds were 3d., 3½d. and 4d. per night, and there was room for just a few children. The women who habitually made use of the lodging-house were mainly hawkers and professional beggars.

First, the matron took me into the general room, which was crowded with women who had just come in—wet to the skin many of them—and were warming themselves before a blazing fire preparatory to getting ready for bed. There was a most peculiar odour in the room, arising no doubt from the wet clothes of the women as they dried in the heat of the room. Indeed, in a very literal sense, "all sorts and conditions" of women were here gathered together. One woman, who in younger and happier days must have been of prepossessing appearance, was pointed out by the matron as being the sister of an eminent doctor, well known and respected in the medical world. Drink had been the cause of her down-

fall. What a tragedy! Another case was mentioned as once having occupied a good position as private secretary, and several others were well educated and had been delicately nurtured in childhood and youth. To such as these Tennyson's words must have applied with peculiar force :

Sorrow's crown of sorrow,  
Is remembering happier things.

We went upstairs, and I was shown through scores of cubicles, where the beds were neat and tidy and the bedclothes spotless. Each cubicle contained a chair, a tiny chest of drawers, and a looking-glass. For personal cleanliness each landing had a bathroom and several hand-basins in the lavatory, and for washing and drying clothes a large room was fitted up downstairs with every modern convenience for the purpose. Next, we went downstairs again, and looked into the room where the women were cooking their suppers on the "hot plate." A score of suppers can be cooked at once on this clever contrivance, which looks like the top of a long table. Every woman who enters the lodging-house for the night is allowed to take anything in to cook, and those who can afford it gladly avail themselves of the opportunity thus given. Some of the women were frying onions in dripping, which gave forth a savoury smell; some had kippers or bloaters, others rashers of bacon, and a few chops or a bit of steak. I noticed that each woman was jealously guarding her own food, and the matron explained that if it was left for even a short time it had a knack of disappearing. A woman

who was busily cooking some sliced tomatoes told me that the week before she had left two kippers on the "hot plate" cooking for her supper, and when she returned they had gone. Hard luck!

Shall I ever forget the unique sight of over two hundred women filing upstairs to bed? The matron and an assistant stood at the bottom of the first flight of stairs watching each woman keenly as she presented her check, to see that none of them smuggled anything up to bed in the form of pipes, tobacco, matches, or intoxicating drink of any kind. If the matron were at all suspicious, she had the power to make the suspected woman turn out the contents of her pockets for inspection. What a pathetic sight it was! Several of the women were over seventy years of age and in receipt of their old-age pensions; a few were mere girls—bonny-looking girls, too—of eighteen or twenty years; but the bulk were middle-aged women, who looked as if they had been torn and tossed about in the battle of life and had decidedly got the worst of the encounter. They filed up the stairs in a long procession, silently for the most part, many of them dead-tired with the toil of the day, and wanting nothing but to be allowed to go quietly to bed and to sleep.

I asked the matron: "What becomes of these women when they fall ill?" She replied, in a sad tone of voice, "They are taken to the workhouse infirmary until they are better, or else they end their days there."

"Do you often have trouble with the women?" I inquired.

"Not very often," was the answer. "Of course, there are always a few who seem to delight in giving trouble, others do it without thinking, while others, again, are as tractable and docile as children."

"Many of the women, I suppose, will be permanent lodgers?"

"Yes; quite a large number of them. They earn their living by knitting and crocheting little fancy articles, which they afterwards sell to ladies, or they go out charring or sewing for the day; or they are simply beggars, who have their regular haunts for each day in the week."

"Would you say that drink is mainly responsible for women coming here?"

"In many cases, yes; but there are, of course, many other causes. Some of the women are just thriftless, and have no more idea of taking care of money than a baby; others are vicious and live on the proceeds of vice. Many take to drink through domestic troubles, and others go wrong as mere girls, when, instead of trying to regain respectability or letting anyone help them to do so, they sink lower and lower into the mire and end in the Lock Hospital."

"Have you found that the war has made much difference in the number of inmates?"

"It did at first, principally to the casual class. The permanent class has remained about the same, and now the casuals are about normal again."

I thanked the matron for her kindness and passed out into the street. The rain was still coming down steadily, the wind howled round the chimneys with a mournful sound, and the unlucky pedestrians looked miserable enough. Every now and then a newsboy rushed past, shouting the latest news from the front, but everybody seemed too intent on getting home in the shortest possible time to take any notice. In the dimly-lighted streets it was not easy to find one's way, and I was quite startled when a woman's voice accosted me,

"Can you please spare me a few coppers for a bed?"

I looked at the woman; the tone was quite civil, the accent almost refined. She would not be more than forty, but ill-health, insufficient food, and, alas! the results of drink and vicious living had made her an old woman before her time. Her clothes were quite inadequate as a protection against the weather; her boots were worn through nearly to the uppers; her skirt was dirty and bedraggled, and she was wet to the skin. From time to time she coughed, a dry, hacking cough, which shook the whole body, and her eyes were feverishly bright. I gave her what she asked, and a trifle over for food, some pathetic verses of Herbert Kaufmann's haunting me meanwhile:

" Why are you lonely, sister?  
Where have your friends all gone?"  
" Friends I have none, for I went the road  
Where women must harvest what men have  
sowed.  
And they never come back when the field is  
mowed.  
They gave the lee of the cup to me,  
But I was blind and would not see—  
Now I'm old."

" Is there no mercy, sister,  
For the wanton whose course is spent?"  
" When a woman is lovely the world will fawn,  
But not when her beauty and grace are gone,  
When her face is seamed and her limbs are  
drawn.  
I've had my day and I've had my play.  
In my winter of loneliness I must pay—  
Now I'm old."

## TO THOSE ON THE SICK LIST

By N. C. USHER

**R**EMEMBER that *nothing* happens by chance, but that suffering and pain are part of the general scheme for perfecting the character. It is even better to have a healthy soul than to have a healthy body. It all depends on the way you carry your burden; it is easier if you place it firmly on your shoulders than if you trail it in the dust.

Always try to greet your friends with a smile—not a sigh. As a matter of fact, it requires less effort to smile than to sigh, and the result is immeasurably better. Sighing does not help you, and it depresses others. Besides, the consciousness of facing life's ills bravely is the grandest stimulant one can have. One only needs to try it.

Bear in mind that any long-continued affliction will master you unless you master *it*. The soul need never be dominated by the body, no matter what the suffering may be. Who realises this can echo Henley's noble lines :

Out of the night that covers me,  
Black as the pit, from pole to pole,  
I thank whatever gods may be  
For my unconquerable soul.

In the fell clutch of circumstance  
I have not winced nor cried aloud;  
Under the bludgeonings of Chance  
My head was bloody, but unbowed.

It matters not how strait the gate,  
How charged with punishments the scroll:  
I am the master of my fate;  
I am the captain of my soul.

Happiness is not dependent on bodily well-being. Twenty years ago the writer was told by her doctor that she would never walk again. She was only a girl at the time, but she said to herself, " This shall not spoil my life." And it has not done so. The path of roses is not necessarily the happiest.

Moreover, it is astonishing what one can do, though heavily handicapped. When the lower limbs are crippled, the hands are often defter. When the sight fails, the hearing quickens. Heaven takes with one hand, only to give with the other. The wind is tempered to the shorn lamb.

An invalid's influence may be the strongest in the house. His room may be a sort of haven of rest in troublous times. Indeed, by his letters, by his sympathy, by his advice, he may well be a blessing to the whole neighbourhood. In this busy work-a-day world, there are so few leisured lives that the sphere of quiet influence is peculiarly needed and appreciated.

But in order thus to turn your sigh into a song, it is necessary to realise one fact clearly. Your circumstances are not you. Your very body is not you. You are that wonderful, intangible, immortal something that lives and loves and plans and sympathises and hopes. All that happens to your body is secondary: pain, weakness, even death cannot injure your own self *unless you will it*. And the invalid who realises this can never be otherwise than happy.

# TRADES THAT TRANSGRESS

## VII.—The Worn-Out Horse Traffic

By G. COLMORE

**O**F the many trades that transgress, the meanest, perhaps, of all, the most condemnatory of those who profit by it, is the traffic in worn-out horses. For not only flesh and blood are in this traffic bought and sold, but it is the bodies of faithful friends, it is long service, it is trusting affection which are given over to hardship and suffering for the sake of pounds, shillings, and pence.

This is a widespread trade, for in it so many take part; every man and woman who sells a horse past work, or nearing the unworkable stage, has a hand in it; anyone who, having used the strength of horses and, when that strength fails, exchanges the weakening heart and faltering limbs for money, is an approver and an upholder of it. "But no," some will say; "even supposing the aging horses that we sell do eventually fall into the hands of those who send them across the sea to Belgium, we are not responsible for what happens after they have left our hands; we could not foresee their fate; we dislike and have nothing to do with the traffic." True it is that ignorance stands as a buffer between the sufferings of the sold horses and the discomfort of the sellers; true it is that those who refuse to look ahead do not see; but the bliss of ignorance in the case of decrepit horses is purchased at too high a price. For treachery, whether its palpable reward be thirty pieces of silver, or a hundred, or a few pence, is a shameful asset in every kind of barter, and into this particular kind of barter treachery enters freely.

All over the world where horses are used, they are valued in their youth and abandoned in their age; all over the world the love of money, the root of so much evil, casts out humaneness, common gratitude, elementary justice; all over the

world the vast majority of decrepit horses are regarded and treated as so much worn-out machinery. In England large numbers are transported to Belgium and Holland, and the sufferings of the sea voyage loom large in the path of their martyrdom. Martyrdom, I say, and I use the word deliberately; it is not inaccurate, and it is not too strong. For see what happens, and remember that care and comfort, warm dry stables, petting, too, and affection were the lot of many of these castaway horses when in their prime. I quote from an article by Miss A. M. F. Cole in Mr. Sidney Trist's valuable book, *The Under Dog*, a book in which many facts concerning many of the trades that transgress are laid bare by men and women who have the right to speak with authority.

The illustrations accompanying Miss Cole's article give a much better idea of what this traffic really means than any words of mine can convey. I only wish I could reproduce them here, but cannot obtain permission to do so. Those, however, to whom words do not call up pictures, have only to get *The Under Dog* and look at the illustrations for themselves, or see the film obtained by the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, should the Society again exhibit it.

After a rough passage, the horses came over in such a condition that I can scarcely describe the same. If the weather has been very bad, all the boxes in which they are carried over are broken, and the animals are lying in one heap. In that case it is very difficult to have them put on shore without further cruelty. The seriously injured animals are shot where they are. Equally, our inspectors shoot the animals coming over in good weather which have fallen down during the passage and are not able to rise.

The law permits the exportation of blind horses, and every week blind horses are exported, generally from the mines. It is evident that blindness must cause much additional

suffering during transport on land and sea. Small pit ponies, often blind, are bought in Belgium for vivisection and experiment in the veterinary colleges. They are cheaper than horses.

They are cheaper. And it is cheaper to ship horses alive, though they may be likely to die on the way, because on dead horses duty must be paid, and no duty is levied on the living. Duty! The word bears many meanings. From five to six thousand horses are sent annually from England to Amsterdam; large numbers are sent to Ghent; others to Rotterdam, to Brussels, to Antwerp. The total number sent to Belgium and Holland annually is from 40,000 to 43,000. It is an unending procession; and after the sea comes the land. The fate of some of the horses is vivisection, which is a trade as well as a reputed science, a trade bound up with many vested interests and many and hideous transgressions; some are slaughtered, but these may be driven on foot without water or food for any distance before they reach the haven of death and pass into it by the hammer's blows.

In 1910 a Bill was passed to regulate this traffic, and in 1914 a small amending Act was placed on the Statute Book; but, as Mr. Ernest Bell says in the October, 1914, *Animals' Friend*, this "has been whittled down to an almost useless clause permitting the inspector to have any horse killed if it is 'permanently incapable of being worked without suffering.' The 1910 Bill was so inefficient that Miss Cole, writing in 1913—that is to say, from two to three years after the passage of it into law—and writing as an eyewitness, says :

At the quarantine stables the dealers, who are forced, now, to pay, take care that they have their money's worth. So the horses have hay, and bran in their water. The rule is that they stay there till 5 p.m., but that rule is not always kept. It was Easter Monday and the butchers were not working, so the horses in the floats were brought to the quarantine stables to be kept there apart till the next day. We waited to see how they were treated. After about an hour, a float was backed against a stable door, and the horses led down. One stumbled and fell. The inside of one hinder leg was one long wound, and the horse could not get up. Drovers and dealers crowded round it, and we knew if it were left unprotected it would be dragged inside the door by the tail and left there till the next

day. We hurried to find the inspector; M. Ruhl sent a policeman to watch. Unsuccessful, we hurried back, and at the same time the inspector came. Stooping over the horse, he placed the humane killer against its head. There was a report, and the horse gave a shudder. Then the inspector thrust a knife into the breast and the blood rushed out. It was the happiest sight I saw that day.

We found that the five other horses had food and water, but one had been tied so that it could not reach the water. It was a two-year-old colt with immense swellings on its legs, and evidently had been a pet. It thrust its nose against my hands, and against M. Ruhl's head when he bent to loosen it so that it could drink. . . .

In the procession were the usual blind pit ponies. Here and there a running sore eye; a bitten, bleeding mouth; a tail or hip with hair and skin rubbed off. I noticed a grey pony with disfigured mane and tail. The procession was brought up by the usual two floats. Four live horses in one; two live and one dead in the other.

We went to the slaughter-house to see what became of the horses taken there in the floats. We did not find them. After a long search we found seven horses wandering about in a big stable without straw or food. I cannot assert that they were old English horses. A man who watches that traffic unobserved declares that those horses may be, and are, bought and taken away immediately on arrival at the quarantine stables. Officials say that this is not true. Those horses are evidently ravenous. Some of them came towards us. One followed us about. They were a wretched sight.—*The Under Dog*, pp. 10, 11 and 12.

The English love of horses has not availed to stop this trade, yet for the moment it is in abeyance; arrested, not by pity or generosity or justice, but by mere lack of means to pursue it; automatically war holds it in check. War, for the time being, stands as a shield between horses and this particular fashion of exploiting and ill-treating them; it is for the public—the horse-owning, the reputed horse-loving public—to determine that when peace comes there shall be no renewal of a trade the basic principle of which is exploitation of the weak by the strong.

War holds up this trade in sick, old, worn-out horses; but to war is due no praise in this respect, since war, in placing an embargo on the traffic, takes count only of convenience and not at all of kindness. That this is so is shown by the conditions of transport in which horses shipped in the Argentine for French and Flemish battlefields are brought over.

That this is so was demonstrated by the state in which, in the Boer war, horses shipped from England arrived in South Africa. That this is so is proved by the fact that the unfit army horses of England, in this present war, were sold for small sums in Egypt and elsewhere, to be worked and bullied and starved to death by a brutal peasantry. This particular form of making money and misery has now, to be sure, been stopped, but only after thousands of horses, suffering already and needing and deserving care and kindness, had been given over to cruelty and oppression. It was done, we were told, this selling of horses past service, to make money, save expense; but to save expense at such an expense as this is pitiable economy. Oh, Prussianism, surely thy name is commerce!

And, again, that it is no consideration of kindness that dictates the policy of man to the horses whose service he enforces is made patent by the fate of the discarded horses of the French Army. Once discarded, they are neither fed nor watered, but, packed into trucks meant to hold far fewer than the numbers crowded into them, are sent forth on journeys on which many die; and, when at last they are released from the trains, they often have to walk great distances in their starved, thirst-racked, exhausted condition before they are killed or sold for what they will fetch. And everybody knows what is meant by a sale of that kind; it means that the buyers exact from their purchases the last dregs of strength, the equivalent in work of the price paid, to the uttermost farthing, and beyond it. But in France, as in England, as in most of the countries of the world, there are persons and groups of persons who cease not in striving, by humane teaching and action, to inculcate humaneness in humanity; and in Paris a committee has been formed for the pur-

pose of combating, of seeking to ameliorate, the sufferings of these discarded war horses.\*

War, therefore, which holds in abeyance one particular source of suffering to animals, has not diminished the callousness in which that suffering takes rise. On the contrary, war has increased the callousness. We have only to mark the underfed, over-worked, over-loaded, ill, and old horses in the London streets to realise that war has not lightened but increased the burden of pain and weariness which at all times we impose upon these inarticulate servitors; and London is certainly no worse than other cities, England no less humanitarian in feeling and action than other countries. After the war, then, the animals' cause is likely to loom not larger, but less large, in public consideration; the claims of animals are likely to press not more, but less, hardly on the public conscience than was the case before the war began, and it is for all lovers of justice and mercy all the world over to uphold the right attitude towards animals with all their might and main.

And with regard to the one trade that the war holds in check—the traffic in worn-out horses—it is for England, France, and Holland to see that peace does not start it afresh. If Holland and Belgium want the carcasses of England's old horses, let those carcasses be sent as carcasses—dead, not living. Miss Cole, an expert authority on everything connected with the trade, is persuaded that it could be conducted on this basis, and it is for England to see that it is thus conducted. For England especially, since England is the country which sells; since England, supplying, should carry weight in determining the method of supply; and since England, proud of her horses, should be too proud to make money out of their decrepitude, their pain, and their utter helplessness.

\* Madame Simons, who has been instrumental in forming the committee, is now acting as honorary secretary; Monsieur Millevoye, the member for Paris, is the honorary president; Monsieur Paul Meunier, member for Aube, is acting-president; and many other well-known Frenchmen are vice-

presidents, officials, and members of it. Anyone desiring to help in this work of mercy can send contributions direct to Madame Simons, 23, Rue des Martyrs, Paris, IX arr., or to Miss Greville, 25, Ossington Street, Notting Hill Gate, London, W. 2, who will forward to Paris any moneys received.

# CORRESPONDENCE

## The Pit Pony

*We now publish some letters from miners on the subject of the treatment of pit ponies. See "The Coal Trade" in our September number. The letters speak for themselves.*

DEAR G. COLMORE,—As I am a miner it may encourage and discourage you to know that the facts you gave in the September *Herald of the Star* on the pitiful case of the pit pony were by no means exaggerated. I have not been a "haulier" or a "driver," but as far as the colliery where I work is concerned I have a fairly good idea of what the plight of the pit pony is. It is not that the boys or the ostlers—who look after their horses—are wantonly cruel or neglectful; but the conditions under which they are placed and the work given them to do that on occasion make them ill-use the ponies. There was a very decided improvement in the ponies' condition some years ago, when the last Coal Mines Act and Regulations came into force. But, as you said, the inspection is really quite a farce, because the inspections and the visits are so few and far between. Before that time the ponies had to go all day without food and water, and I have seen pit-props (without any exaggeration) eaten hollow, and they, or some of the ponies, knew how to drink tea or water from the narrow-necked "jacks" or cans of the miners or their drivers! Now a driver, with the law behind him, thinks it a matter of honour and conscience to insist on the daily allowance of food for his horse during the time it is away from the stable and during working hours.

Of course, it must be admitted that the boys and men ill-treat their horses, and often, when anything goes wrong, the poor things are dealt with brutally. Leather straps with big buckles of brass, pieces of wood, and even iron rods of an inch in thickness are used in a most sickening manner when these occasions come round. Kicking front or hind legs and body, knocking on the head are fairly

common. When things go normally I have rarely seen such things happen. And to the boys' and men's credit is must be said that they look after their ponies very well as a rule.

Time and again I have had to appeal, remonstrate, and threaten to report boys for beating their horses; and I have rarely failed with them. I know of cases, however, when boys beat their ponies when out of my sight! It's the money-getting disease and the commercialism of the times that, as you suggest, is the root of the evil.

I do not claim technical knowledge in regard to mechanical haulage in mines, but I give it as my view that it is not absolutely necessary that horses should be used. It is again a question of money. I have heard of one or two pits where there are no ponies.

I only wish the price of ponies and horses would increase — say, to £200 or £300 each!

Yet how affectionate a pit pony can be! How it will nestle its head on one's breast like a child when you pet and pat it! What unutterable love and tragedy its beautiful eyes seem to express! Little boys have often told me not to let a pony "lean on you"—"he's lazy and cute"! I thank the love and real benevolence in a few men and women who speak and plead for our younger brothers in the scale of evolution. And I thank you from my heart of hearts for what you have done.

Not having means to subscribe, I am not a member of any Humanitarian Society or Anti-Vivisection Society, but I am one of the silent thinkers, trying by sympathy and thought to help all such movements along. I join or try to join in the Humane Research League meditation every Tuesday at 5 p.m.

All heartiest greetings and best of wishes.

P.S.—Just now, I may say, the ponies' allowance of food is being cut down. *Tuesday* last I was told by a driver that they threatened to refuse to take the horses out from the stables to work because they thought they had not had enough food. The allowance of oats has been, it appears, taken away for a time. I am glad to tell you that the boys insisted and obtained a promise that a supply would be sent them before midday!

DEAR EDITOR,—I hope you will excuse me writing a few lines to you, but I feel that I really cannot resist. I have just been reading an article in the current issue of the *Herald of the Star* on the subject "Trades that Transgress."

I must say that it is the first time that I have read your interesting and elevating book, and to us miners, as, of course, this district is a very busy coal mining district, such an article on cruelty to pit horses cannot fail to appeal to anyone who reads it.

It is scandalous to see how the pit horses are forced to overwork themselves and to see how they are beaten if they fail to do what is required of them. Of course, the conditions of labour in a coal mine are such as to make a cool-headed man lose his temper, and to me or anyone that has been working in a coal mine it is not surprising to see a "haulier" lose his temper and beat his horse unmercifully—aye, and even kick his horse until the poor beast falls to the ground exhausted. If a haulier cannot get the coal away from the "colliers' working place" he is "not required" by the management, and, of course, the collier complains to the management that he cannot make a living if the haulier cannot bring him enough empty "trams" in which to fill his coal, because he is paid by the amount of coal he turns out. So between the collier and the management the haulier is forced to overwork his horse, or kill it by ill-treatment, which very often occurs.

There is an Act of Parliament in force

which forbids anyone to work a horse over a certain number of hours, but I have known numerous instances in which the poor horses have been taken out of the stable on Monday morning and kept continuously at work until Wednesday or Thursday, then given a short rest before they are at work again.

I maintain that once a pit opens out a sufficient distance from the bottom of the "shaft" there is no necessity for keeping a single horse in any pit if the coal is worked on the "Longwall system" and all "stall work" done away with, because the work can be done by "main and tail" haulage engines from the "face" to the main roads, and the coal taken from there to the pit bottom by the main haulage engines.

I may say that the pit where I am at present working is worked on this system, and that there is "no cruelty to horses" here, as there is not a single horse in the pit.

Let the poor "friend of man" see daylight once again and the glorious green grass. Hoping you will find space to publish this letter in one of your issues, in the hope that it will help to do away with such cases of cruelty to horses in coal pits, aye, and do away with horses in mines altogether.

SIR,—Is there space in the *Herald of the Star* for the following? I can see the side of the pit boys, also of their masters. I would not for one moment condone their cruelty, for cruelty in them, as in all others, should be the "unforgivable sin." The arch-offenders are, of course, the owners and all those who sanction and profit by such cruelty.

According to Mr. Colmore, the remedy lies in the public's hands. I think it does also. But I should like to know how they can get to work and see that these poor suffering animals are not done to death?

He also says that people are callous to the suffering of and injustice to animals. They are not only callous, they are brutal. The spirit of cruelty can be seen everywhere, in men and women, boys and girls,

and so the remedy, I think, must first begin in the schools. A very great deal more emphasis should be laid on this subject. The boys should especially be taught that to inflict any kind of suffering on a helpless animal, which cannot speak for itself, is both shameful and disgraceful; to teach also that it is infinitely better to be kind and considerate than smart, and see that they understood it. I think that the thought of cruelty would then become repulsive to them, even under the strain of provocation. Deliberate cruelty in any child should never be excused, and thoughtless cruelty should be more rigidly dealt with than it often is. A child cannot be taught too early that all animals feel when hurt as they themselves. The terrible case of the poor pit pony quoted could scarcely have happened if that boy had had the frightfulness of such a thing brought home to him in his school days.

So much for the children. The owners and those profiting by such cruelties are a different proposition, and reform in that direction would meet, as stated, with tremendous opposition. Yet if it could be done, why not now? Why not a public appeal to every true lover of animals for his sympathy, his penny, and such work as he can do? Always remembering that the true lover of animals is he who loves his neighbour's dog as well as his own. The pit ponies have a hard case. Let us

hope that something may be done for their rescue.

## Aigrettes

DEAR EDITOR.—It may interest some of your readers of the article on "The Feather Trade" (July, 1917) and the note on "Aigrettes" in October to know that in Nailsworth we have staying for a time a textile artist who is doing similar work with vegetable products that the lady in Holland is doing. As she often works in our studios, and I am able to collect things for her, I see what she is doing and trying to do.

For some years she has treated thistle heads, lace, and other things; but quite lately she has discovered a process by which she treats skeleton leaves, making them not only durable but flexible, and with these and other things she is making very charming hat ornaments, souvenirs to send to our boys at the front, etc. There is a large demand locally for her work.

To get the skeleton leaves we have snail farms; the snails eat the outer skins of the leaves.

She is likely to have a stall at the Horticultural Society Exhibition, where, I believe, she has already obtained a medal. She also works well on pewter.

Pensile House, Nailsworth, Gloucestershire.

A correspondent draws our readers' attention to the quotation on page 549 of the October *Herald of the Star*—"Be no longer a chaos but a world, Produce! . . ." This is not from Emerson, but Carlyle, in "Sartor Resartus," the last paragraph in the chapter called "The Everlasting Yea."



# KRISHNA AND INDRA; OR, LOVE AND POWER

By MARY WINCHESTER ABBOTT, B.A.

*Miss Abbott here takes the Krishna of the "Bhagavad Gita" to be the same as the Child Krishna of Vrindavana. Some students now hold that they are distinct; that the Avatar Shri Krishna, the Divine Charioteer of Arjuna, lived B.C. 320, while the Shri Krishna of this story lived B.C. 450, for some twenty years only, and He was the Lord Maitreya.*

**I**N the forest of Brindaban the Golden Age lived once more, for Krishna the beloved of gods and of men, Krishna the star-faced child whose smile illumined all like a rainbow of sweetness, dwelt there in the beauty of Love.

For when Kansa the wicked king had failed in his seeking to slay the child of whom it was prophesied: "The oppressed He shall succour, the enslaved He shall free, and all blessings bring to the land," the anger of the king's fear-filled heart knew no bounds, and danger after danger came, from his unseen hand, close to the child whose radiance of Love in his foster-parents' home turned it ever harmlessly aside. But anxiety dwelt in the hearts of those who loved him, and the oldest and the wisest of the counsellors deemed it best to take away the child whose marvellous beauty by the power of Love already drew all hearts to him, so that people came from far and near to look upon his face. Yea, better by far it was, said the wise ones, that the child, who was Love, in the sweetness and peace of the forest jungles should live his child life and grow in the beauty of youth. So they went forth, a great caravan with the elephants and horses, the cows and the calves—the Boy Krishna the Beautiful and those who loved him, his foster-father and mother, the king and queen of the cowherds, friends and their cows, men, women and children, who would not be left behind. Whither Krishna went they followed.

And there in the forest of Brindaban, where the life-giving sun broke through

the cool sweet darkness and the lotus blossoms in the forest pools lifted their heads to its kiss and gave forth their sweetness, where the wild things roamed fearlessly and harmlessly and flowers and fruits grew in glorious abundance—there they built their tents, which were soon covered with tendrils of creeping vines, sweet-scented jasmine and blossoms of gorgeous hue, making veritable bowers of beauty in which the birds came and nested and sang their songs of love and gladness. The shy deer and the little squirrels came and fed from their hands and played with the children, and the flowers lifted their heads in perfume of welcome as they kissed the feet of the Boy whose breath was Love.

Thus Brindaban became the land of Love and Holiness, and thus destiny fulfilled itself, as it ever does even through those who would thwart its will. For the evil thoughts of Kansa, the wicked, only helped to make possible that fullness of love-life in Brindaban where Krishna the Divine Child flashed the full rainbow of Love to the hearts of those big enough to receive it. Before he was called to the world of men and their limitations to serve as King, Priest, Friend, Teacher—those were the different rays of Love in which he walked the Earth—but ever in his heart was the Rainbow of the Lovelight of Brindaban, as it ever is to-day in the hearts of his devotees.

Love has no age, and Krishna was the Incarnation of Love. The Immortal-Child, the All-beautiful youth, eternally young, yet infinitely wise; for true wisdom

is heart-wisdom, and the greatest and wisest of mankind keep ever the child-heart. To those near and dear to him never was he a son of a king—only their comrade, their child, their friend, the one most Beloved. To the mothers he came as a child and filled their hearts to overflowing. “Like a flower dropped untouched from heaven they held Him.” To all he brought the love that each needed, “the sweet touch that harmonised all things and made the heaven and the earth to meet.” Never seemed he a god in his marvellous deeds, for wonder was lost in love. Divinely natural seemed all that he did, for well they knew that Love is all-powerful, and the Love itself that radiated from Him and filled them with joy was the greatest marvel of all.

Words of wisdom came from his lips as naturally as the wondrous notes of his flute, which entranced all hearts and brought the shy things of the forests to his side; while even the trees and flowers and rocks quivered and melted in love to follow him. For Krishna loved all living things—and naught is there which is not living, since the same love-life flows through all. The flowers with which he was garlanded never faded but clung to his body in soft caress, while their colours grew deeper and their fragrance sweeter as his touch quivered through them. The gentle cows as he stroked them in loving companionship gazed at him with a look of yearning love in their beautiful eyes; while the wild deer looked on with longing from the brow of the hill, then came nearer and nearer to share in his life-giving touch. Yea, even the fierce tigers and leopards came and licked his feet and hands with their rough tongues, and curled at his feet in happy contentment. And the great elephants who loved and guarded Krishna as their child felt the marvellous power of love, and dwelt in peace with those whom man had made their enemies. “For the brute is ever stilled by the might of Love—unlike man, it knoweth its power and yieldeth to its force.”

Thus in the sweet land of Brindaban, where love reigned supreme because of the presence of the Child who was Love,

Krishna grew in all the beauty of youth. “The spirit of life he was, with a transfiguring glory in His face and His eyes full of softness and love-light.” Often he would pause in their sports in the forest to caress the trees and say to his companions :

“ See the wonder of these trees! Kind beyond expression are they. They ask for naught but what the earth, sky, and sun, the night and day give unto them; yet in all loyalty they grow and give shade unto us and unto all that wish to partake of their shade. Their fruits also do they give and leaves and juices to all who desire it. So should man also be, but few are there among men that live but to bestow blessings upon others.

“ Yet unto you, I say, O my loved companions : Only unto them that give of their abundance to all that come within their radius, unto them alone is life a blessing and not a curse.

“ All men are placed here not of their own free will, nor yet unto themselves, but by the will of Love and for others. And only as the law of give and take is set in operation among men is man living a natural life.

“ Oft times doth a man wonder why he is unto himself a huge perplexity. It is only where he forgets his relationship to all mankind that his life a riddle is, and, this being so, he comprehendeth not the Maker of himself nor the universe, and failing to do so how can he know life aright?

“ Live not for the living but live for the loving, O my loved ones, for life is love and love is life.”

Do we not hear an echo of these words in the immortal Song on the field of Kurukshetra, where Krishna gives to Arjuna the supreme teaching :

“ And whoso loveth cometh to Me.”

One day when the summer was over Krishna saw that preparations were being made for some great ceremony in honour of one of the gods. So going to his foster-father, Nanda, he asked him innocently :

“ Why these preparations, O father, and for whom are they made and what is the potency thereof? Is it a custom that through all time hath been observed, or

tell me do the Scriptures demand that these ceremonies be held?"

The king of the Cowherds replied: "We offer to-day sacrifices to him the god of the clouds, to him that watereth our hillsides and giveth drink to our crops and our cattle, to him, Indra, the god who promoteth all growth by the blessing of rain which he doth supply. A jealous god is he, O my Krishna, and desires that ceremonials and sacrifices often are made, and we in all humbleness strive to appease him, that in his wrath he may not withhold the moisture from our land, nor yet flood us with overmuch rain."

But Krishna, rising to his full height in all the majesty of his youthful beauty and with eyes overflowing with lovelight, stretched out his hand toward all the glory of life around him, and said—and his words rang vibrant yet sweet with unconscious authority :

" He that in wrath withholdeth a blessing, he never the love of creation hath known; nor doth he destroy what he hath created. For the Creator doth ever love His creation; for that which from Him hath come must forever belong to Him and the part is of His great whole.

" So Indra cannot curse this land by overmuch rain or dearth of it. But, O my father, tell the Gopas and Gopis to cease the preparations and worship not one who would destroy that which he should forever bless.

" But come to the hill side that entwines our lands, the hills and plains that furnish us with sustenance for our cattle, and to the forests, too, where fruits grow in plenty and give of their abundance to all who but take it, and flowers shed their perfume in the gladness of giving. Come there and give to the hill and the trees our sacrifices of joy and love, and feed the cows, who give us the food of love, with offerings of fresh grasses, and walk with me around the hill in ceremonial procession, and we shall see their worth and their kindness."

Nanda, knowing the wisdom of the Child, yielded to his wish. So with garland and song and sweet offerings of flowers they seven times circled the hill which lifted its head pyramid-wise to the

sun and the stars and drew men's eyes ever upwards. And Krishna, god-like in beauty, radiant with the love that was his very being, yearning to give it unto all, cried :

" I am the Way. I am the Life. I am the Hill and all that cometh therefrom. Crowned in the snow-capped mountains, I am yet in the lowly blade of grass. Eternal space I fill, yet am I captured in every heart. I am the fire in the star, the breath of the rose, the heart of every living thing, for I am Love, and Love is the mother of all. I wear on my brow the great pearl of Love which no god or man, nor worm, nor beast can resist. Love-touched, love-made, love-filled am I. Do thou come to me and partake of that Love."

At these words, sudden and fierce broke forth the wrath of Indra. A flash of lightning rent the sky; the rain poured down in floods. In terror the people fled to their homes before the anger of the god. Seven days and nights it poured, while Indra's thunder rolled and crashed above the heads of the frightened people who had dared to neglect the age-long sacrifices to him, the god of the skies.

But Krishna only smiled at the wrath of Indra, and the light that radiated from his body lit the darkness far more than the lightning flashes of the angry god. And taking his flute he drew from it those entrancing strains which melted through the crash of the thunder and the falling of the rain, penetrating, insistent, floating out above the tumult and the violence of the storm, marvellously pure, mysteriously sweet, thrilling into the hearts of all. Then the people remembered. Their terror was calmed, and forth they came in haste to the feet of Krishna.

" O Krishna," they cried, " thou who by thy yoga power canst do all things, who canst make as naught all that is unlike thy sweet will, save us from the wrath of Indra, who seeks to destroy us."

Then Krishna lifted his hand and smiled upon them, and all fear left them. With that smile of Krishna light rent the clouds, and a great rainbow spanned the gloom. And the darkness grew brighter and brighter as the light of

Krishna's smile, like the sun, illumined all space.

Amazed and still, Indra looked down from the clouds and knew that Love had conquered, that his power was only a part of Love, and as naught without it. Then the rain ceased, and the sun burst forth, and the flowers, which had only bent before the storm to the feet of Krishna, looked up and smiled.

And Krishna said to the adoring people :

“Depart in peace and fear no more the wrath of him who thought to destroy where he could not give life.”

But Indra, the god of the clouds, descended to earth and, falling at the feet of him who was Love-Incarnate, in deep humility said :

“Well know I now that Love is the greatest power; and I in my smallness of godship insolent and destructive became. I sought the praise that is ever due to Thee, O Lord of Love, for unto resistless Love alone praise should be given. But my vanity and pride I tried to shield by the power which Thou didst endow me with. I thought that I it was who brought the life to all trees and by my power kept the hills in green and the forests in wondrous foliage, and gave drinks to the cows and plenty to the rivers. And for it I longed to see men prepare the ceremonies and pray to me.

“But to Thee, O Lord of Love! is due all the glory; by Thee alone am I invested

with power. Do Thou in Thy greatness forgive me while I in humbleness do bow to Thy lotus Feet.”

And Krishna, throwing a glance at Indra that filled him with a great wild joy, said: “O Indra! though I invested thee with sovereignty by my will, but not overfull of pride! For this I have stopped the ceremonies so that thou mayest learn to know Me whom thou in thy prosperity hadst quite forgotten. Go to thy abode, Indra, rule thy dominion; but know ever that pride and vanity are without power, and that Love alone is mighty.

“To lighten the burden of all my world I have come to earth. I now lift from thee the load of pride which hath caused thee to forget Me, and in forgetting Me to have lost the beauty which was born of Me.”

And with the halo of joy about him Indra returned to his abode endowed with greater power—the gift of Love.

But Krishna, transfigured in the glory of Love-life that shone from Him in transcendent Beauty, took His flute and, standing on the brow of the hill, white moonlight around Him, the stars above and the perfume of flowers at His feet, sang that wondrous song of Love which for thousands of years has thrilled through the heart of India and now, melting through the conflict of ages, is floating over Nature to touch the ear of the world.

“Krishna replied:—‘The birth and death of men are shaped by their own Karma. Happiness, misery, fear, well-being, these are all the effects of Karma. If there be any god who dispenses the fruits of Karma, he must also follow that Karma, and not act independently of it.’”

(P. 270 *The Bhagavata Purana*, translated by Purnendu Narayan Sinha)

# INTERNATIONAL BULLETIN

*As some of our members seem to think that the Order has somewhat departed from its original work, it has been thought that it would be helpful if the following extract were reprinted.*

## PROSPECTUS

From the *Herald of the Star*, October, 1913.

THE Head wishes to draw your attention to the fact that the Order of the Star in the East has the duty of examining all the great world-problems in the light of its knowledge of the future and of the general lines of the teaching which the World-Teacher may be expected to deliver to the world when He comes. Preparation for His coming largely consists, therefore, in understanding the various forces at present working in the world and in endeavouring to use the intuition to determine how best to guide them in the direction in which the Elder Brethren desire the world to grow.

The *Herald of the Star* will thus place before itself the task of dealing with all kinds of topics from the point of view of the readjustment which the Lord's coming will bring about. For example :

(a) The new principles which must govern the ideals of citizenship and the relations of the various races and countries with one another.  
(b) The relations which must be established between the various religions of the world.  
(c) The special methods which those who believe in the near coming of a great World-Teacher may be able to use in connection with the many pressing social problems confronting us in all countries and in all departments of human activity : the relations between the various classes of the community, the position of the poor, of the so-called criminal, the problems of employment, of healthy amusement, of sanitation, etc.

(d) Our relations with other kingdoms of nature and to other evolutions, such as the Deva evolution. Many members of the Order of the Star believe that the World-Teacher is the inspirer of the lower kingdoms of nature as well as of humanity, and that there are other evolutions—evolving side by side with us, though unseen by most—whose progress and growth He also guides. The *Herald of the Star* will,

from time to time, publish special articles dealing with these subjects in a novel and striking way.

In as much as the Lord's message is essentially a message of Love, the *Herald of the Star* will seek to establish the principle that love must become practical and operative under all conditions of life, and will endeavour to apply the tonic of love to the diseases of modern civilisation, pointing out the diseases and showing the road of love to health. The magazine is the messenger of all earnest attempts to solve the problems of human ignorance and consequent unhappiness, and will, therefore, welcome any suitable descriptions—from whatever point of view and in the spirit of any faith—of attempts or means to cure such ignorance, so that from the various parts of the world news may come of the great forward movement in the direction of the alleviation of suffering. For every honest effort to cure or to readjust is a step which the world is taking on the path to meet the Lord.

We shall make a special feature of the principles of education on the basis that all knowledge must be a link between the higher life of the spirit and the lower vehicles of man. Education must not only intensify in the child the knowledge of its own divinity, but must act as a means whereby the child shall learn through love to show to others that they, too, are God's children, whom He loves and guides. Education will thus be treated from the standpoint of its being the means to bring out the power to use, in the service of others, the faculties we possess, and the *Herald* will therefore lay stress on the principles indicated in *Education as Service*—elaborating and applying the axioms therein laid down to individual circumstances.

The *Herald of the Star* will also deal with such topics as : the future of the party system, national characteristics, descriptions of people and places of special interest to members of the Order, art, literature and science from the point of

view of their future, the drama as a road to the knowledge of the great forces guiding the world, problems of the younger races, our relations to animals and plants, the burden of the elder brother, the place and future of music, modern business and the spiritual life, etc.

Whether your country is English-speaking or not, the new *Herald* in its more attractive form will become a powerful force, not only in spreading the principles of the Order, but in gradually becoming recognised as a great channel through which may be spread new methods of dealing with the world's problems. Mrs. Annie Besant, Mr. C. W. Leadbeater, Mr. C. Jinarajadasa, and other well-known writers have agreed to contribute regularly, and the *Herald* will be in a special position to secure authoritative views from those who are really able to understand the requirements of the times, and thus, by means of translations when necessary, members and others interested throughout the world will keep in touch with the manner in which the leaders of our movement, and of all kindred organisations, are endeavouring to prepare the way for the Lord's coming.

### HOLLAND

THE following short paper, written by a Dutch member of the Servants of the Star, is full of helpful and suggestive thought.

#### WHAT IT MEANS TO BE A MEMBER OF THE ORDER OF THE STAR IN THE EAST.

We all, who are members of the Order, have joined, because we believe that a great World Teacher will soon appear on earth, and carry on among men His great Mission of Love and Brotherhood. We have joined because we thought that together we could develop greater strength to prepare for His coming in this world. And there, of course, we are right.

But there are still further aspects of this mighty occurrence. For when He

comes on earth, He does not come only in this physical world, but also—and it seems to me even more intensely—in the invisible worlds; those worlds, invisible to the senses of our physical body, but the more perceptible to the senses of our heart, when we have learned to understand their vibrations.

Probably, while we are watching for the signs of His coming in this physical plane, He is already working on the invisible planes, performing a great deal of His beautiful task. And we, watching, always listening, with our physical ears to the sounds that come from without, are blind and deaf to this true manifestation in the world of our hearts. Too much—so it seems to me—do the members of the Order of the Star in the East dwell upon the coming of the Master—in process of time. Would it not be better, instead of that, to realise that He is *already* here, watching for the opportunities which we can give Him to do His work among the human race in this world? Although He has not yet manifested Himself in a physical body He is always ready to give of His power and strength where we can make a channel.

And we, members of the Order, who have joined it for the purpose of preparing His way, must never forget that preparation means to use *all* the strength we possess. There is His strength in the inner world—we must open our hearts towards His holy presence there.

To be a member of the Order of the Star in the East means to be, therefore, a pure channel for this blissful influence—an opportunity for the Master.

KEES BORST

### INDIA

#### 1.—THE LORD'S WORK FOR CHILDREN

HERE will not be a single activity of life that will not be affected by the World-Teacher when He is with us. Like as after long drought when all the green vegetation is burnt up and all shrubs and

plants and trees are lifeless, and then almost in a day put forth their green leaves because the life-giving rain has come, so will it be with men's activities when the Lord gives His life to His fellow-men. Men and women will throw themselves with joy into many an activity that makes them forget themselves; every obstacle will seem as nothing compared to the joy felt in thinking of Him and working for Him.

Of the many who will work for Him, those indeed who will be of a special use to Him will be such as now understand something of His nature and the manner of His working. How can we know the manner of His working, it may be asked, when He is still far away? Yet the answer is easy, for each to find. Since He is Love incarnate, He will work as Love works; and the way of Love is the oldest of all ways that men know. We need but remember what Love has spoken through his prophets—the sages, the poets, the martyrs—in all lands during the ages, and then we know how the Lord of Love thinks and feels and acts now.

What does Love say of little children? That in them is the freshness and the beauty of life. We were once little children; now that we are grown men and women, though we have gained much we have lost much also. We have above all lost innocence; and innocence did not originally mean freedom from guilt but the lack of capacity to harm. It is little children who are embodiments of Ahimsa, "harmlessness." The enraged brutal man, if the spark of real manhood is not utterly destroyed, knows he is unmanly when he strikes a child; in the very act of striking, the child's harmlessness will prick the striker's conscience and so prevent an evil deed. Indeed, this harmlessness of children is a thing of power; their innocence is clothed in power, and even the most brutal of men are cowed by that power.

We have also lost, as we grew up, our flower-like nature. What is so lovely as a group of children at play? The child of the slums may play with the mud of the street, the child in a happy home may play with his toys, but in both is a serene un-

consciousness of life's deeper purposes. Yet that very unconsciousness solves more of life's riddles than does the philosopher who constantly analyses and weighs and propounds. Life is to be lived, and not to be stated; and so children often are nearer the root of life than the philosophers. That is why we say that children are "natural"; yet what higher testimony could there be than that word "natural"? As we grow up, it is we who become unnatural; we may be wiser than are little children, but we have lost much in gaining our wisdom.

It is something of this nature of children—innocence and beauty—that the Lord will teach us to retain as we grow from childhood to youth and manhood and old age. It is the body that grows old, and not the "dweller in the body"; he, the soul, ever is innocent and beautiful, until he wraps himself in an illusion of evil and identifies himself with it. That illusion is round ourselves; there is nothing of it round the Lord of Love. That is why children flock to Him and cling round His knees; they know that He is as one of themselves, though beyond the glory of any of their dreams; they feel, as a direct message from Him to each individual child, that some day they will be like Him. They do not need to be taught about God and how to be good; in His presence they know what God is and that they can be and that they will be good.

So, to help the Lord's work in the years to come, we must work with, and for, children. To play with them and study with them, to laugh with them and, if need be, to cry with them, too—this is one way of serving the Lord. And as we, grown-up though we may be, make ourselves once more as little children, He will guide us to prepare ourselves to help Him later on; He will make Child Welfare interesting, not dull; He will make the work of teaching inspiring and not heavy with the drudgery of a routine; He will make us discover the joy of service, in which is the joy of the athlete winning the race, the joy of the artist painting a picture, the joy of the musician creating a melody for men.

"For Children"—that is a motto of consecration. The great Lord has so consecrated Himself, and as He comes to all men He comes in a special way "for children," in whom is reflected the Innocency and Beauty of His nature. "For Children"—that is one department of the work that awaits us in His name.

C. J. (in *Brothers of the Star*).

## NEW ZEALAND

*Notes on the Star Conference, Dunedin,  
December 29, 1916*

**I**N the opening address the Rev. J. I. Wedgwood said :

By our very membership in the Order we come into a special relation with the World Teacher, and I think most of you have done Star work; many of you, I know, have been rather forced into it by circumstances. Those of you who have done this work know what a wonderful inspiration there is behind it—how when you come to lecture upon Star subjects the force seems to flow through you, to pour into the meetings quite perceptibly. I find it exceedingly difficult to talk upon Star subjects, and yet one is always conscious of the power that comes down. By our work in the Order we become channels of His power, and there is therefore a special significance in the duty we have undertaken of doing some work every day "in His name."

The word "name" has a technical meaning, and to do a thing "in His name" means to do it in the current of His spiritual energy. So to do a thing in the Name of the World Teacher in the Order, linked up as we are, is actually to do the action with His power flowing through us as His channels. That is an inspiration which is ever fresh, ever living.

I leave with you the suggestion of this mighty embrace of the consciousness of the Lord Maitreya—that in the very nature of things only a very small fragment of that nature can be expressed through any one body—that it is our duty as members of the Star in the East to make ourselves also bodily manifestations of the World Teacher's consciousness, and the more we do that the greater will be our influence in the world, the more wonderful will be the work of our Order for the uplifting of humanity.

In speaking of the form of service for meetings Mr. Wedgwood said :

Our appeal in the Star is not primarily an appeal to the lower mind, but rather to the intuition, to the Buddhic in people. The ordinary system of lectures is in its very nature an appeal to the reasoning powers of the lower mind, and it does not seem to me that the lecture is an appropriate method of expressing the Star message. We need a form which shall appeal more directly to the Buddhic nature, and I think you get this most effectively through some kind of ritual. I think most people would prefer some kind of ritual in the Star meetings, something which may be the vehicle of that influence of which I was speaking, that influence which will lift up outsiders who come amongst us to the realisation of higher things. It is not that you must give people certain ideas, but rather that you give them certain inspiration. You permeate them with the influence of the Lord Maitreya and they leave you with the feeling of an atmosphere that they do not get anywhere else.

I think we could best attract people through some kind of Liturgy, using all the influences of beauty that we can. I think the World Teacher could express Himself more effectively through some such Liturgy than through the ordinary lecturer.

Mr. J. R. Thomson, National Representative, in closing the Conference, said :

I think we have done well in New Zealand in the Star work. The Star work has been the best beloved in New Zealand. We have done much to proclaim the coming of the World Teacher in our rough-and-ready way; that was the first stage. The second stage is where the difficulties come, and we have reached that stage now. That is a hopeful stage, inasmuch as it comes before and leads to adulthood. We are looking forward to the new time with quite a different conception from that of the people of the world. We must look forward to introducing a new spirit into the life of the world. We are to introduce the love note into our work, into our offices, our workshops. Then, too, we may have to introduce the same note into politics, into art and religion. Let us remember that by our ideals to-day we are shaping the future; we are making now in the world of ideas the great conceptions that will presently materialise in the civilisation that is yet to be. If we can do that in the Star work then I think this Order will not be a failure. The British Section has organised quite a large scheme of study to fit its members to do this work. If we can bring this spirit of love into our work then new members will come without being sought. The Star lectures are often uninteresting to the mass of those who attend them, but they do *feel* that strange influence of which we have spoken.

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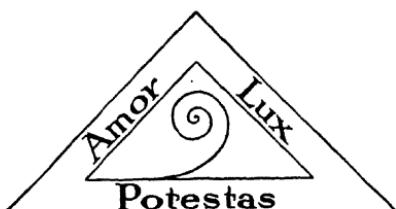
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# The Herald of the Star

VOL. VI. No. 12.

December, 1917

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As the *Herald of the Star* includes articles from many different sources on topics of varied interest, it is clearly understood that the writing of such an article for the *Herald* in no way involves its author in any kind of assent to, or recognition of, the particular views for which this Magazine or the Order of the Star in the East may stand.

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## AN INVOCATION

O MASTER of the Great White Lodge,  
LORD of the religions of the world,  
Come down again to the earth that  
needs Thee,  
And help the nations that are longing for  
Thy Presence.

Speak the Word of Peace,  
Which shall make the peoples to cease from  
their quarrellings ;  
Speak the Word of Brotherhood,  
Which shall make the warring classes to know  
themselves as one.

Come with the might of Thy Love ;  
Come in the splendour of Thy Power,  
And save the world which is longing for Thy  
Coming,  
O THOU who art the TEACHER alike of  
Angels and of men.





# IN THE STARLIGHT

*By LADY EMILY LUTYENS*

*It should be clearly understood that the contents of "In the Starlight" are the personal views of the writer. Neither the Head nor the Order is at all responsible for them. But the writer feels she is more useful to her readers in expressing freely her own thoughts and feelings than if she were to confine herself to bare chronicles of events and to conventional ethical expressions.*

**M**ANY beautiful fancies and profound truths are embodied in the ancient myths of all nations which we relegate to the nursery, and yet who can say that we have outgrown their teachings? Of all the sublime ideas presented to us in these old stories, none is so applicable to the present world strife as that conception of our Norse forefathers, of Ragnarök or the Twilight of the Gods. As Carlyle says of it: "That is also a very striking conception that of Ragnarök, consummation or Twilight of the Gods—seemingly a very old prophetic idea. The Gods and Jötuns, the Divine powers and chaotic brute ones, meet at last in universal world-embracing wrestle and duel. World serpent against Thor, strength against strength; mutually destructive; and how twilight sinking into darkness swallows the created Universe. The old Universe, with its Gods, is sunk; but it is not final death. There is to be a new Heaven and a new Earth. Curious, this law of mutation, which also is a law written in man's inmost thought, had been deciphered by these old earnest thinkers in their rude style, and how though all dies, and even Gods die, yet all death is but a Phoenix-fire death, and new birth into the Greater and the Better! It is the fundamental Law of Being for a creature made of Time, living in this place of Hope."

The idea is thus presented to us in the old legend. After the death of Baldur, Odin's bright and beautiful son, sorrows and troubles multiplied upon the earth and the sons of men cried to the All Father to help them in their pain. Then Odin, in his trouble, determined to seek counsel of those three wise sisters (the Norns or Fates), who spin their threads beside the Urda's holy fount. As he stood before them he saw that the busy hands were idle, the pattern of their weaving nearly done. Then first he turned to Urd and asked: "What teaching and what comfort hast thou for me?"

"Look into my eyes," said Urd, "and read the Future from the Past."

"I see," said Odin, "an age when all that now is was not, but yet I ever see something."

"Those were worlds in numbers endless, that long ago were, that long since decayed and passed away."

"Wherefore are they decayed?"

"Because they became."

"But must all things then pass, for all becomes, even Gods and men?"

"What truly *Is* never *Became*."

"Alas!" said Odin, "the riddle is too hard," and with that he turned to Verdandi, if, mayhap, she would give some answer to his question. Verdandi spake:

"All Being standeth in an Eternal

Present. More than this not all the present can teach you."

Still baffled, Odin sought to raise the veil of Skuld.

"Ah, foolish one that will not understand, the message of Past, Present, and Future is all one."

With that the great veil was slowly lifted, and Odin looked into the dark eyes of Skuld, and as in a dream he cried :

"The cock Goldcomb is crowing to the Ases waking the warriors of the Father of Hosts. Heimdall sounds his horn, Gialler Bru for the last time summoning the gods to battle. Another cock, Sooty-red, crows under the earth in the halls of Hell. Fiercely Garm (the hell-hound) bays before the cave of the rock ; the chain shall snap and the wolf range free. Brothers shall fight and slay one another, kinsfolk shall break the bonds of kindred. It shall go hard with the world, an age of axes, an age of swords, shields shall be cloven ; an age of storm, an age of wolves, ere the world falls in ruins. The inmates of Hell shall all sweep over the earth. The sun turns into darkness, earth sinks into the deep, the bright stars vanish from out of the heavens, the red flames wrap the world, roaring through the branches of Iggdrasil, playing against heaven itself. Then I see the end of all things. The end is like the beginning, and it will now be for ever, as if nothing had ever been."

But even as he spoke, in his vision the fire ceased, the clouds rolled away, the gods reappeared.

"I behold the earth rise again, with its evergreen forests, out of the deep ; the waters fall in rapids ; the fields unsown yield their increase. All sorrows shall be healed, Baldr shall come back. I see a new city on Asgard's hill, with a palace roofed with gold brighter than the sun. The righteous shall dwell therein and live in bliss for ever."

As the vision faded from his view Skuld dropped once more the veil before her eyes and thus spake :

"Look forth upon the groaning earth, with all its cold and pain and cruelty and death. Heroes and giants fight and kill each other ; now giants fall and heroes triumph ; now heroes fall and giants rise ;

they can but combat and the earth is full of pain.

"Look forth and fear not, but when the worn-out faiths of nations shall totter like old men, turn Eastward and behold the light that lighteth every man ; for there is nothing dark it doth not lighten ; there is nothing hard it cannot melt ; there is nothing lost it will not save."\*

Eternal is only the All.  
For only what is One is Eternal,  
And One is the All alone.  
Beginningless, Endless,  
All that is separate dies ;  
But endless, ceaseless, never exhausted in  
changing,  
Changes, works, and weaves the All.

In this wonderful conception of Ragnarök we have, it seems to me, the key to what is happening in the world to-day. All that "becomes"—all, that is to say, that is less than the "All"—is subject to constant change and destruction ; but because the Eternal is changeless and immutable, it ever builds a new world out of the ruins of the old.

But of this new world we are the builders, and if we would build wisely we must consult the plan of the great Architect. To-day there is much talk of reconstruction, and committees are being formed to study the various phases and problems arising in the changing world ; but what sign is there of the recognition of any fundamental principle at work in that reconstruction ? Yet all the future building depends on the wise setting of the foundations.

The first question that must be settled is the nature of the edifice we propose to erect. Is it to be a temple for the indwelling spirit of God, or a place of merchandise and a den of thieves ? Is it the Kingdom of God that we are striving to establish on earth, or a Kingdom of Mammon ? If it is the establishment of God's Kingdom which is to be our concern, we shall realise that the first necessary step for us is to make a study of the laws which belong to that Kingdom, that, having done so, we may begin to qualify ourselves as citizens worthy to dwell therein. Where shall we go to learn

\* "Heroes of Asgard," by A. and E. Keary.

those laws? Back to the Master Builder, Christ, very humbly, as little children, but with sincerity of heart and purpose.

As we look back through the ages we cannot fail to be struck by the fact that there has always been a painful discrepancy between the Christian ideal and the Christian practice. It is better to recognise this than to attempt to identify the two by means of disingenuous arguments. We are bound to admit, unless we prefer to practise acrobatic feats of casuistry, that war is not in harmony with the precepts of our Lord Jesus Christ, and, having done so, let us gaze with the same compassion which we feel for individual frailty at the spectacle of Christian nations dyeing the fair earth with each other's blood and glorifying the butchery after the manner of Pagans, who lived before the coming of the Prince of Peace.\*

We have to recognise that this discrepancy exists in all departments of our social life and must be swept away if we are to make any real progress towards the realisation of God's Kingdom. We must have done with lip-service and be prepared to stake our lives upon the truth that in a spiritual universe spiritual laws hold good, and may be taken as safe guides to conduct.

We shall never build a new earth till we have realised a new heaven; therefore we must cease to build that heaven out of fanciful and impossible imagery, and must realise that Christ meant us to understand literally His statement that "The Kingdom of Heaven is in the midst of you.", Our power to build the new earth will depend upon the intensity of our power to realise a new heaven in our midst, for the earthly must follow the pattern of the heavenly. As Mr. Wells so truly expresses it in his remarkable book "God the Invisible King":

Self-transformation into a citizen of God's kingdom and a new realisation of all earthly politics as no more than the struggle to define and achieve the kingdom of God in the earth, follow on, without any need for a fresh spiritual impulse, from the moment when God and the believer meet and clasp one another. . . . The purpose of mankind will not be always thus confused and fragmentary. This dissemination of will power is a phase. The age of the warring tribes and kingdoms and empires that began a hundred centuries or so ago, draws to its close. The kingdom of God on earth is not a metaphor, nor a mere spiritual state, not a dream, not an

uncertain project. It is the thing before us; it is the close and inevitable destiny of mankind.

Who will lead us in this quest for the Kingdom? Does not all the talk of reconstruction turn upon commerce and treaties, material gain and good? We look in vain for the Church to guide us in this hour of utter darkness and discord to a better understanding of the Master's teaching and commands. Statesmen, politicians, financiers alike proclaim their faith in a new world, but they propose to build that world on the ruined foundations of the old and in the same spirit of selfishness and greed and competition.

Who amongst us has the courage to advocate openly Christ's teaching of Love and Service and Brotherhood, as the preliminary requirements in any scheme of reconstruction? Is there any sign that the world is yet ready to break up its idols of silver and gold? Is not life still regarded as of less value than property?

What profiteth the graven image that the maker thereof hath graven it; the molten image, and a teacher of lies, that the maker of his work trusteth therein, to make dumb idols? Woe unto him that saith to the wood, Awake; to the dumb stone, Arise, it shall teach! Behold, it is laid over with gold and silver, and there is no breath at all in the midst of it. But the Lord is in His holy temple: let all the earth keep silence before Him.\*

Brothers of the Star, to us has been given the priceless knowledge that our Lord and Master is coming again to help the world He loves, that He is coming to give His people another chance to understand, that He is coming to enunciate once more with the authority of the Supreme Teacher the laws of the Kingdom. Brothers, should it not also be our glorious privilege even now to band ourselves together as citizens of God's Kingdom, to stretch out hands of love and fellowship to the men and women of goodwill everywhere, to make this Order a living Temple fit for the Presence of the Master? Have we the right to call Him into our midst if we are not striving our utmost to make ready His way, to prepare Him a kingdom in the hearts of men?

Let us resolve anew this Christmastide

\* "The Pope's Peace," by Christopher St. John.

\* "Habakkuk," chap. ii., v. 18-20.

that into a world which has forgotten the Master's Message of Love and Brotherhood we will go as His messengers, strong in the power of our faith in Him, and proclaim the coming of the Prince of Peace and the establishment of His Kingdom upon Earth. We may be few in number; what matter, if we are strong in faith? We may be poor and uninfluential in the eyes of the world; what matter, if

we go forth in the might of the living Christ? The battle of the nations continues with "confused noise and garments rolled in blood"; but, undaunted by fear and pain, let us lift our eyes to the East, where shines His Star, and unite in the prayer: "Come in the might of Thy Love, come in the splendour of Thy Power, and establish Thy Kingdom, oh! Lord, our Great Emmanuel."

## THE SECOND COMING AT HAND? A Manifesto

*This remarkable Manifesto appeared in the "Christian World" of November 8, 1917, and is one more link in the chain of evidence which shows that the spirit of man is preparing for the near coming of the World Teacher.*

**W**E are asked by Dr. F. B. Meyer to publish the following statement: The undersigned, under a profound impression of the momentous nature of the present crisis, issue the accompanying statement with the request that all ministers of religion in London and its vicinity who are in agreement with it will forward name and address, with a view to a united meeting for considering the question of its further advocacy.

Please address "Advent Testimony," Christ Church, Westminster Bridge Road, S.E. 1.

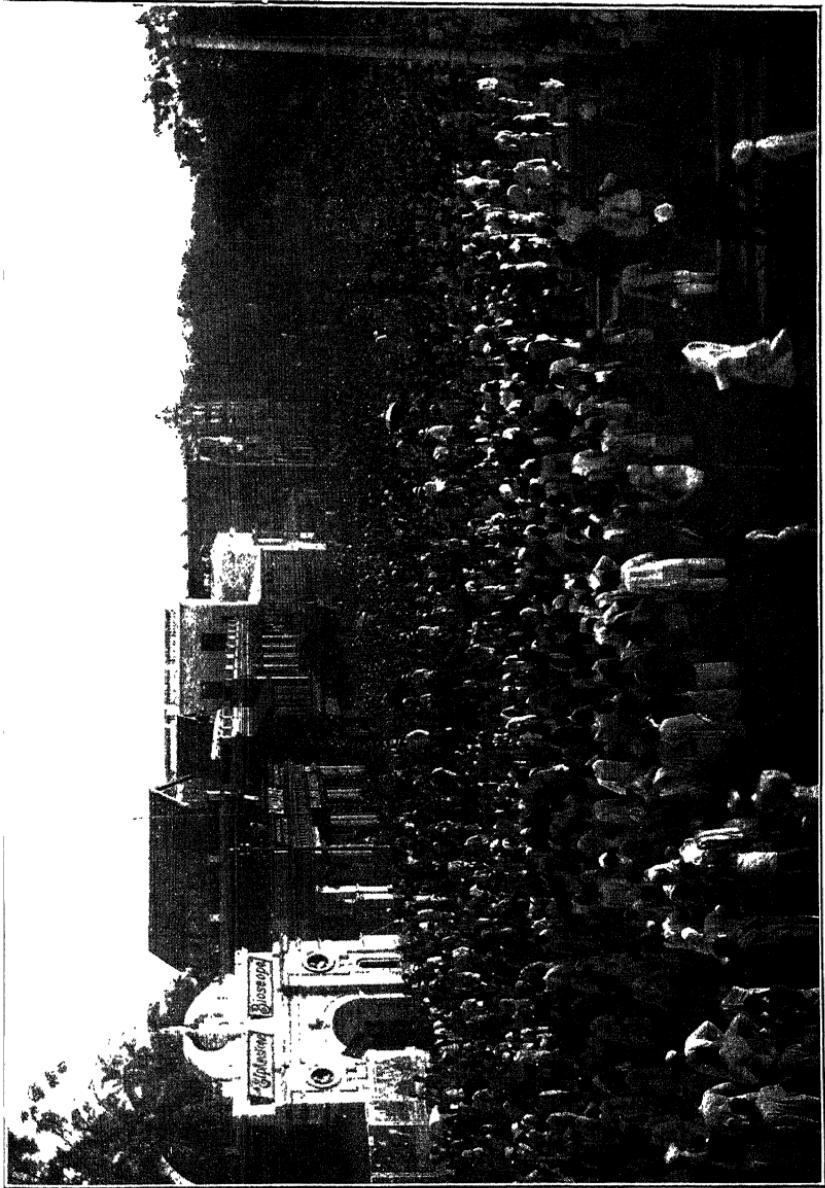
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J. S. HARRISON.  
F. B. MEYER.

### THE SIGNIFICANCE OF THE HOUR

1. That the present crisis points towards the close of the time of the Gentiles.
2. That the revelation of our Lord may be expected at any moment, when He will be manifested as evidently as to His disciples on the evening of His Resurrection.
3. That the completed Church will be translated to be "for ever with the Lord."
4. That Israel will be restored to its own land in unbelief and be afterwards converted by the appearance of Christ on its behalf.
5. That all human schemes of reconstruction must be subsidiary to the second coming of our Lord, because all nations will then be subject to His rule.
6. That under the reign of Christ there will be a further great effusion of the Holy Spirit upon all flesh.
7. That the truths embodied in this statement are of the utmost practical value in determining Christian character and action with reference to the pressing problems of the hour.

N.B.—This is a general statement, which does not profess to decide on particular details of prophetic interpretation.



A SNAPSHOT OF THE PEOPLE ESCORTING MRS. BESANT TO ADYAR ON HER UNCONDITIONAL RELEASE BY GOVERNMENT,  
SEPTEMBER, 1917.

# A CHRISTMAS GREETING

“ May the Light of His Star illumine your path and the wings of His Love enfold you for ever ! Peace, Peace, Peace.”

C. W. LEADBEATER.

## WHAT THINK WE OF THE CHRIST ?

*By Dr. J. GILES*

IT is now some two thousand years since the great Being whom we name the Christ, and who bears other designations in other religious folds, uttered through the lips of Jesus of Nazareth the words of “ grace and truth ” that have uplifted the thoughts and strengthened the hearts of men through so many centuries. To us, who are now expecting the reappearance of the Great Teacher, with light and healing for the woes of our perplexed humanity, it must be a matter of the deepest interest to know something of His life and work in that distant past. But here we are met by difficulties that seem insuperable; for our only source of information is the Gospel narrative of the New Testament, presented by four different writers, and impossible, in the light of modern research and scientific criticism, to be accepted as a simple and strictly accurate narrative of things said and done at the times and places and in the circumstances therein described. Some later critics, indeed, have gone so far as to

declare that they find in the Gospel narrative such a confusion of fact and fable, of narrative and allegory, of myth and legend and superstition, as to make it more than doubtful whether the Christian religion ever had any personal founder at all; and they think its origin may be explained by the gradual coalescence of many forces that were at that time influencing and swaying the minds of men. I do not think that further research will confirm this destructive criticism, which, if we accepted it, would constrain us to pronounce the Order of the Star in the East a futility founded on a delusion. But for that very reason, and because we seek truth alone, and therefore dare not shut our eyes to difficulties that may seem disturbing to our faith, it is desirable that we should understand in a general way the nature of the arguments bearing on the question. Briefly stated, then, they run somewhat in this way :

There is, outside the New Testament writings, no contemporary testimony to the existence of such a marvellous

character as the Jesus of the Gospels—not even in the Jewish historian Josephus, where, if nowhere else, it assuredly ought to be found; and the silence of Josephus on the subject was felt in the earlier days to be such a grievous scandal that some zealous Christian hand attempted to supply the defect by interpolating in the pages of the historian a passage about the author of Christianity which is now generally recognised as a clumsy forgery.

Then it is alleged that all the elements that go to make up Christianity already existed in the atmosphere that surrounded its cradle. The eastern coasts of the Mediterranean swarmed with religious cults which, with many diversities, had remarkable features in common. There was the Egyptian myth of Osiris (the Sun), slain by Typhon (the Dragon); of Isis, the Divine Mother, and her son Horus, the Avenger and Redeemer: and in other parts of the East they had sacred legends of gods or demigods who were slain and raised again—Adonis, in Syria, Atys in Phrygia; and all these cults were, in one form or another, symbolical representations of the great Sun Myth which has formed an allegorical framework for so many of the world-religions; for it is easy to recognise in these cults the thought of the Sun's annual decline and revival, and with him the decay and revival of the earth's life and vegetation. So the annual festivals had their sacramental celebrations, at which the celebrants partook of the bread, the product of the corn given by Demeter, or Ceres, the goddess Earth-Mother, and the juice of the grape, the gift of the god Dionysus or Bacchus.

It cannot be doubted that traces of this great Solar allegory are to be found in the sacred writings, a good example of which is the legend of Samson, mighty when his hair displays its full luxuriance of growth, and feeble when his locks are cut off—representing the Sun, overcoming everything by the effulgence of his rays, but when shorn of his beams comparatively powerless. Again, the scene of the dying Jacob, or Israel, blessing his twelve sons has been interpreted as symbolical of the Sun amidst the twelve signs

of the Zodiac; and this instance is interesting to the Christian student as suggesting a similar origin for the twelve apostles, whose historical character seems to have no very convincing evidence. But the Gospel narrative itself shows a clear trace of the Sun-myth in the saying put into the mouth of John the Baptist, when, speaking of Jesus, he says: “He must increase, but I must decrease,” a manifest reference to Jesus as the Sun in his increasing strength from the winter solstice to the meridian of his summer glory, and to John as the Sun in his declining power from summer to the depth of winter; for the birthday of Jesus, as of the Persian Sun-God Mithra, was fixed at the 25th December, and that of John at the 24th June.

But with all these cults and myths and dramatic festivals, men were yet feeling dissatisfied, oppressed by a sense of unreality in their faith, and longing for some more satisfying spiritual food—a longing that found expression in many prophetic and poetical anticipations of a coming Saviour and Redeemer. This condition of things is likened by the extreme critics to a saturated saline solution in which the particles of the suspended salt are ready to precipitate themselves and solidify into a shapely crystalline mass. Upon this, however, it may be remarked that when we wish to cause crystallisation in a saline solution we introduce from without some solid particle to serve as a nucleus or centre round which the nascent crystals may cluster; and such a centre for the new movement we naturally look for in a compelling personality, capable of gathering together the diverse forces that were agitating the world's mental atmosphere and directing them into one deep spiritual channel; and then how can we miss finding this personality, however much his portrait has been obscured by distorting processes, in the Jesus adored by Christians for two thousand years?

That the likeness has been obscured and distorted there can be little doubt. We see it through the medium of writings compiled by editors of uncertain authenticity, and at times and places that cannot

be fixed with accuracy. It is impossible to say how many collectors of sayings and doings, resting on memory or hearsay, may have contributed to the record and produced an entanglement that cannot now be completely unravelled. In fact, an examination of the narrative suggests the presence of two portraits representing characters having unlike features, but whose sayings and doings have been mixed together and confused. We find on the one hand a prophet of fervid and vehement temperament, believing Himself to be the destined Messiah, anxious to know how the people accept His claims and desiring His followers to report to Him on that point. With the intention of fulfilling an old Messianic prophecy, He rides into Jerusalem with a procession of followers who proclaim Him as the coming King, a course which must have laid Him open to the charge of exciting a sedition against the Roman government. He expels with much violence the traders in the Temple. He publicly assails the Scribes and Pharisees with extreme vehemence of reproach; and He denounces the Jews to their face as liars and children of the devil, and declares that all who came before Him were thieves and robbers.

On the other hand, we are conscious of a personality of calm majesty and serene wisdom, who delights in drawing lessons from the simple and beautiful things of Nature—the lilies of the valley and the unsophisticated souls of little children. He gives forth the gracious parables of the Good Samaritan and the Prodigal Son, which for twenty centuries have warmed and inspired the hearts of men, as their souls have been touched by the solemn mystery enshrined in such utterances as “The pure in heart shall see God,” and “Be ye perfect, as your Father in heaven is perfect.” This teacher, moreover, hesitates not to set aside the Mosaic tradition when it conflicts with a deeper spiritual truth. He gives us a higher law for the old retributive justice of “eye for eye” and “tooth for tooth”; He brushes away the pedantry that obscured the true sanctity of the Sabbath by a multitude of quibbling rules;

and He will have nothing to do with the legal formalities that would cancel the sacramental character of the marriage bond. This mode of handling their cherished doctrines may account for the enmity to the new Teacher felt by the Jewish authorities; and if we dip a little beneath the surface of Scripture parable, we may guess that He had the deliberate purpose of leading the Jews to give up once for all the narrow ceremonial regulations which hindered the imparting of the spiritual treasure that they monopolised to the outside nations. This intention leaks out in the story of the rich young man who had kept all the commandments from his youth, and whom Jesus loved, but who went away sorrowful, because he could not bear to give all his wealth to the poor. Now, if we take this little story literally, we cannot help wondering why the disciples should be amazed when the Master exclaims: “How hardly shall they that have riches enter into the kingdom of God!” Could such a saying surprise these followers of the Son of Man, who had not where to lay His head, and had sent out His missionaries with “no bread, or wallet, no money in their purse,” to depend on the charity of their hearers, even as the mendicant disciples of the Lord Buddha had done five centuries before? Would they have exclaimed: “What? who then can be saved, if it is so difficult for the rich man?” But the whole difficulty disappears if we adopt the luminous suggestion of Dr. W. B. Smith in his remarkable work, *Ecce Deus!* and recognise the rich young man as the typical Jew, who had kept all the commandments, and valued his possessions—the exclusive privileges of Abraham’s children—too much to share them with the Gentiles. Then we can understand the question of the disciples: “Who then can be saved if not the Jew?” Another instance given by Dr. Smith is the startling warning given by the Lord against offending one of the “little ones” who believe in Him, for He could scarcely speak thus of little children in the literal sense. But it is well known that the Rabbinical writers were in the habit of speaking of

## WHAT THINK WE OF THE CHRIST?

the fresh converts to Judaism as "little ones" and as "the newly born"; so that the meaning of the Master's saying is that it was a grievous sin to prevent the new converts from embracing the saving truth by imposing upon them a burden of unnecessary ceremonies. But in adopting this interpretation we need not give up anything of utility or beauty we find in the literal sense, for most symbolism is capable of more than one meaning. The reason why these incidents are presented to us under the veil of allegory may be that, when our Gospels came to be compiled, there were many Jewish converts to Christianity who yet clung to the traditional customs of their religion, and who might have been offended by a too uncompromising repudiation of the things they held so dear. This attempt to enlarge the Jewish conception to that of a catholic religion for the world was probably the cause of the enmity of the Jews and the murder of the great Teacher, whom "they slew, hanging him on a tree."

Time does not admit of any further discussion of the difficulties that beset us in studying the Gospel narrative, but one view of the matter may be briefly mentioned. Some scholars maintain that the origin of the Christian movement was associated with the Gnostic doctrine, and that it was in existence at an earlier date than what we call the beginning of the Christian era; and it has been thought that the real originator may have been the Jesus, or Jehoshua, Ben Pandira, who lived a hundred years before the reputed birth of the Saviour, and of whom a hostile and scurrilous caricature is to be found in the Jewish Talmud. He was stoned to death and hanged on a tree by the Jews for magical practices, as they alleged, learned by him in Egypt. This view seems to carry with it the inference that some of his sayings and doings were preserved and handed down to a much later date, when they became inextricably mixed with those of another personality in the time of King Herod and Pontius Pilate, so that the portrait, overlaid by another, has become much blurred and confused; but for those who have con-

fidence in occult investigation the account now presented seems to be confirmed by clairvoyant researches. However this may be, all that we can do is to study these records in a spirit of candid criticism, together with an earnest desire to assimilate whatever appeals to our highest intuitions. And in this examination we must not fail to look for every clue that may help us in the understanding of the great dramatic allegory which the occult interpretation finds running through the narrative—the story of the pilgrimage of the human soul, from birth to baptism and temptation, through the struggle with the earthly powers arrayed against it—to the vision on the sacred Mount, the final sacrifice, and the "glorious resurrection and ascension" to the right hand of power. It is this inner and spiritual element that I think the critics of the destructive school have failed to recognise, just as the Darwinian biologists have ignored the unseen power that is ever urging the forms it animates to the expansion of a higher life. But we can scarcely help seeing that with the advent of Christianity a new and compelling spiritual power entered the world, a power so divine that the Evangelist does not hesitate to identify the Teacher with the Wisdom for which He was the channel, the Logos, the second aspect of the Triune Deity, the framer of all things that were made, who, "for us men and our salvation,"\* clothed Himself with all the forms of matter, and carries on the great evolutionary process towards its sure result—"the taking of the manhood into God."

It is often asked how the important doctrine of reincarnation came to be lost in the Christian Church, and I scarcely think it is sufficiently answered by saying that it was lost with the rest of the Gnostic teaching, for we know from several Scriptural passages that the belief was not confined to the Gnostic circles, but was familiar to the "man in the street." But I believe its loss may be explained by reference to the universal expectation of the early Church of the speedy return of the Son of Man in clouds

\* Athanasian Creed.

and glory to set up His everlasting kingdom. This was to take place within the lifetime of many then on earth. "The dead in Christ shall rise first: then we that are alive shall . . . be caught up . . . to meet the Lord in the air, and so shall we ever be with the Lord." Now, in the presence of such a belief as that, what interest had the believers in the conception of recurring births on earth? Inevitably that notion would fade out of their minds, and it would not have suited the interest or policy of the Church rulers to revive it.

Many sins are to be charged against the Christian Church during the long centuries of her chequered career, but we must not forget her services: her great achievement in disciplining the fierce tribes who had broken up the Roman Empire, and constraining them to acknowledge an authority higher than the thrones of kings and mightier than the swords of warriors. Neither must we lose sight of the part she played as friend and protector of the poor, nor her fidelity to her spiritual mission in cherishing within her bosom, unnoticed in the world's turmoil, a constant succession of souls fragrant with the odour of sweet and silent saintliness.

The crumbling of the feudal and ecclesiastical edifice was followed by a system animated from two diverse sources—by the new learning of the great ideals of ancient Greece, and by the aggressive religious individualism of the Protestant reformers. The change has produced a civilisation wonderful in its character, but, as a whole, scarcely challenging the respect even of a resolute optimist. So rankly have the evils in it grown that we now recognise what we

did not perceive three years ago, that it needed the most terrible conflict, by the unlocking of stupendous physical forces and spiritual energies, to cleanse the corrupting mass, and start humanity on a new and better path. Whatever good has been gained by scientific research or philanthropic enterprise will not be lost, but how many problems will still crave for solution from the Light-bearer whom we expect! It is better to wait with confidence than to speculate with eagerness on the lines that He will adopt; but we may suppose that His work will as much surpass that of the Christian Church as the modern world surpasses the Roman Empire, and we may think it likely that many of the things that will happen will resemble the things that have happened. We may expect the same vehement opposition from those who sit in Moses' seat; the same fickle enthusiasm of the crowd; the same ribaldry of the scoffers; and the same, or even intensified, scorn of the philosophic sceptics. But we may be sure that in this age of science He will speak to the intellect as well as the emotions, and will do something to harmonise the conflict between the logical reasoning faculty and the higher intuition; and we may be sure that to all whose minds are really open to the truth He will be a bringer of light.

Not all of us who join in this great expectation will see and hear Him with the fleshly sense-organs, but we do not suppose that we shall therefore lose our share and interest in the event: for the connection of the worlds cannot be severed; the unity of humanity, past, present, and future, is indissoluble, and "God is not the God of the dead, but of the living."

# EDUCATIONAL REFORMS IN AMERICA

By JULIA K. SOMMER

*Miss Julia K. Sommer was born in Germany, near Heidelberg, but has been a resident of Chicago, Illinois, since early childhood. After becoming a teacher in the public schools of that city, she supplemented her education with a University training, pursuing her studies after school hours and receiving her B.Sc. degree from the University of Chicago. While continuing her teaching career, she is also one of the workers in the Theosophical Society, being president of the Chicago Theosophical Association.*

THE pain of this world war is forcing upon us the realisation of the necessity for the reconstruction of our civilisation according to a pattern that shall more fittingly express the present needs of a growing humanity. Necessarily those portions of our civilisation which had become most hardened and unyielding are now in greatest travail. This cannot, however, be said of the educational department of our body politic. Educational reforms have long been in process, at least in an experimental fashion, in the United States, the melting-pot of nations, where we are told a new race is being born.

The opportunity and the consequent responsibility for giving birth to a new and better race is realised by no American more keenly than by Luther Burbank, the wizard of plant culture. In his excellent little book, *The Training of the Human Plant*, Mr. Burbank gives eloquent voice to his vision :

“ Let me lay emphasis on the opportunity now presented in the United States for observing, and, if we are wise, aiding in what I think it fair to say is the grandest opportunity ever presented of developing the finest race the world has ever known out of the vast mingling of races brought here by immigration. . . . Look at the material on which to draw ! Here is the North, powerful, virile, aggressive, blended with the luxurious, ease-loving, more impetuous South. Again, you have

the merging of a cold, phlegmatic temperament with one mercurial and volatile. Still, again, the union of great native mental strength, developed or undeveloped, with bodily vigour, but with inferior mind. . . . When all the necessary crossing has been done, then comes the work of elimination, the work of refining, until we shall get an ultimate product that should be the finest race ever known. The best characteristics of the many peoples that make up this nation will show in the composite : the finished product will be the race of the future.”

I cannot refrain from quoting one more passage from his booklet, as it gives at once his own notion of the proper training of children and sounds at the same time the keynote of much that is best in the experiments in education that are being made in this country. He says :

“ Not only would I have the child reared for the first ten years of its life in the open, in close touch with Nature, a barefoot boy with all that implies for physical stamina, but should have him reared in love. But you say, How can you expect all children to be reared in love ? By working with vast patience upon the great body of the people, this great mingling of races, to teach such of them as do not love their children to love them, to surround them with all the influences of love. This will not be universally accomplished to-day or to-morrow, and it may need centuries ; but if we are ever to advance

and to have this higher race, now is the time to begin the work, this very day. It is the part of every human being who comprehends the importance of this to bend all his energies towards the same end. Love must be at the basis of all our work for the race; not gush, not mere sentimentality; but abiding love, that which outlasts death. A man who hates plants, or is neglectful of them, or who has other interests beyond them, could no more be a successful plant-cultivator than he could turn back the tides of the ocean with his finger-tips. The thing is utterly impossible. You can never bring up a child to its best estate without love.

"Just as there must be in plant cultivation great patience, unswerving devotion to the truth, the highest motive, a absolute honesty, unchanging love, so must it be in the cultivation of a child. If it be worth

while to spend ten years upon the ennoblement of a plant, be it fruit, tree, or flower, is it not worth while to spend ten years upon a child in this precious formative period, fitting it for the place it is to occupy in the world? Is not a child's life vastly more precious than the life of a plant?

"Here in America, in the midst of this

vast crossing of species, we have an unparalleled opportunity to work upon these sensitive human natures. We may surround them with right influences. We may steady them in right ways of living. We may bring to bear upon them, just as we do upon plants, the influences of light and air, of sunshine and abundant, well-balanced food. We may give them music and laughter. We may teach them as we teach the plants to be sturdy and self-reliant. We may be honest with them, as we are obliged to be honest with plants. We may break up this cruel educational articulation which connects the child in the kindergarten with the graduate of the university, while there goes on from year to year an uninterrupted system of cramming, an uninterrupted mental strain upon the child, until the integrity of its nervous system may be destroyed and its



MISS JULIA K. SOMMER

life impaired.

"I may only refer to that mysterious pre-natal period, and say that even here we should begin our work, throwing around the mothers of the race every possible loving, helpful, and ennobling influence, for in the doubly sacred time before the birth of a child lies, far more than we can possibly know, the hope of the future of

this ideal race which is coming upon this earth if we and our descendants will it so to be.

"We now have what are popularly known as five senses, but there are men of strong minds whose reasoning has rarely been at fault, and who are coldly scientific in their methods, who attest to the possibility of yet developing a sixth sense. Who is he who can say man will not develop new senses as evolution advances? Psychology is now studied in most of the higher institutions of learning throughout the country, and that study will lead to a greater knowledge of these subjects. The man of the future ages will prove a somewhat different order of being from that of the present. He may look upon us as we to-day look upon our ancestors."

Very clear and definite is this ideal, seemingly realisable only in the future, but towards which we must work in the present. And yet, as one studies sympathetically the various experiments carried on both in private and public schools in America at the present time, one must come to the conclusion that our educators, too, have sensed more or less clearly this ideal and are deeply conscious of the necessity for beginning the work of its realisation. The writer of this article is herself a product of the old-time, formal, academic system of training and discipline—a relic of the Dark and Mediæval Ages of Christianity, which prevailed in schools everywhere during the last century. In the public schools of larger cities it held sway in a particularly barren and systematised fashion. Being a teacher in one of these same schools from which she graduated, she is keenly aware of the decided change, already accomplished, and still going on, in favour of a more natural child-training.

It is to be expected that the changes going on in the public schools take on a more practical colouring from an economic point of view than do the experiments in private schools, and yet, even in the public school reforms, there is much that is tending toward the ideal of what is best for the child and the future of humanity. In Chicago, for example, the introduction of industrial courses into the daily pro-

gramme of the upper grades is already an accomplished fact in many of the schools, and is to be introduced into all of them in time. The grammar grade pupil learns, thereby, to correlate hand and brain; much that he learns theoretically in the academic room finds practical application in the workshop, print-shop, sewing-room, and kitchen.

This plan of correlated academic and manual training is much more fully worked out and fitted to the individual needs of the pupils in the public schools of Gary, Indiana, where, under the able organising power of Superintendent Wirt, the school buildings, with their expensive equipments, are made to do double duty instead of being open only five hours each day as in other cities. Pupils rotate between periods from playground or auditorium to shop or class-room. No part of the school is empty at any time, and pupils, instead of keeping their books in desks, have lockers where they keep their belongings. This system, aside from the economic and efficient use it makes of the buildings and equipment, also gives pupils the opportunity to fit themselves into any class in which they can do the most satisfactory work in any subject. This means that a fifth grade pupil in arithmetic will work with a fifth grade class in that subject, although he may be in a sixth grade class in geography.

This arbitrary forcing of a child through all the subjects taught in any one grade during the same semester is one of the evils of our present school system which the modern experimenters in education are trying to avoid. The problem is being solved in another fashion by Frederic Burk, president of the San Francisco State Normal. In a monograph on his system of individual instruction, successfully used during the last four years at his school, Mr. Burk says: "There are no misfit children. There are misfit schools, misfit dogmas and traditions of pedants and pedantry. . . . The business of schools is to shape themselves to the pupils. Each child is a special creation, and, strictly speaking, education cannot be the same for any two pupils. That it is the business of schools to saw, to plane,

and to compress pupils into fixed school moulds is the smug impertinence of an ancient, persistent, and preposterous pedantry. Until this pedantry is uprooted, trunk and branch, schools must fail to fulfil their purpose." It would be impossible to give any clear idea of Mr. Burk's method in so short an article as this, but the following paragraph from his monograph may give some idea of the machinery, as he calls it, of his individual schooling :

" The adaptation of texts to make the length of lesson elastically fit different pupils, promotion in each subject separately, the establishment of grade standards upon the basis of the slowest diligent pupil's rate of progress, and the adaptation of a report card to show the individual facts truthfully, constitute the chief mechanical devices for the operation of an individual system."

One of the most hopeful signs of the times in the educational world is the steady and persistent advancement of the age limit before children are allowed to leave school. In Chicago the age limit is sixteen unless a child must go to work, when he may leave at fourteen. The city of Cincinnati, in Ohio, has solved this problem in a still more satisfactory way, according to Professor Scott Nearing's account in his book, *The New Education*. There they have popularised high school education to such a degree that ninety-five per cent. of the pupils that graduate from the eighth grade enter high school. They have, also, in that city a municipal university, supported by the city, and closely connected with the city schools. Besides the night schools which every large city in America offers not only to its foreign population of adult age, but also to its young people who have to earn a living, Cincinnati has established continuation schools for those of its children who have to go to work at fourteen. The State school law compels such to go to school eight hours a week during daylight hours. The manufacturers have risen to the occasion and give the scheme their hearty co-operation, even dismissing a boy from their employ if he does not do his school work satisfactorily. Voluntary continua-

tion schools for those over sixteen, of the nature of trade schools, are also in operation.

The Parent-Teachers' Associations that have been formed in so many cities are an indication of the awakening of the mothers and fathers to the realisation of their share of responsibility in the proper education of their children. Wherever such an organisation exists in connection with a public school, there is the opportunity for the clearer understanding by both teacher and parent of the needs of the child and an intensification of the influence which the school may wield in its neighbourhood. This awakening sense of responsibility upon the part of mothers especially is evidenced in still another fashion in Chicago, where the women's clubs throughout the city have formed a Joint Committee on Education, which has issued a pamphlet containing suggestions for the guidance of parents in studying the school-rooms they visit, and has offered to parents and teachers courses of lectures by experts free of charge, which have been most helpful toward a better comprehension of all that is best in child education.

Experiments that are being tried in more select and private schools reveal a keen desire to get away from the old-time methods of teaching, which tax principally the memory of the pupils, and to develop instead the imagining and imaginative faculties, releasing the creative power of the mind. Several such schools are described by Dr. Dewey in his *Schools of Tomorrow*. At Mrs. Johnson's school, in Fairhope, Alabama, no assigned lessons are memorised by the pupils, but the texts of books are studied with the teacher for the information to be gained from them. In place of the usual curriculum they have physical exercise, nature study, music, hand work, field geography, story-telling, sense culture, fundamental conceptions of number, dramatisations, and games. The play instinct of children in the form of dramatisation is being used increasingly in connection with both literature and history, giving a content and meaning to these studies not otherwise gained by children. The mental and emotional development and training afforded by

dramatisation can hardly be overestimated. The Francis Parker School of Chicago is particularly successful along this line.

"That education shall follow the natural development of the child," that "schools of the past have been too much concerned with teaching children adult facts" instead of helping them to live more completely and perfectly their life as children, these and similar conclusions are actuating the best of our modern educators to revolutionise their methods of educating. Nowhere is this revolution more complete than at Professor Merriam's Elementary School of the University of Missouri at Columbia. There the Three R's are entirely lost sight of as studies *per se*, the pupils learning "to read and write and figure only as they feel the need of it to enlarge their work." Through play and stories, through observation and handwork, the pupils first become more familiar with the things they already know in part, and with the community in which they live and then with the more distant things and places and times.

Through the maze of experiments in education, reflecting the general unrest in the world of to-day, one can distinguish certain fundamental principles forcing themselves into recognition in the minds of educators. They might be tabulated as follows :

1. Education must recognise the right of a child to live a child life within the schoolroom as well as without. In other words, a child's experiences, to be of any value, must be those of a child, facts that he can comprehend, and not those of an adult.

2. Education, to be of real value, should teach a child to create harmony between

himself and the environment in which he finds himself. This is based on the well-known scientific principle of "the survival of the fittest in the struggle for existence." Every child has a right to every opportunity possible to adapt himself properly to his environment. The self-preservation of the human species demands it.

3. Education should give to the child all possible opportunity to develop the latent powers of expression of his whole nature, physical, mental, and moral, so that man may be the creator of his own destiny, and not the victim of circumstance that he so often seems to be now.

4. Education must respect the individuality of a child, that which makes him different from every other child in the universe. However much alike a number of children may seem to be outwardly, it is the business of the educator to develop those powers and capacities in each which makes each unique as a human being.

5. Education, as Spencer says, must be a means toward completer living. But completer *living* implies the present, not the future which is not yet being lived. And completer living for a child must be interpreted in terms of child life, else we fail to make his living complete and education fails of its purpose.

If it be true that the godless materialism mankind had fallen into brought on this cruellest of all wars, it is also true that these very hopeful tendencies in our modern education are indicative of a growing revolt of the Divine within humanity against the limitations placed upon it by such materialism. They herald the dawning of a New Day when human life shall be appraised at a truer value, and the soul of man shall rise triumphant over the limitations which now hem it in.

# HOLY RUSSIA IN THE PICTURES OF M. NESTEROFF

By EUGEN KOUZMINE

*We are grateful to the author, who lives in the holy city of Kiev, for this glimpse of the heart of Russia.*

**A**T a Moving Picture Exhibition, very popular at the time, there first appeared in 1887 the picture by a young painter, Michael Nesteroff, "The Vision of the Youth Bartholomew." It attracted everybody's attention; some people laughed, some were curious to find out its meaning, but the greater part could not understand it at all.

The picture really called forth many thoughts.

Under the influence of the predominant civic ideas, the school of "The Sober Realists," with Repin, Gué, Shishkin, Vladimir Makovsky, and other master painters at its head, taught, by the lips of the renowned publicist of the time, Tchernishevsky, that the aim of art must



Нестеров М. В.

Nesteroff M. V.

Видение отроку Барволовом

L'apparition d'un saint au jeune Bartholomé  
(futur St Serge)

Фотоэр и художник Фотоэр К. А. Финогор, Киев

be only to reproduce as exactly as possible "the priceless reality" for the welfare of mankind. Only what surrounds us, what everybody can see, was called Reality, such as a cow, a tree, a beggar, a street. If the tree was painted quite like a live

usefulness of schools, the evil of drinking, the abuse of power. And suddenly among these sober art-productions appeared such a work as "The Vision."

Every detail of this strange picture was uncommon and new. The landscape, it is



Nesteroff, M. B.

tree, if you could almost hear the calf bleat, if the beggar almost stepped out of the canvas, then the painter had attained his aim—he was up to his mark. The explanation of Reality was mainly understood as the introduction into the public mind of ideas, mostly of a general civilising character, such as the necessity and

true, resembles our Russian landscapes, but at the same time something was added, or, on the contrary, taken away from the familiar view. Was it a fairy tale or a dream?

An extraordinary lightness pervades the picture; it is real and spiritualised at the same time. In the centre of the canvas

stands a boy, an ordinary Russian peasant boy, such an one as you can often meet, even now; but his eyes, large, wide-open, see something that is not to be met with every day. Not in vain has the boy raised his hands as if in prayer, for before

This picture displeased, nearly offended, many. The artist, perhaps, wanted to revive some truth which modern society had long ago discarded and stored away as a dangerous, or, at best, a foolish superstition! But nothing could turn the



Nesteroff, M. B.

him stands a live being, or, again, perhaps, a dream. Under a tree stands a presence in a wide mantle, with a big cross on it, a monk's cowl pulled over his eyes. It is a hermit, a being standing aloof from ordinary human life, a Man of silence, and secret, wise converse with God. He knows things unknown to us; around his head is a halo.

artist from his chosen way, neither the sneers, nor the laughter and jokes at the "consumptive" figures of his "innocents," at the "meagre" trees, and the "dead colouring" of his productions. Crowned by thorns at first, he nevertheless forced the public to acknowledge him and to acknowledge the Word, which he sounded forth in his paintings, and which

in another way is given out in the works of Dostoevsky—the Seer. It is the Word of "Holy Russia"—a name given also to one of the last pictures of Nesteroff. With him, true Russia stands supreme.

"Snow, always, everywhere, immaculate white snow, and winding frozen rivers, the old and dark pine forests; nothing to gladden the searching eye."

This is holy Russia; she follows her



Нестеров М. В.

Nesterov M. B.

Юношество Преподобного Сергия.

Saint Serge adolescent

Not the mighty realm of Peter the Great, the indefatigable builder and founder of cities, fleet, army, science, trade; but the true soul of the people itself; the modest, quiet, retiring soul of the nation—no flaming colours about it, no high-flown words.

own ways, not the path painted out by the Tsar Peter. It is not the broad highway of "civilisation," with its motors, ringing trams, rushing through thick black clouds of smoke, welling from high factory chimneys. Holy Russia has always fought shy of all this, as if feeling

some hidden danger, some terrible grasping power behind it—a power which she, so meek and humble, would not and could not accept.

The path most dear to her heart runs along humble byways, among unknown fields, under the wide branches of old pines; winds serpent-like across marshes and under the walls of poor cloisters.

To many all these pilgrims—old men, old women, novices, pale girls, dreamy children, all these “God’s people”—seem strange and unfamiliar, a little ridiculous, and pitiful; perhaps even a little off their heads, incapable of matter-of-fact, solid work—so many superfluous mouths to feed. But in Russia, even among very active, rational people, as soon as the snow begins to melt, as soon as the herons ring out from the bright sky their glad call, some strange yearning surges up in the heart, a yearning after something far, far away from ordinary humdrum life, and they leave their old dwelling-places, and wander forth, for hundreds and thousands of miles—some to the holy city of Kiev, to worship at the holy shrines of saints, and of Sophia the Wisdom, some to the isle of Walaam; the more daring wind their way to the Polar monastery of Solovetz, while one or two, happier than the rest, will, perhaps, visit Jerusalem itself. But often even these wanderings do not satisfy this hunger for the unknown. In the native land of Nesteroff, in the mountainous Ufa, in the wild Perm, in the forests and morasses of our wide fatherland, thousands of men and women, after having visited all the renowned monasteries, come together; talk, read, hold counsel, bear self-inflicted hardships. They go in groups into the heart of the forest, to some frozen lake in the wilderness, and after hot discussions, lasting sometimes all the night, or solitary prayers, when the grey dawn breaks in the east, they listen intently in the hushed

silence of the wood, in the hope of being deemed worthy to hear the sweet bell-chimes of the holy city of Kitege, which hid itself in the waters of the lake to save its sanctity from the cruel Tartars.

What do they seek? What or Whom do they await? The living God.

They are not content merely to know that God exists—as we know that in South America live Patagonians, and we are not interested with their doings, and they do not trouble about us. For Russian people, if God exists, He must be a living, dear friend, held close to the heart. They must feel Him in themselves, must see Him, adore Him, love Him, as one loves a father, a Teacher; they must change all their life according to His laws. “The seekers of a City not of this world”—this is the Holy Russia always depicted by Nesteroff. By different ways go the people of Holy Russia in quest of this living God. Sometimes losing their way, retracing their steps; many fall, but get up again and follow a difficult, sometimes slippery path. The path—what of it? If only the goal is reached, if only to feel God in all, in the greatest and in the smallest. The only thing of importance is to love Him gladly, to love through Him all the world, for then all the world becomes suffused with light, and the wild animals fearlessly come and rest at the feet of man, not as vanquished slaves, but as the younger brothers of our great family. Our ancient fairy tales, old legends, and stories tell us over and over again that Russian people cannot rest content until they have found the Wonder of Wonders, the Fire Bird, or the wise Damosel, or God’s Truth; in a word, something which shall in a moment completely change their life, give it a new meaning, a new price; lift it out of the everyday routine, and illumine and sanctify all that comes in touch with it. And this is what Holy Russia seeks.



# COMRADES

By *Mrs. G. M. HORT*

[Pervading twilight, through which outlines, as of a rocky waste, glimmer faintly. In the background the dark mouth of a cavern. Silence, broken occasionally by a far-off sound of wailing. A dim figure, in soiled garments, stained here and there with blood, enters from the right hand and peers anxiously around.]

**T**HE DIM FIGURE: He promised I should be with Him to-day, and it's quite night now. It's a long time since I heard Him say it—about the last thing I *did* hear. . . . I must have missed the way. I was always doing that when I was alive! But dying ought to make a difference, especially such a death as mine.

[The sound of wailing drifts up through the cavern's mouth. He leans over and listens.]

Ah, what's that? It makes me feel as if they were driving the nails again through my hands and feet! It makes my wounds burn and sting! I can't bear it!

[As he covers his face with his hands there enters, from the left, another dim figure, also soiled and bloodstained, but taller and more commanding than the first. He carries on his shoulder something which has the appearance of a stripped tree, and glances fearlessly about him.]

**T**HE SECOND DIM FIGURE: What is it you can't bear?

**T**HE FIRST (starting back): You? But how did you get here?

**T**HE SECOND: How would anybody keep me out? This is the place of the dead, and I'm as dead as you are. [With emphasis.] I died the same sort of death, too, and for the same sort of reason. You admitted that yourself. . . . "The same condemnation . . . the due reward of our deeds. . . ."

**T**HE FIRST: Yes. But it makes a difference—the spirit you take it in—what you choose to make of a death like that. And it was only I who asked Him to remember me. It was only I He promised to meet.

**T**HE SECOND: Yes; and I suppose you think it was only *you* who recognised the sort of Person He was. "This Man has

done nothing amiss." He didn't need! There was enough misdoing on either side of Him to drag Him down to hell! [Points towards the chasm.] And as you say He promised to meet you, why don't you leave me and go and look for Him?

**T**HE FIRST (shrinking): But it can't be *there* that He meant me to go! People in there are in prison—lost—damned.

**T**HE SECOND (carelessly): No. It's I that am damned! . . .

**T**HE FIRST: But don't you hear them crying out? Isn't it dreadful? Doesn't it go through your heart?

**T**HE SECOND: No. How should it? My heart wasn't pierced as His was. I've only got wounds in my hands and feet. And even those don't hurt me now. Nothing hurts me. And I don't see how it can hurt *you* very much. Your heart wasn't pierced either. You can't be really sorry for those poor wretches or you'd be in there along with them—and Him.

**T**HE FIRST: I tell you He can't be in there. It was in *Paradise* He promised I should be with Him.

**T**HE SECOND: Well, perhaps a place like that *would* be Paradise—to Him. A place where everyone was so miserable that they simply couldn't help wanting to be better, and *had* to give Him the chance to put them right! That was the kind of place He always wanted when He was in the land of the living. At least, it seemed to be. You ought to know better about that than I. It was you who always admired Him so much and were always asking me to go and hear Him teach. I never had anything to do with Him at all—that is, not until I came to die with Him.

**T**HE FIRST (peering into the chasm): I don't understand it. It seems much worse down there than it is here, and yet you, who are lost and impenitent, can stay here. And you seem much happier than I am.

**T**HE SECOND: Of course I do. It's not

sin that makes people unhappy. It's *repenting* of sin! To repent means to have your soul cut in pieces—slashed about—wounded through and through. Now my soul's not like that. I never let it get like that, even when my body came to the end it did. It never occurred to me to be so shocked and surprised as you were at having to die a violent death. After all, it was only a proper finish to the life I'd lived.

THE FIRST (*with proud humility*): And to mine, too, Comrade, if it comes to that.

THE SECOND: Well! To yours, too, if you like. There's not, I suppose, so much difference in sinners. Only some of them have more heart, and then, like you, they repent; and some of them have more brain, and then, like me, they never do.

THE FIRST (*with sudden inspiration*): You're mistaken, Comrade. For all your cleverness, you're mistaken. Everybody who dies the sort of death we did repents in some kind of way. Wounds like that get through, somehow, to the soul. You say I admired Him when I was alive—but I didn't really. It was only in that pain of ours that I began to guess what He felt—that I had to be sorry.

THE SECOND: For Him? Or for yourself?

THE FIRST: For both of us, I think. And for you, too, Comrade—for you, too!

THE SECOND: You needn't have concerned yourself about me. I didn't ask for any pity, did I?

THE FIRST: No. But you must have wanted it. It's impossible to die that sort of death and not want it. . . . But we must part now. Good-bye, Comrade.

[He moves slowly and feebly towards the mouth of the cave. A terrible burst of wailing rises. He staggers back.]

I can't go alone.

THE SECOND: Well! *He's* there somewhere—preaching to the souls shut up there, taming the wild beasts in their cage!

THE FIRST: Yes. But it's a long way, first. And, besides, it'll hurt—being preached to, being tamed. It won't be so easy as staying here. Come with me, Comrade.

THE SECOND: I'm not invited. I've told you before, I was never a friend of His.

THE FIRST: You died *with* Him. You died *like* Him. He'll remember that. He'll remember you.

THE SECOND: I never asked Him to remember. After that drug they gave us had put you to sleep, we were awake a long time—He and I. But I kept my mouth shut. I never found a word to say.

THE FIRST: Perhaps He heard the words you didn't say. And one can pray without words. What was it that old Rabbi at school used to tell us about *a wound's* being a sort of prayer?

THE SECOND: Those old Rabbis! . . . They say so much that it would be odd if they didn't say what's true now and again. But let's go, if we're going. . . . Yes, I'll come with you if you want company.

[He takes the other by the hand, and they move slowly through the twilight towards the dark chasm. They have almost reached it, when a discordant yell as of protest rises from its mouth.]

THE FIRST (*shrinking back*): Ah! Look at those demons crowding there at the entrance! They seem to be barring the way. I don't see why they should want to keep us out of a place like that.

THE SECOND: They see why, well enough! They're sharper than you, Comrade. They know they stand a good chance of losing anyone who goes down there of his own accord, who chooses to suffer enough. . . . Hold up your cross, if you really want to get by them. They won't like the look of that!

THE FIRST: I haven't brought it with me. It had hurt so much I wanted to forget it—to be at peace.

THE SECOND: Well, here's mine, for what it's worth.

[He lowers the thing he has been carrying from his shoulder, and thrusts it, like a weapon, into the chasm. The yelling dies into a murmur. A faint light, as of a signal from below, moves across the entrance.]

THE SECOND: He's down there, right enough. . . . Yes. Call to Him, if you like.

THE FIRST (*falling on one knee and stretching his hands into the darkness*):

Lord, remember me, when Your Heavenly Kingdom comes ! And remember us both now, for we were both Your comrades !

THE SECOND (*standing erect and gazing hard into the darkness*) : Comrades in the cross—the nails—the wounds ! . . . He hardly could forget or go into His Kingdom without us ! . . .

THE FIRST : But where is that Kingdom of His? Surely not here—not in death and hell?

THE SECOND : On the other side of them, Comrade, perhaps. At any rate, it seems as if we had to go through death and hell to get there. . . . Courage ! We've had the worst half already. He'll remember that.

[He draws the other forward into the chasm. As they are disappearing into the darkness the faint light brightens and is reflected on their wounds.]

## THE DARK HOUR

HERE'S something from the lily blows,  
That shall outlive the flower's own death ;  
Like incense, an immortal breath  
Steams from the slowly dying rose :  
Till each, in fading, seems to be  
A greater thing than we can see—  
A larger date, another life it knows.

Still have I dream'd—when Autumn rains  
Have bruis'd the drooping lily's head ;  
When the starv'd rose is left for dead,  
Its red blood chill'd within its veins—  
That but the outward form hath perish'd,  
And somewhere else, unseen, is cherish'd  
The immortal Soul—the Pattern yet remains.

And then, when comes the gentle Season,  
Straightway along each airy line  
Life flows and fills that Form divine ;  
Till, with an art akin to reason,  
Each, in its kind, with instinct true  
Hath built the Beauty that we knew.  
Ah ! gracious thought !—Yet to think else were treason !  
If Nature still renew her sweets in kind,  
Then, through the dark still hour  
Of her suspended power,  
There must abide a Thought within a Mind.

E. A. W.

# THE CALL OF THE STAR ANGELS

*By ISABELLE M. PAGAN*

**I**N the whole range of Christian teaching there is nothing more beautiful than that of the tender care of the guardian angel, whose influence over the human child is ever on the side of the evolution of the soul, of true growth in grace. Every religion under the sun has an idea corresponding to this conception, for there are guardian angels and patron saints of countries, nations, tribes, cities, streams, and groves. Here a gentle influence predominates, there one harsh and stern, calling for fortitude and endurance; but while we acknowledge these as national and individual traits, we no longer personify the influence as tutelary deity of the region. Any expression of this fact which falls below the level of poetic genius is apt to be discouraged as fanciful, "pantheistic," or irreverent. Yet the immanence of God is as true as His transcendence, and this immanence can only be realised by us through varying revelations of different aspects of deity, suited to the limitations of the human brain. In this light it is, perhaps, worth our while to examine the type of divine power expressed in the choice of patron saints in our own land, remembering that in olden days they usually replaced the tutelary deity of a more ancient faith, and that though the name was changed, the characteristic influence persisted and was recognised as the quality most easily brought to perfection in this special country.

*St. George for Merrie England* is an old battle-cry, renewed of late, and Shakespeare speaks of his beloved land as "the seat of Mars." We have said, with much emphasis of late years, that the English are not really a fighting people, and that this was proved by their unpreparedness when war broke out. Yet the warrior saint is England's chosen

guardian, and why not? St. George has no quarrel with the guardian saints of other countries, his toe is the dragon. England is out to fight no race or people, but the dragon of militarism; a principle regarded by the typical Anglo-Saxon as essentially evil. What, then, is the divine energy recognised in the power of Mars, and symbolised by St. George? Surely it is the power of optimism, an extra allowance of hope and courage leading to heroic enterprise of all kinds. In all her active undertakings, whether building the first and best-laid railways in the world, exploring Arctic regions, or wading knee-deep in wet trenches, hope stands England in good stead. Even when odds are against her, the cheery confidence that she will muddle through somehow, never deserts her sons. In all astrological reckonings Aries, the sign most akin to Mars, and said to be ruled by that planet, is taken as representing England, and events affecting that country are prophesied according to the planets—malefic or benefic—that pass through that sign.

St. Andrew of Scotland was a fisherman, who was called from his nets to become a master of men. Many of Caledonia's sons have left the fisherman's hut for the university and gone forth with a call to the souls of men. The herring is still the wealth of her rugged shore, and it and the Finnan haddie have travelled far, but not so far as her preachers and teachers from their cottage homes. Even St. Andrew's predecessor, St. Bride or Bridget, called after the pre-Christian tutelary deity of Scotland, is associated with tales of travel. She was spirited away to Palestine to become the Virgin foster-mother of the Christ, and was accorded equal honour with the Virgin Mother herself by the Scottish

Christians of early days. England knew her too, and her ruined chapel and tomb are to be found in Glastonbury, near the spot where, according to some, King Arthur lies buried.

St. Bride is the self-same deity as Diana, the maiden aunt among the goddesses, who, childless herself, was yet the nourisher and protector of the newly born, and patroness of all nursing or expectant mothers. In Hebrew tradition her place is taken by the Angel Gabriel, who appropriately announces the birth of the Saviour and of St. John in our New Testament.

St. Bride and St. Patrick worked and prayed together in olden times, and Scotland and Ireland have still an undertone

common, probably due to the large number of original Scoto-Celtic tribes who settled in both countries. St. Patrick's work lay largely in organising the religious activities of the community without disturbing the political institutions which already existed. Land was held, and cattle and sheep were reared, in some sort of group system, in which clan feeling and neighbourliness played a large part. It is, perhaps, not too fanciful to think that those patriots, who, on the lines advocated by Mr. George Russell and others, are working for the agricultural welfare of Ireland to-day and encouraging co-operation and honest dealing, are in some ways returning to the system in vogue in the days of St. Patrick. Taurus, the sign of the Bull, is said to rule Ireland, and the access of agricultural effort which has made her so prosperous during the war is probably the beginning of better days. The "back to the land" movement, with its concurrent development of home industries, folk song and dance, and simple, natural pleasures, will reach a high state of development, and be intimately knit up with the religious life of the people. St. Patrick is said to have stilled polemical argument on the vexed question of the various persons of the Trinity by showing his converts the shamrock leaf, with a quiet "Behold the Three in One."

Such counsel, followed in the spirit of Him who bade us consider the lilies of the field, will carry us far.

The patron saint of Wales is David, the sweet singer of Israel, so the Welsh harp, the Welsh bards, and the Welsh choirs carry on a tradition which binds them in allegiance to the poet-king, whose harping healed Saul of madness, and gave us the exquisite poetry of the Psalms. It is from the Cymri, the ancient inhabitants of Wales, Cornwall and Brittany, that we get one of the most striking of our national heroes, King Arthur, with his Round Table. Translated by Geoffrey of Monmouth, from a very ancient Welsh book in the eleventh century, these legends spread rapidly over Europe, and inspired poets and musicians all the world over. Even to-day we see a recrudescence of the fine old teaching in such orders as the Round Table, founded by Theosophists, and the White Knights of a country district in the South of England, where soldiers going abroad attend a special service in a consecrated chapel, and take solemn vows of purity and loyalty to *fiancée* or wife.

The sacred sign said to rule Wales is that of Gemini, the Mercurial sign, quick, resourceful, nimble-witted, talkative, apt to live in the present, and skilled in making the best of it.

Each nation must see to it that in spite of its temperamental reverence and regard for its own guardian angel, represented by its patron saint, it steers clear of the idolatry that exalts the sign and cultivates an admiration even for the faults due to an exaggeration of its virtues. Consequently it is good for nations to be grouped together in great fraternities within the bounds of some beneficent Empire or in such federations as are suggested as part of the reconstructive programme after the war. The more we learn to appreciate the beauty of our neighbour's ideals, the less are we likely to exaggerate our own special idiosyncrasies into deformity, but first let us see that our own ideals are understood, and that our banners float untarnished.

# SCOUTCRAFT IN AMERICA

By ADELINA H. TAFFINDER

*Motto : "BE PREPARED"*

**T**HIS motto is most appropriate for all who are earnestly working for the coming of the World Teacher. We, who believe in His coming, should be Scouts in the truest sense of the word. The army scout was the soldier who was chosen out of all the army to go out on the skirmish line. The pioneer who was out on the edge of the wilderness guarding the men, women, and children in the stockade was also a scout.

In all ages men who have gone out on new and strange adventures, and through their work have benefited mankind, they also were scouts.

The Scout oath in the United States is:

On my honour I will do my best :

1. To do my duty to God and my country, and to obey the Scout law.
2. To help other people at all times.
3. To keep myself physically strong, mentally awake, and morally straight.

When taking this oath the youth stands holding up his right hand, palm to the front, thumb resting on the nail of the little finger and the other three fingers upright together.

There are twelve laws a boy promises to obey when he takes his Scout oath.

1. *A Scout is trustworthy.* A Scout's honour is to be trusted. If he were to violate his honour by telling a lie, or by cheating, or by not doing exactly a given task when trusted on his honour, he may be directed to hand over his Scout badge.
2. *A Scout is loyal.* He is loyal to all to whom loyalty is due : his Scout leader, his home, his parents, and country.
3. *A Scout is helpful.* He must be prepared at any time to save life, help injured persons, and share the home duties. He must do at least one good turn to somebody every day.
4. *A Scout is friendly.* He is a friend to all and a brother to every other Scout.
5. *A Scout is courteous.* He is polite to all,

especially to women, children, old people, and the weak and helpless.

6. *A Scout is kind.* He is a friend to animals. He will not kill nor hurt any living creature needlessly, but will strive to save and protect all harmless life.
7. *A Scout is obedient.* He obeys his parents, scout master, patrol leader, and all other duly constituted authorities.
8. *A Scout is cheerful.* He smiles whenever he can. His obedience to orders is prompt and cheery. He never shrinks or grumbles at hardships.
9. *A Scout is thrifty.* He does not wantonly destroy property; he works faithfully, wastes nothing, and makes the best use of his opportunities. He saves his money so that he may pay his own way, be generous to those in need, and helpful to worthy objects. *He may work for pay, but must not receive tips for courtesies, or good turns.*
10. *A Scout is brave.* He has the courage to face danger in spite of fear, and has to stand up for the right against the coaxings of friends or the jeers or threats of enemies, and defeat does not down him.
11. *A Scout is clean.* He keeps clean in body and in thought; stands for clean speech, clean sport, clean habits, and travels with a clean crowd.
12. *A Scout is reverent.* He is reverent towards God. He is faithful in his religious duties, and respects the convictions of others in matters of custom and religion.

Among the first things a boy must know to become a Scout are the Scout law, salute, sign, oath, motto, and the significance of the badge, with its words, "Be Prepared." This means that the boy is always in a state of readiness in mind and body to do his duty. To be prepared in mind, by having disciplined himself to be obedient, and also by having thought out beforehand any accident or situation that may occur. This prepares him to know the right thing to do at the right moment, and be willing to do it. To be prepared in body, by making himself strong and active and able to do the right thing at the right moment, and then do it.

All who are interested in the Boy Scout movement, which has become almost

universal, feel a deep sense of gratitude to Lieut.-General Sir Robert S. S. Baden-Powell, who has done so much to make the movement of interest to boys of all nations.

Much of the information in this article,

are anxious that the boys of America should come under the influence of this movement and be built up in all that goes to make character and good citizenship. The affairs of the organisation are managed by a National Council, composed of



SIR ROBERT BADEN-POWELL

concerning Scoutcraft in the United States, is gathered from the *Official Handbook*, which has been prepared by the National Council in this country.

The Boy Scouts of America is a corporation formed by a group of men who

some of the most prominent men of our country, who gladly and freely give their time and money that this purpose may be accomplished.

The work is carried on in villages, towns, and cities by local councils, com-

posed of men particularly fitted for such guidance.

The most eminent men in the United States, experts in their respective departments, have helped to prepare this large volume, the *Official Handbook*, which contains the most valuable information on Scoutcraft, Woodcraft, Campcraft, Tracks, Trailing and Signalling, Health and Endurance, Chivalry, First Aid and Life Saving, Games, Patriotism and Citizenship.

In these pages, and throughout the organisation, it is made obligatory upon all Scouts that they cultivate courage, loyalty, patriotism, brotherliness, self-control, cleanliness, thrift, purity, and honour. Here is beautiful evidence of the preparation for the sixth sub-race.

President Woodrow Wilson is honorary president of the National Council and Executive Board; also two ex-Presidents of the United States are, respectively, vice-presidents, William H. Taft and Theodore Roosevelt. The latter contributes the official instruction to the Scouts on "Practical Citizenship."

Ernest Thompson Seton is the Chief Scout, and James E. West is Chief Scout Executive.

American children have been thrilled by the charming books of animal life written by Mr. Thompson Seton, *Wild Animals That I Have Known* being one in particular.

In the *Boy Scout's Handbook* he writes on "Woodcraft" and "Tracks, Trailing, and Signalling."

There are three classes of Scouts: Tenderfoot, Second-class Scout, and First-class Scout.

A boy must be at least twelve years old and must pass several tests in order to become a Tenderfoot. He must know the composition and history of the national flag and the customary forms of respect due to it; and be able to tie quickly four rope knots out of nine which have been shown him.

To become a Second-class Scout a Tenderfoot must pass, to the satisfaction of the recognised local Scout authorities, ten tests, which include elementary first aid and bandaging; know the general

directions for first aid for injuries; know treatment for fainting, shock, fractures, bruises, sprains, injuries in which the skin is broken, burns and scalds; demonstrate how to carry the injured, the use of the triangular and roller bandages and tourniquet. Elementary signalling; know the Semaphore or the International Morse alphabet; track half a mile in twenty-five minutes; or, if in town, describe satisfactorily the contents of one store window out of four observed for one minute each.

Go a mile in twelve minutes at Scout's pace—about fifty steps running and fifty walking alternately. Use properly knife or hatchet, according to the instructions given in the *Handbook for Boys*. Prove ability to build a fire in the open, using not more than two matches. Cook a quarter of a pound of meat and two potatoes in the open without the ordinary kitchen cooking utensils.

Earn and deposit at least one dollar in a public bank. Know the sixteen points of a compass.

To become a First-class Scout the Second-class Scout must pass the following tests:

Swim fifty yards. Earn and deposit at least two dollars in a public bank. Send and receive a message by Semaphore or the International Morse alphabet, sixteen letters per minute. Make a round trip alone (or with another Scout) to a point at least seven miles away (fourteen miles in all), going on foot or rowing-boat, and write a satisfactory account of the trip and of things observed.

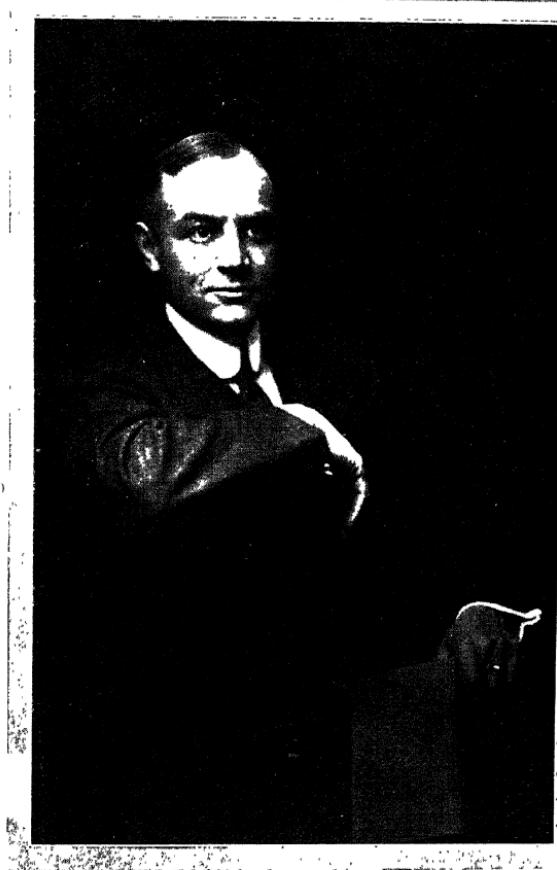
Advanced first aid; know the methods for panic prevention; what to do in case of fire and ice, electric and gas accidents; how to help in case of runaway horse, mad dog or snake bite; treatments for dislocations, unconsciousness, poisoning, fainting, apoplexy, sunstroke, heat exhaustion, and freezing. The candidate must know treatment for sunburn, ivy poisoning, bites and stings, nose bleed, earache, toothache, inflammation or grit in eye, cramp or stomach ache and chills; demonstrate artificial respiration as taught in Scoutcraft. Prepare and cook satisfactorily in the open, without regular kitchen utensils, two out of ten articles

to be cooked, and be able to explain the methods to another boy.

Read a map correctly, and draw, from field notes made on the spot, an intelligible rough sketch map, indicating by their proper marks important buildings,

weight within twenty-five per cent. Describe fully, from observation, ten species of trees or plants, including poison ivy, by their bark, leaves, flowers, fruit, or scent.

Describe fully six species of wild birds



PROMINENT OFFICER OF THE BOY SCOUTS OF AMERICA

roads, trolley lines, main landmarks, and principal elevations. Use properly an axe for felling or trimming light timber, or produce an article of carpentry or cabinet-making or metal-work made by himself. Judge distance, size, number, height, and

by their plumage, notes, tracks, or habits; or six species of native wild animals by their form, colour, call, tracks, or habits; find the North Star, and name and describe at least three constellations of stars.

Furnish satisfactory evidence that he has put into practice in his daily life the principles of the Scout oath and law. Also enlist a boy trained by himself in the requirements of a Tenderfoot. Scoutcraft includes some sixty of the arts, sciences, and crafts, and to obtain a merit badge in any of them a Scout must pass examinations, which are conducted by the Court of Honour of the local council. In communities where a local council has not been organised, a local committee of representative men, including the superintendent or principal of schools, is organised to conduct these tests. The local Court of Honour having satisfied itself that the applicant has met the requirements for a merit badge, submits in writing to the Court of Honour of the National Council a certificate endorsed by the experts who conducted the examination, showing that they had satisfactory proof that the Scout has actually passed the test and is entitled to receive the badge.

The Boy Scouts of America maintain

that no boy can grow into the best kind of citizenship without recognising his obligation to God. The first part of the Scout's oath or pledge is therefore: "I promise on my honour to do my best to honour my God and my country."

While recognising the fact that the boy should be taught the things that pertain to religion, it is insisted upon that the boy's religious life shall be stimulated and fostered by the institution with which he is connected. An ethical teaching is that no Scout can ever hope to attain to much until he has learned a reverence for religion. This teaching is beautifully brought into the instructions on Chivalry, for a Scout is considered a knight, and tales of knighthood are brought out prominently in order to inspire a Boy Scout with the idealism of the Round Table. He is required to be manly and unselfish, to be courageous, and also courteous and polite to women and children, especially to the aged, protecting the weak, and helping others to live better.

**S**ALADIN, the great Saracen, wishing to lay a trap for Nathan, the wise and rich Jew, asked him, " Honest man, I would gladly know from thee which religion thou judgest to be the true one, Jewish, Mahometan, or Christian?" Then Nathan, in answer, tells him of a certain family owning a ring of much beauty and worth, and endowed with the magical virtue of making every wearer of it beloved by God and men. The possessor of it became thereby head of the family and owner of the estate. This the father in successive generations always gave to whomsoever of his descendants he deemed the worthiest. At length a father had three sons, all of whom he loved alike. In his perplexity to whom to give the ring, he sent for a craftsman, and had two more rings made of such an exact resemblance that even he himself could hardly tell the true one. Being now very old, he privately gave a ring to each of his three sons. When he was dead, each of them produced his ring, and claimed the honour and estate. They brought the case before the judge. "I hear," said the judge, " that the true ring has the power of making its wearer pleasing in the sight of God and of man. Let each of you strive to make known the virtue of his ring, by gentleness, by hearty peacefulness, by well-doing, by the utmost inward devotion to God. And then if this power of the gem reveals itself, with your children's children I invite you again, thousands and thousands of years hence, before this tribunal. Then one wiser than I will sit in the judgment-seat and will decide."\*

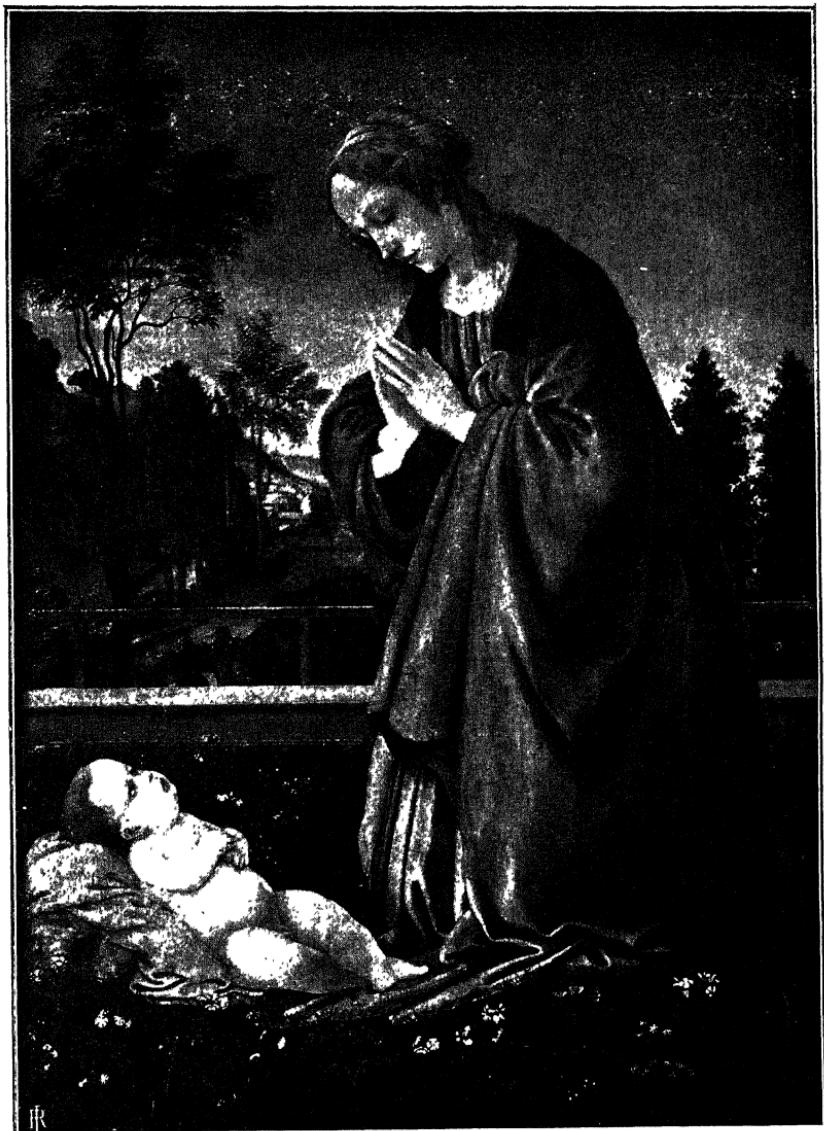


Photo by Ed. Brogi.]

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LA VERGINE IN ADORAZIONE.

# THE HOUSE AT MAGDALA

By E. V. HAYES

*The writer of this is a non-commissioned officer. We are learning from our friends the Boers and the Swiss that an ideal army is composed of the manhood of a nation, trained in the midst of ordinary civilian life to defend the Right at need. This gives us genius of all kinds in the brotherhood of arms.*

THE two young men passed up the marble steps of the house, pausing as they reached the top step and saw the oriental display of wealth and mystery within the beautiful hall.

Great folds of purple and amber silk hung all down the walls on either side, moving slightly in the breeze, which came, richly scented, from the garden below. On these violet and golden curtains were embroidered here and there strange and mystical figures and devices; an embroidered reproduction of the god Apollo in white silk being the most arresting. On a pedestal of black ebony sat an evil-looking god of pure silver, with eyes of emeralds, and lips, sensual and sinister, set in rubies. A great bronze vessel beneath him sent up streams of grey mist, filling the air with heavy perfume; two huge lamps of cunning workmanship hung from the painted ceiling, shedding a faint yellow glow directly beneath them, and beyond them, endless shadows—shadows which seemed alive with forbidden things, and beings intangible, captives of another world held here by a necromancer's craft.

The younger of the two men trembled and his olive cheek paled.

"Why have we come here?" he asked in a whisper.

The other smiled.

"Thou shalt see. Have no fear. It is a House of-Evil, in truth. And the woman in it, its High Priestess, has sold herself to the Prince of Darkness. Yet thou shalt see much that shall astonish thee. Be not afraid."

From some room behind those clinging tapestries came a weird music—a music that hissed like a serpent and rippled like a brook; a music that mocked and

lamented; a music of a lost soul, and a soul too proud to confess its loss; a music of such passions that the most violent passions of men seem childish before them; a singing like the Vespers of Hell.

The knees of the younger man shook, so that he supported himself against the column near him.

"She hath great wealth," said the Other, quietly.

A slave boy, almost as black as the ebony throne of the squat idol, came towards them; he was naked save for a purple and amber sash of linen about his loins, and his hair was snow-white. Even the calm face of the Other Man quivered a little as he beheld this strange little figure.

"'Tis an evil thought that would bring a child to this," he said.

"Your names, sirs?" asked the lad.

"I have no name as yet for Mary of Magdala," said the Man. "Tell her that I would that she gave me a name, and I think she can. My companion's name is John. We come to know what thy lady can tell us."

The slave looked perplexed.

"I will tell my lady thy message," he said dubiously. "I dare not send any from her house. Not since I sent one great man who sought her under a fictitious name. He seemed so frightened that I would not let him see my mistress. Sorely did she upbraid me for it!"

He disappeared down the shadowy hall.

As they waited, a woman, heavily veiled, came from between the curtains some paces away. She passed them, weeping.

"Some poor soul that has lost a loved one and sought Mary of Magdala's aid to hold communion with her dead," quoth

the Man without a Name. "The day shall come when Mary of Magdala shall need consolation of this sort, and not all her devils shall find it for her."

The slave boy came back.

"My mistress will see you," he said. "She hath a visitor now with her. She bade me lead you both to the antechamber and bid you rest awhile till she call."

They followed him down the hall. At a certain spot he halted and drew back the curtains, revealing a richly furnished room beyond. They entered, and at his beckoning sat them down on great Eastern rugs, which were a foot from the ground in very thickness. Again purple and yellow were the colours most to be seen; a gigantic golden sun with the lineaments of a man's face hung directly opposite them; raised on a slender pillar of pure gold in the centre of the room was a human skull; on a round altar set to the East was a human heart preserved in white vinegar, a ghastly red object that floated backwards and forwards; a vial each side of it.

"In those vials are two dreadful things," said the Man without a Name. "In one, the tears of a woman forsaken by her lover in the hour when most she needed him for honour's sake as well as for love's. . . . In the other the blood of a man who was slain while seeking to compass a great lust, slain with the heat of his mad passion upon him. If thou couldst only see, thou wouldest not tremble at the golden image of a sun, or the wail of hellish music: thou wouldest rather shake with fear that from those vials evil things come creeping forth unceasingly, en chaining men's hearts and Mary of Magdala's with them."

The curtains parted again and the slave ushered in another visitor.

A Roman captain, strong in muscle but weak in face, rich in his adornments, in his toga encrusted with jewels, his hair wet with perfume, the nails of his feet and hands brilliantly polished; poor in that light which the soul sheds through the eyes.

"The Governor of Judea," whispered John. "'Tis the first time I have

ever seen him. But his ring shows who he is."

"It is the first time I have seen him also," said the Other. "But not the last time that we shall meet. Albeit that now he seems indifferent to us."

Indifferent he was; one quick glance had shown him that these were Jews, and that was sufficient to the haughty Roman; he lay on his cushions, staring moodily at the skull set on its delicate rod of gold.

A bell was heard in the distance, and a few minutes after the slave appeared; he looked at the two Hebrews hesitatingly, then at the Roman, who, already risen, seemed expectant.

"Is your mistress ready, boy?" he asked, sharply, as one who expects but one answer.

"Yea, my lord," said the boy promptly. "Follow me."

Again the two young men were alone; the Man without a Name smiled slightly.

"It is better that Mary of Magdala should see him first," he said. "Mayhap she would not see him after, nay, nor any other who shall ask her for devils."

They waited without speaking for some half an hour; then a bell was heard again; and again the boy appeared.

"My lady will see you," he said. And they followed him down the long hall, dimly lit.

"Pardon me if I let the Roman in before you," said the lad. "But he brooks no delay. Otherwise I would not have kept ye waiting."

"It matters not, little lad," said the Man unnamed. "I have waited too long for Mary of Magdala to resent a brief delay of one half an hour."

Before a great bronze door stood two tall slaves, guarding the room beyond with drawn swords.

"Open!" called out the slave boy, holding up his hand.

Slowly the door swung back and they entered. There was a room all of black, unbroken, raven black. Ebony were all the fittings, black silk were all the hangings. They stumbled in, for it was very dark.

"My Lady, two men would speak with you!" called out the lad, and left them

there, the great door closing as he passed out.

The curtains agitated at the east end of the room, and a woman, robed entirely in white, was seen as they slowly fell apart. She was seated on a throne also of ebony, and behind her black curtains still hung. In a loose Grecian raiment of pure white, a band of pearls across her misty dark hair, her face deeply veiled, sat Mary of Magdala, who trafficked in human sorrows, who held commerce with the dead, who wove spells, either for success or failure, who refused the yoke of the Jewish matron, who bowed to idols and ate of the meats offered to them, who held friendship with the Roman oppressors, who had a tongue which beguiled men. And through her veil she scrutinised her visitors.

"Welcome, strangers ! Though ye are of my own race, yet in sooth ye are strangers."

"Do none of thy race ever visit thee, Mary of Magdala ?" asked the Nameless One.

"None. Hebrews when they visit a witch visit her with a lie on their lips and strange clothing on their backs. Because of the Law of Moses which saith : thou shalt not have commerce with one who hath a familiar spirit. Therefore, though they be circumcised, yet they are not Jews when they do come hither."

"There is a hidden bitterness in thy tongue, Mary of Magdala."

She laughed softly.

"Then 'tis not for thee. When my page told that two Jews awaited me, I was astonished. Openly—and in full light of to-day ! What reckless men are these, thought I, that venture to run the gauntlet of the Pharisees' spite and unrelenting vengeance? And when I heard that thou hadst refused thy name, till I gave thee one, I was persuaded to see thee. Perhaps against my better sense."

"That time shall show, Mary of Magdala," said the Man who waited His Name. "Again I say, it is thou shalt give me a name, that I may be known thereby."

"Think you I know you not?" she

cried. "I know ye both. I know your names, your business, your age, the dear ones lost to you, the rewards ye seek in life. Aye, all these things know I."

"Nay, Mary of Magdala, thou dost not know all this. My name thou dost know not, nor what my business is, nor mine age, nor yet the dear ones lost to me; nay, neither knowest thou the reward I seek. Nor can thy familiar spirits tell thee."

"It is a bold challenge, Nazarite," said the woman sharply.

"It is not hard to call me Nazarite, Mary of Magdala, because my dress doth show it, my hair and beard. But Nazarite is not my name."

"I will tell thee something about thy friend first," said the veiled woman, haughtily. "His name is John. His business is that of a fisherman, which he carrieth on with his brother. He is twenty-four years of age. He has lost both father and mother. The rewards he seeketh and if he shall obtain them I will tell him if he pay my price. Dost thou still say my familiar spirits can tell me nothing?"

"Concerning me, Mary of Magdala, thy spirits shall tell thee nothing at all."

She laughed again.

"Aye, I see thy trick ! My price is too high for ye ! Thou wouldest glean from me secrets for nothing which others pay well for. My lips are closed, Nazarite, unless first thou payest me the reward of my work. Thou art a crafty Jew!"

"I will pay thee thy reward when thou hast told me my name. My business thou shalt never tell, nor yet my age, my lost ones, nor my reward. Nor thou nor all the devils in hell."

The veiled pythoness shook her head.

"Thou shalt not draw me, Nazarite. I have told thee enough to show what I can tell, if I choose. I will not tell thee aught except thou pay me."

"And I swear to thee, Mary of Magdala, that thou shalt call me by my name ere I leave thee."

"Then thou shalt be the first man that has made Mary of Magdala bow to his will, Nazarite."

"I do well believe thee, Lady of Mag-

dala, that no man hath ever made thee yield. Nor ever shall. Yet thou shalt name me ere I go."

"Thou sayest this is a friend of thine?" she said, as if desirous of changing the conversation.

"Thou didst say so, Lady. And truly, I love him dearly and he me."

She scoffed.

"Love! There is a brute passion men have for women, and women, perchance, have for men. A passion shared with the beast of the field. But love apart from that I know naught of."

"Dear Lady, there are a good many things of which thou dost know naught—yet they are. Ah, Lady, that once had a great love, and lost it, bitter is thy heart, and bitter thy tongue. For love such as thou hadst leaveth bitterness as its dregs. Yet is there love so great that loss can never be, though the beloved be for ever separate. There is a love so great that loss can never be, because loss means duality, and in this love there is unity unbroken."

She quivered as the strings of a harp vibrated to the slightest touch.

"Yea, once I had a great love. My life is public property. I trow the Pharisees, whom I hate, have mocked me for my blighted hopes. But I was still a fool. Love! What ought I to do with it, save to tear it from my heart—" She paused.

"Why have ye come hither?" she demanded suddenly.

"To know what may be known, to tell what may be told, Lady of Magdala."

"And I will tell thee all thou wantest to know when thou hast paid—not unless," she said. "So, he loves thee, thou sayest! Yet I could separate ye twain quickly!"

The younger man found tongue.

"Evil witch," he cried, "thou shalt never separate me from my Master!"

The woman stirred.

"So! Thou art a teacher. I might expect so! And this is one of thy lealest disciples? So!" She laughed hoarsely.

"Beware, Nazarite! They who swear they love thee best shall leave thee in thine hour of trial."

The younger man cried again:

"Thou liest! My Master I will never leave. By Jahveh I do swear, by the Book of the Holy Law, by the Sacred Ark of the Temple!"

And still she laughed.

"Beware, Nazarite! Beware of any man or woman who sweareth by the Deity, or by a sacred thing. I have ever found that such do always lie."

"Thou art possessed of devils!" cried the young man angrily. "I want none of thy witchcrafts, thy dealings with Satan."

"Why comest thou hither, then?" she said sweetly.

"To defend my Master, if needs be," he answered proudly.

"Ho, ho!" she scoffed. "Thou stripping, that wouldest run if a cow belloved, or a snake reared up in thy path! Poor defence thou, when he shall need thee!"

"I care not for thine enchantments," said the young man, his face drawn with anger.

"What if I offer thee my skill for nothing?" she quoth, sneering. "Mayhap, the price frightens so thrifty a Jew!"

"I want nothing from thee, thou sinner!" he replied. "It was my Master's wish to come hither and I came with him."

She made no response, but sat very still.

A long wail gathered within the room; it seemed to rise from below: great flakes of fire came and went upon the curtains; faces of terrible import leered at them from the blackened ceiling: hands wet with the sweat of death touched their cheeks, their throats, gripping them there. A chorus came, a chorus of demons mocking lost souls, a chorus of the dead in their graves arising and shaking their naked bones with fear of Judgment. The winds from the four quarters of Hell howled along the walls, and the floor rocked.

Still on her throne sat Mary of Magdala, white as death and as silent.

"Master! Master!" groaned the young man, his very lips pallid.

"Have no fear, John! This will pass, as all that is devilish must pass and only

the pure remain. Wait and pray within the chamber of thine heart."

The door had opened; the figures of the two slaves could be seen, guarding.

Before the young man rose a fearsome Shape; it was neither wholly skeleton nor wholly flesh-clothed man. Patches of skin, yellow and wrinkled, were here; in other places the bones protruded. Flesh had it upon its forehead, but its teeth showed grinning through the skinless jaws; its hands dripped with blood. It made as though to clutch the young man by the neck; with a low cry, he broke from it and ran through the open door. As he came through, the slaves sought to stop him; they grasped him by the robe he wore, and he left the greater portion of it in their hands, and fled, half naked.

And the howling died away, the Shape vanished, the floor was still, and on her throne Mary of Magdala laughed softly.

"So!" she said. "That is the friend that loveth thee so well."

"He will come back when his fear is over, Mary of Magdala," said the Nazarite.

"Not here," she said. "The young fool! See!"

The door had closed again, and the black curtains draped themselves before it once more; the Nazarite and Mary of Magdala were alone.

"Thou art skilful in illusion, Lady," said the Nazarite.

"It would seem thou dost know something of magic," she answered. "I saw no fear in thy face. Art thou a magician?"

"I have a magic of which thou knowest naught, Lady."

"I challenge thee to show such, Nazarite. Nazarites do much penance and prayer, but magic they know little of."

"Mayhap my magic shall not appeal to thee, daughter of Judah."

"Mayhap thou hast none! Nay, I have little right to challenge thee, since I refuse thee mine. What if we do strike a bargain? Show me thy magic, and if I think it great, then I will show thee mine, and we shall be equally rewarded."

"To ask me to show thee my magic

first, Mary of Magdala, is to ask me to pay thy price first. But my magic is poor, Lady, simple, such as doth appeal to simple hearts of fisherfolk and peasant women. Mayhap thou shalt not care to watch my magic through."

"Show me what thou wilt. I am not slow to speak. If thy magic wearies me, I will soon tell thee. If thy magic be good, we might enter into partnership, thou and I."

"It were a good thing, Mary of Magdala, if we did so. And since it may lead to such partnership, I will show thee such magic as I have. Mary of Magdala, BEHOLD!"

He pointed to the wall directly opposite where she sat; she stared fixedly. The black curtains went, the wall went, and beyond the wall, whatever of the house stood between her vision and the village that he would have her see. A village where women gossiped at the well; where children played on the river bank gemmed with daisies, or in the river itself, fighting each other as they swam, singing and laughing. A village where vineyards heavy with clusters of purple grapes were rifled by busy hands; where girls swung pails of golden cream to and fro, churning it, chanting as they swung, "Oh, give thanks unto the Lord, for His mercy endureth for ever!" Where brown-skinned men drove home their herds of cattle and of sheep, or ground their wheat into flour. Or found, mayhap, an hour to meet a maid and, with eyes aflame, whisper the world-old story, ever new. "Arise, my love, my fair one, and come away. The flowers are on the earth, the song of the turtle is heard in our land." Such a village the Nazarite showed to Mary of Magdala, so that she trembled, and her lashes grew wet with tears.

"This is not Magdala that thou seest, Lady," he said softly.

She gave no answer; she could not trust her voice.

"Behold further!" he said, and still, as though under a spell, she sat and looked.

Part of the landscape went, because there was a cottage now risen to sight. The woman's hands clutched tightly the

arms of the throne and a sigh escaped her lips. There was a cottage, lost nearly in vines and in flowers. A man, slightly built and tall, was pulling down bunches of fruit and flinging them in a basket at his feet. He was stripped to the waist, and the play of the muscles of arms and body could be seen as he worked. His face was hidden, but the woman who watched gave a bitter cry. Involuntarily her hands went out a little.

"It is not long since he was but a boy," said the Nazarite gently. "He is little more now. He will never be more than a boy to the sister who loves him."

Mary of Magdala gripped her hands together but said naught.

"He is the idol of his sister's idolatry," said the Nazarite. "See, she comes!"

The woman on the throne shook as with an ague.

"Her back is bowed; her face is aged. Not through age alone, but worry and bitter grief. See how he embraces her! Look—they bow in prayer! For another who is not there!"

The man in the magical picture had turned his face towards the veiled woman, who sat, drawing in her breath tremulously. His sun-browned face had the alluring charm of perfect young manhood upon it; his eyes flashed with the fire of superb health and strength, yet were soft with tenderness. He raised those eyes to the nacreous sky above him, and his full red lips moved.

A whisper came from the woman who watched, a whisper and a sob.

"Lazarus!" Then . . . "Take away thy magic, thou wonderful Nazarite! I would see no more!"

And the black curtains gathered round her again, and opposite to where she was, they gathered also.

And the Nazarite waited patiently till her tears should be spent for the moment and pride should come back again, for He knew that behind her curtains she wept softly, in case He should hear.

"Mary of Magdala!" he said softly, when he knew her outburst was over.

There was no answer.

"Lady, thou hast hung blackness about thee, about thy very soul. But the

eyes of God can see, and to the Father of Heaven there is neither light nor darkness."

The curtains parted again; Mary of Magdala was her old self again.

"Thou hast a trick of magic," she said. " 'Tis simple. Cast a spell over the eyes, and things familiar come back to them. I have seen such in Egypt."

"All magic is simple, Lady of Magdala. And I would cast not a spell over the eyes only, so that familiar things come back as in a dream, but over thine heart that things both familiar and beloved might come home to thee, or thou mightest go home to them."

There was no reply.

"Mayhap thou wilt go home, daughter of David?"

She shook her head.

"Nay. Martha and Lazarus may pray for me while I am away, but perchance they would not welcome me did I suddenly return."

"And wherefore not, Mary of Magdala?"

"My brother is rigid in the Law. He would require penance at my hands. I have none to offer. My sister, too, would upbraid me."

"Thy brother, Lady, is my disciple. To my disciples Love is the Law's Fulfilment. He loves thee. To him thou art the gentle sister who soothed his childish hurts, played his boyish games, aroused his youthful admiration by thy beauty."

"Aye! And so that is how thou knewest of my life's history? Hast thou many disciples, Nazarite?"

"But a handful, Lady. Women for the most part, and very young men."

"And what teachest thou, Nazarite? Art of the School of the Essenes, or the Pharisees? A Sadducee I know thou art not."

"I teach the Coming of the Kingdom of God, Lady of Magdala. I teach that it is better to have loved a single human soul, however poorly, than to have won all knowledge and all wisdom. I teach there should be no poverty, save the poverty which holds all wealth lightly. I teach that to hate a man is as evil as to

kill him, and to hold a sinful lust within the mind as sinful as to let it forth in the body. The School to which I belong, Mary of Magdala, is neither the School of the Essenes nor the Pharisees."

"Dost claim to be Messiah? We have so many. Some make good profit of their claims. They finish up ill: crucified or stoned to death. And their deluded followers find another."

The Nazarite threw out his hands.

"Do I look like the Messiah which the people expect?" he asked.

She glanced at his dusty and meagre clothing, devoid of ornaments.

"It will take thee long to persuade the chief priests and scribes that thou art Messiah while in thy present garb," she said.

"It will take no time at all, Lady," he answered. "I would the sooner spend my time persuading thee to return to thy home in Bethany."

She shook her head again.

"It may not be. Perchance Lazarus in his love might not upbraid me. Nor Martha, though she hath a scolding tongue at times. But the villagers would mock me, would point the finger of scorn and hate when I came near to them. And Lazarus would feel and suffer worse that he now suffers, with me so long away."

"Most in that village are my disciples, Lady. And I have taught them that they must not condemn, lest in another life they be condemned. I spake to them these words: 'With what measure ye measure to others, that shall be meted out to you, now or in some life to come.'"

She moved with sudden interest.

"What! Thou dost hold then to some Rising from the Dead? I know that many of the Pharisees do teach so. No other way, say they, shall Messiah claim all the nations of the earth, unless men do live on earth many times as Gentiles and at last, when they have earned the right, they are born as Jews. Thus they reconcile the exclusiveness of our nation with the teaching that saith: 'He is good unto all the children of men—and all the nations of the earth shall fear him.' And thou dost think there be a Rising of the

Soul again in another body, and yet another?"

"I think not, Lady of Magdala. I know that there be such a Rising. Many have mocked at it, not understanding it. Sadducees have come to me and said: 'Thou that dost believe in the Rising of the Soul again on earth when once on earth it had set, tell us plainly. A woman was wed to seven brothers in turn, according to the Law of Moses. They all died and she was left still at the end a widow. Then she died also. Unfold to us, when she and these seven men she knew as husbands, when they shall be born again, whose wife shall she be?' And I answered them: 'In Heaven, where the Souls of men have their abiding home, where the Soul ever is, whether it be incarnate on earth, or out of the body, in that world of spiritual reality, they know no marriage, nor in that world are they given in marriage. For the Soul is sexless, passionless, pure. And in the Rising, they may be known as of old or they may be strangers. For the Soul is as the Holy Ones of God—knowing no husband, nor wife, nor mother, nor child, nor brother. The Soul knows only those who do the will of the Father in Heaven; and to the Soul they who seek that Will and that Kingdom are fathers, mothers, brothers, lovers, all in one. For in the world of the Soul there is unity; and where there is unity, marriage cannot be.'"

"How well thou speakest, Nazarite! Methinks the world is hungry for such a message. Once I took great interest in these things. I heard Sadducee, and Pharisee, and at the end, I knew not what to believe."

"And now, Mary of Magdala, what dost thou believe?"

She tapped her foot upon the floor.

"Little! I see visions, but I cannot make them come or go when I would. Men say I am possessed of devils, and at times I do think I am. Then I laugh at mine own folly. Strange shapes come to me, whispering evil things I dare not dream of. Aye! Tortured murderers and brigands whom the Romans have crucified enter this room and I cannot shut

them out. My hands grow often clammy with their death sweat as they seek to enter my body and use my brain. My soul grows sick with them, and I cannot shake them off. Men come to me who stink with crime and foul lust, and I must abide them, though my heart sickens within me. Tell me, thou who hast more knowledge than at first I thought, is there a way whereby I may be freed from these unholy shapes and dreams that haunt me against my will?"

"There is a way, Lady."

"And that way is?"

"To go back to thy people; thy brother and sister and thy kindred. To cry: 'Have mercy upon me, Oh God, after Thy great mercy. Create a clean heart within me, and take not Thy Holy Spirit from me.' For He hath said: 'Though thy sins be as scarlet they shall be as wool; as far as the east is from the west, so far have I removed thy transgressions from thee.' He hath said: He, the High and Holy ONE, who inhabiteth eternity: 'I dwell in the high and holy place, with him also that is of a humble and contrite spirit.' For unless, Mary of Magdala, thou dost so repent, thou shall surely perish."

"I cannot go back," she whispered.

"Wherefore not? Thy brother loves thee."

"Aye!" she said in a choked voice. "It sounds beautiful. But the reality shall not be so lovely. My brother is a Jew, my sister is a Jewess. I am a free woman. What! Shall I go back to mourn in ashes and sackcloth; to be chidden like a naughty child? I, who have had princes at my feet, haughty Romans, learned philosophers. To go back, and later, perchance for all his love, my brother will arrange a marriage for me with some friend of his whom he is eager to please. 'See, there is my sister,' quoth he. 'She hath raven black hair which reacheth to her knees. She hath sloe black eyes, and lips of scarlet. She is still young. What dowry, sayest thou?' And my elected husband shall say: 'Of course, she hath been a sinner in Israel. The dowry should be lessened accordingly.' And so they will haggle over me,

and then I go, when the terms are arranged, a meek Jewish bride to my lordly husband. Nay!" She rose and stamped her foot in anger. "Nay, I will not so humiliate myself! The obscurity of a Jewish matron is not for me; I have tasted the sweet of liberty."

"And its bitterness, Lady of Magdala. Bethink thee, many a Jewish maid has found all happiness in her husband, in her children, and in her friends. More, mayhap, than the proudest Roman matron has found in her husband, who belonged to other women than she. There is a woman, Mary of Magdala, who lives in obscurity unbroken. Poor is she, and her knowledge small. Her heart is tender, her heart is pure, and very dear is she to the angels of God. The day cometh when a quarter of the world shall name her Empress. She shall act as befits a Jewish matron; the loud splendour of the women of the Gentiles shall not be for her. Yet her kingdom and her fame shall be greater than any woman hath known before."

"What riddle is this, Nazarite? Truly, thou has a subtle tongue! What meaning must I glean from thy words, thou veiler of words?"

"This is no riddle and no veiled tale, Lady. Her name is the same as thine, albeit she is of Bethlehem, and thou—of Magdala for the nonce."

"I know her not. How she shall be mighty yet obscure, how unknown yet worshipped, how poor and humble yet Empress. Truly, it is a riddle!"

"Ere long thou shalt know her, Mary of Magdala. Aye, and thou shalt love her as she were thine own mother."

"Ah, well!" she sighed. "Thou hast a mighty speech, and a winning one. Doubtless thou shalt win many disciples. But I—I must go my own way. Only at times I grow moody. I have great wealth. In other rooms, which thou hast not seen, I have gems the like of which were never seen before. I have silks from Lydia that queens would sell their souls for. Images and wondrously wrought boxes worth a king's ransom. Perfumes, boxes of spikenard so precious that a speck of it will fill a room with odour. I have honour except with mine own

people. Herod I know, and his queen who wrought the death of that strange prophet of the Jordan. Each Governor who comes to Judea comes here, now to win a glimpse of the future, now to be royally entertained. But a moment 'ere thou didst come in the present Governor was here. His wife had had a distressing dream, and I alone could tell the answer. So she thought. I have freedom, and that is dear to me."

"What of the spirits that haunt thee, and will not go when thou dost desire it?"

"An emperor even of Rome cannot always rid himself of those whose company he desires not," she answered.

"Then, though he wear the Royal purple on his shoulders, Lady, he is no king in his own soul," replied the Nazarite.

"Another subtle saying, thou wise one! Tell me, how shall a man be always rid of those he loves not, yet keep peace?"

"By loving all, fair Lady of Magdala. By desiring the absence of none, nor their presence. By shining, as the sun shines, on just and unjust alike."

"'Tis a good saying," she answered. "But if we cannot love all?"

"Then we have no perfect freedom," he responded.

She thought, nodding her head.

"There is great wisdom in thy words," she said presently.

"And thou wilt go back to thy brother and thy sister?" he asked.

"Nay," she answered in a low voice. "But ere we part, I must pay my debt. I promised if thou didst pay my price I would tell thee something about thyself. Thou hast paid in kind: thy magic and thy wisdom. I will repay thee."

"Stay, Lady," he said. "What I have shown thee shall cost thee nothing. My magic is not for sale, my wisdom I give to peasant and to prince and ask no reckoning. What canst thou tell me about myself I do not already know?"

"I would acquit myself of thy challenge. Thy name I know."

"And my business, mine age, the dear ones lost to me, and the Reward I seek?"

"Perchance if I name all these thou shalt deny. Thou canst not deny thy name."

"Mary of Magdala," he said, "first thou shalt see more magic, and then, mayhap, thou shalt name my business, mine age, the dear ones lost to me, and the Reward I seek! Then thou shalt name me with my name. BEHOLD AGAIN!"

"I cannot resist thee," she murmured half unconsciously, as she looked.

Once more the curtains went, and the walls they draped, and the room beyond them: she saw a city of many people, a city of blood and lust and cruelty. She saw foul fiends enthroned on altars and on Royal chairs, vivifying ancient statues of Gods and heroes. She saw them enter human bodies, so that the men therein became bestial beyond all thought. Fiendish cruelties she saw committed; now it seemed they flung men to wild beasts to be torn, shrieking, apart; now that they tied men to stakes and burned them, so that the hiss of their roasting flesh came to her; now that they beat them and drove them like beasts of burden because they differed in the colour of their bodies from their oppressors. Now it seemed they lost their hold on men and practised cruelties on animals, called dumb, but who in their agonies spake a language too terrible to hear. She saw women unspeakably outraged in war and peace; soldiers, foul andrecking with lust, tore virgins from their helpless fathers and brothers; and in peace, virgins were torn also away from home and purity by fiends enshrined in human bodies. She saw men, wan and bony, starve in prisons, in cages, in places under the earth, in huge buildings of brick which ran up in the space of a moment. She heard them curse their oppressors, who only mocked them and urged them on. And she saw that oppressed and oppressors ever mingled, sometimes the slave became the slave-owner, and sometimes the man who trod others underfoot was trodden down in turn. And she shook with the horror.

"What is this?" she groaned. "Is it Egypt ere they set the Hebrews free?

Is it Sodom and Gomorrah? Is it Babylon? Is it Rome?"

And he answered :

" It is all these and more. It is the City of the Beast for all time. It is the City of Hell, where men live life after life, age after age, where the worm of mad desire that tortures them is not crushed, and the fire of sin burns ever. BEHOLD AGAIN !

She saw a little room, like many a room in many a Jewish house. And in it she saw a few men gathered. One man appeared to be the teacher of all the others; they seemed to listen greedily to his words. He became luminous, and his face as the face of God. She sighed deeply, for it was the face of the Nazarite. And she saw that from this humble room went out a stream of light, of water, and of music mingled into one. And the Light went into the City of Hell, and sought out the dark places where lust and cruelty were rampant. And the Light came back laden with its message, and its terrible message of the horror each man made for another man struck at the heart of the Master, so that it bled itself white. And the Water that was Light and Music went out, and it crept into places foul and dry. And it came back, soiled by the filth it had encountered, and as it flowed once more before the Master he sickened almost unto death. And the music that was Light and Water went out, and sounded into places where the sobs of outraged maidens and the sighs of the oppressed allowed it to be heard. And it came back, discordant with all those bitter wailings, those curses and those groans, so that the Master shuddered and wept. And yet she saw that where the Light had been there was less darkness than before, and where the water that was Light and Music had been there was less maddening thirst, and where the Music that is Light and Water had sounded there was an echo still to be heard. And she heard the Master cry in all his pain and his travail for the souls of the City of Hell : " My business is to do the Will of Him that sent Me." And she knew that the Light and the Water and the Music which mingled into One would flow ever from that Room

of the Master, for all the anguish, and the befoulment, and the broken chords.

She saw that the city changed its buildings, its appearances, its atmosphere, but its people were the same ; its devilries, its sins, and its plagues. Only she saw that the few at first gathered in that room had grown ; they penetrated the city ; they cried woe on its sins, but ever mercy on its plagues. And it seemed to her that the day might come, and surely would, when that City should find the holy rebellion ripening within its very heart spring into abundant life, scattering the gates of Hell before it, and setting up therein a Kingdom of Good. And she heard the Master cry : " Mine age—who can tell? Before Abraham was, I am." And she knew that this was the Holy Spirit of Good which cannot withdraw Itself from the hearts of men, nay, not even from the City of Hell. And she knew that this Holy and Divine Spirit of God had descended upon the Nazarite who showed her these things. And she heard the Master cry : " I am the Light which lightens *every* man that cometh into this world. The Water I shall give him shall be a Water of Life Eternal springing up within him. And I, lifted up, will draw all men unto Me, and he that cometh unto Me I will in nowise cast out." And then she knew that not one of the children of men shall be finally lost to Him who loves them all and is the Light of all.

And then she beheld a scene very familiar; a rugged road she knew, not far distant from Jerusalem; a hill and a valley which had an evil name. The hill they called Calvary and the valley they named Gehenna. On the hill the Romans crucified their malefactors and in the valley the Jews stoned their blasphemers. They burned the dead, too, in that valley and it had an evil smell. And she saw a crowd, agitated, shouting, falling, quarrelling. She heard curses and mockeries and laments. She saw a nearly naked man stumble on his way, either to the valley or to the hill, she knew not. She saw not his face; it was bowed and turned from her, but she shook with pity for this forlorn object. Buffeted, stricken, be-

smeared with dust and blood, it staggered on, and all the woman rose in her, till her heart bled. "Poor wretch!" she cried, "what hath he done?" A woman rushed forward and, careless of the howling mob, wiped the bowed, averted face with a silken cloth. Then fell back with a cry as she took the handkerchief away. And still he stumbled on, what time the sun beat down on his unprotected head and body relentlessly. Great beads of sweat rolled from him as he moved slowly on. "Oh, 'tis monstrous," cried Mary of Magdala, "to torture him so, whatever he has done!"

Another woman came and fell beside him, shaking with tearless sobs. "It is the man's mother!" said the Nazarite softly. Then the bowed, averted face was turned to Mary of Magdala, and she saw . . .

"That is my Reward, Lady of Magdala!"

And before she knew it, she was at his feet, sobbing and crying:

"Rabboni! My Master and My Lord!"

And his hands rested on her misty hair.

"Now that thou hast named me, MARY OF BETHANY, surely thou wilt go home to thy people?"

She raised herself from the ground.

"I dare not! Let me hide somewhere. I will fly away to the desert, leaving all this."

"Nay," he said. "I shall not find thee in the desert. I know thy home well."

She clenched her hands.

"Thou dost ask much, Jeschu of Nazareth." She bowed her head, and in bowing it, saw his dusty feet.

"Let me fetch thee water to bathe thy feet. I will summon a slave to attend thee."

He shook his head.

"I need the attentions of no slave, Mary of Bethany. Not yet shall my feet be washed. I have much travelling to do ere I rest. To-night I shall sup with one Simon, a rich Pharisee. Perchance then shall my feet be washed."

"As thou wilt," she said, like one in a dream.

"I go now, Mary," said he. "Presently I shall see thee again. And again—at thy brother's house!"

She shook her head.

"My friend has recovered from his fright," said the Nazarite. "He waits outside for me. I have much to do ere even. Then must I sup with Simon, who would ask questions of me. Tomorrow I shall journey to Bethany to see my disciple Lazarus."

She quivered and her eyes grew soft. She met his eyes, so full of majesty and utter tenderness, and then turned half away.

"Let thy servants allow me to leave," he said gently.

She struck a bell, still not daring to look at him.

As he passed out through the door where the slaves stood, guarding with drawn swords, he spoke to her:

"Surely thou wilt come with me to Bethany?"





Photo by Ed Alinari.]

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L'ADORAZIONE DEI RE MAGI

# TRADES THAT TRANSGRESS

## VIII.—The Meat Trade

*By G. COLMORE*

**S**IRLOINS of beef, legs of mutton, saddles of lamb, chops, steaks, veal and lamb cutlets, bacon, ham, pork; all these are associated in Western minds with respectability, refinement, sanity, and godliness; for in carnivorous countries the absence of meat at meals denotes either poverty or eccentricity. In some of the degenerate Eastern rites, as in the religion of the ancient Jews, the blood of slaughtered animals is supposed to be pleasing to Divinity, and animals are still sacrificed to God in the East as they are sacrificed to man in the West. But the blood poured out for religion is but as a drop compared with the ocean of blood poured out for food: the meat trade, indeed, in its immensity, stands, as regards the volume of suffering it inflicts, at the head of all the trades that transgress.

It is, perhaps, the immensity of the trade that inhibits doubt as to its justification; it is because of the enormous consumption of meat by the nations in which meat-eating obtains that the practice of using animals for food is considered to be well within the code of national morality. Logically such reasoning amounts to no more than this—that hundreds of wrongs succeed in making the right which two wrongs are considered incapable of establishing; but logic, which is the brain of love, is shadowed when love's law is transgressed, and it is not logic, but the conduct of the multitude which commands most men's consciences.

If the largeness of the scale of any trade were proof of its equity, then, indeed, the meat trade is equitable, since its activities cease neither night nor day, and the animals slaughtered amount to millions in a month. From American prairies and Australian plains, from mountain pastures, from stream-fed valleys, from the fields and meadows of very many lands,

they move in a march that never ceases, to the public slaughter-house or the secret yards of the butcher. Into Great Britain alone, in the year 1907 there were imported 1,930,416 animals to be slaughtered for food, in addition to the large numbers of home-grown cattle, sheep, and pigs; and the population of Great Britain is but a tithe of the meat-eating population of the world. France, Belgium, Russia, Germany, Europe as a whole, consists of meat-eating nations whose consumption is limited by little save power to purchase; and, adding to these the people of New Zealand, Australia, and America, some faint conception may be formed of the amount of killing necessitated in order to supply the demand for flesh food.

But it is not death alone which is meted out to the animals slain for food. There is an aspect of this question other than the numerical; there is the aspect of pain. The pain involved in the providing of meat for the table is acute in kind and immense in magnitude.

The shadows of the valley into which animals of various kinds are harried and driven are terrible with the spectacle of their fellows' slaughter, reeking with the smell of their fellows' blood; and the death which releases them from the shrinking, terrified bodies comes not always in one swift blow, but sometimes in a piecemeal agony.

There is much talk to-day, and action, too, in England, at any rate, with regard to what is called humane slaughtering; and in Great Britain and Ireland, where slaughtering is less scientifically, and consequently more cruelly, carried out than in many other countries, a diminution of suffering, an improvement in the methods of dealing the death blow, could undoubtedly be effected, such reform being doubly important in the case of private slaughter-

yards, where incompetence ministers to brutality. But even if the death-blow were infallibly sure, if the possibility of blow after blow being administered before death answered the call were eliminated, only a fraction, and a small fraction of the suffering inherent in the trade would be dispensed with. And even this fraction is hardly attainable; if laid down in theory, it is more than doubtful whether it would appear in practice. For reform in the meat trade is more easily enjoined than enforced. There are by-laws in existence designed to minimise in various ways the sufferings of the slaughter-houses; such, for instance, as are set forth in an article by a slaughter-house inspector in the *Sanitary Record and Municipal Engineering* for February 27, 1914:

(1) A person shall not, in a slaughter-house, proceed to slaughter any bull, ox, sow, heifer, calf, or pig until the same shall have been effectually stunned.

Provided that this requirement shall not be deemed to apply to any member of the Jewish faith, duly licensed by the Chief Rabbi as a slaughterer, when engaged in the slaughtering of cattle intended for the food of Jews according to the Jewish method of slaughtering, if no unnecessary suffering is inflicted.

(2) Every occupier of a slaughter-house and every servant of such occupier and every other person employed upon the premises in the slaughtering of cattle shall, before proceeding to slaughter any bull, ox, sow, heifer, or steer, cause the head of such animal to be securely fastened so as to enable such animal to be felled with as little pain or suffering as practicable, and shall in the process of slaughtering any animal use such instruments and appliances and adopt such instruments and methods of slaughtering, and otherwise take such precautions as may be requisite to secure the infliction of as little pain or suffering as practicable.

(3) A person shall not, in a slaughter-house, slaughter, or cause or suffer to be slaughtered, any animal in the view of another animal.

(4) An occupier of a slaughter-house shall not cause or allow any blood or other refuse to flow from such slaughter-house so as to be within the sight or smell of any animal in the slaughter-house, and he shall not cause or allow any such blood or other refuse to be deposited in the waiting-pens or lairs.

But these rules, which sound so well, do not amount to much in practice. As the writer of the article goes on to say: "Any inspector knows quite well that it is impracticable to prevent the animals seeing and smelling blood in a much-used slaughter-house"; and as for the other

conditions mentioned in these by-laws, there are many municipalities which have not adopted them, so that it is possible for scenes such as the following, described by eye-witnesses, still to take place:

Thus, for example, convictions have been obtained for such offences in slaughter-houses as revengeful cruelty, when a butcher deliberately hacked the legs from under a bullock, striking just above the hoof to avoid injuring the meat, in revenge for the trouble the bullock had given him before he could force him down the narrow way into the cellar-like den where the slaughter went on. Again, and more frequently, cases of interested cruelty have been proved and punished, as when a butcher has skinned alive and dismembered alive a number of sheep in a private slaughter-house, in order to get through his work quickly and earn his money, he being paid so much a head for killing, skinning, and hanging up the carcasses.

The slaughter of their companions went before their (the oxen's) eyes, which were fixed with a horrified fascination on the scene. Their tails tucked in between their legs, their quarters drawn in as if half frozen by an icy breath, they were evidently on the rack of agonised anticipation.

—From *Slaughter-house Reform*, by Rev. J. Verschoyle, late of Committee of London Model Abattoir Society.

In a slaughtering yard I witnessed a most painful scene, and, notwithstanding my long familiarity with slaughter-houses, I could not endure to the end the sight of the fearful sufferings which the poor animal, during twelve long minutes, endured. At the second blow the ox sank on his hind legs, but at the fourth he rose again with such a dreadful bellowing that all present turned to fly. The butchers tried long to hit it a deadly blow, but the maddened animal dashed its head so violently that it was impossible for them to effect this until twelve minutes by my watch had elapsed and six other blows had followed the first.

—From Dr. Dembo's description of what he saw at Deptford. Dr. Dembo was commissioned by the Russian authorities to investigate and report on the different methods of slaughtering employed in Europe.

I have seen a fine, young, sensitive cow dragged up by the windlass to the ring, and then, as the slaughterman brought down the pointed pole-axe with all his force, he missed the spot, and the weapon struck into the eye and burst it and tore its way into places where the presence of many sensory nerves would cause the most atrocious agony. With bellowings of anguish, the poor creature dashed her head madly again and again against the wall, and it was some time (which seemed like centuries) before a blow was brought home and she stiffened out and fell.

—Dr. J. Oldfield, in a letter to the *Standard*, September 1, 1895.

Our slaughter of the calf is simply an abomination. I have seen the most hardened sicken and turn from the sight.

—H. F. Goodson, seventeen years Hon. Secretary, Birmingham S.P.C.A.

With regard to a demonstration given at the Roath Abattoir, Cardiff, I quote a few lines from an account given by Mr. Arthur Loveridge in the *Animals' Guardian* of January, 1914. The quotation describes what precedes the actual death-blow, which in itself is speedy and, therefore, merciful:

Having cleared up after the second bullock, a third beast was dragged in, one slaughterman twisting its tail. His fellows whooped and whistled, some slapped the beast, others waved their arms. This display, as you may have guessed, was a bit of fun to make the animal restless and so render the task of the Humane Killer demonstrator a little more difficult. They succeeded somewhat, and it was pitiful to see the terrified eyes of the wretched beast rolling around in their sockets anticipating danger.

I could multiply instances such as these, as pitiful or more pitiful; but pitifulness does not arouse pity, save in hearts wherein compassion is already born, and those who have eyes which see will find plenty of testimony as to what meat-eating means in the streets of towns and in the villages of the country.

Have you ever, you who read, watched sheep or cattle being driven into a butcher's yard? If you have, you will know something of the terror and the horror which overwhelms the victims of the dinner-table; that is to say, if your eyes are open. To those who have eyes that see not, appeal might be made to pure selfishness, since terror and pain so affect the animals overwhelmed by them as to cause the meat into which they are made to be charged with poisons; but such an appeal would make no lasting effect, for selfishness never yet wrought reformation; it is only love itself which has power to prevent the breaking of love's law.

Yet even if it were possible to make slaughter-house reform complete, the reform would affect, not the meat trade as a whole, but only the last act in a long drama of suffering. Terror, shrinking, and pain may be rife in the slaughter-yards, but it is the final fear, the last suffering, the ultimate misery which then are endured. The long exhaustion, the

hunger, the thirst, the beating, the tail-twisting, the weary marches, the train journeys, the sea transport, the fierce agony of wild cattle torn from a free life on wide great plains, the bewildered suffering of mild pastured beasts, the torture of crowded space, of lack of air, of strange, terrifying conditions—all these are of the past, to be no more encountered. Death may come in cruel guise, but it comes as a deliverer.

To give an adequate account of the many transgressions of this trade, pages, chapters, nay, volumes, would be required. Descriptions of these transgressions are so many that the difficulty lies in the selection of passages, and in the space at my disposal I cannot even touch upon all the various kinds of suffering that the transgressions impose. Tolstoy has written about them; and Upton Sinclair, the novelist crusader of causes; and W. H. Davies, the poet; and many others who have seen the horrors they describe. I quote one or two passages from much there is to quote:

It was late, almost dark, and the Government inspectors had all gone, and there were only a dozen or two men on the floor. That day they had killed about four thousand cattle, and these cattle had come in freight trains from far States and some of them had got hurt.

There were some with broken legs and some with gored sides, there were some that had died, from what cause no one could say; and they were all disposed of, here in the darkness and silence. "Downers" the men called them; and the packing-house had a special elevator upon which they were raised to the killing beds, where the gang proceeded to handle them, with an air of business-like nonchalance which said plainer than words that it was a matter of everyday routine. —Upton Sinclair.

Up till the fourth night we had experienced no bad weather, and the cattle had been quiet and requiring little care. On this particular night my attention had been drawn several times to a big black steer, which, time after time, had persisted in lying down. At last, in pity for the poor beast, I let him rest, thinking to get him into a standing position at the last moment, when I was off duty. . . . I followed him (the foreman) on deck, and there I saw several cattlemen standing in front of a pen, in which I recognised the big black steer. He was now lying full length in the pen, the others having had to be removed for his convenience. "See this," said the foreman, "this creature should be standing. Twist his tail," he continued, to a cattleman, who at once obeyed. During this operation another cattleman fiercely prodded the

poor creature's side with a pitchfork, which must have gone an inch into the body. At the same time another beat the animal about the head with a wooden stake, dangerously near the eyes. The animal groaned and its great body heaved, but it made no attempt to move its legs. "Wait," said the foreman then; "we will see what this will do." He then took out of his mouth a large chew of tobacco and deliberately placed it on one of the animal's eyes. My heart sickened within me, on seeing this, and I knew that I would have to be less gentle with these poor creatures to save them the worst of cruelty.

—From *The Autobiography of a Super-Tramp*, by W. H. Davies.

There is a cruel practice in the Irish trade of shipping in-calf cows. The fatigue, fright, and general rough treatment these have to undergo frequently brings on parturition during the journey—in the jolting railway trucks, on the bustling quays, or in the crowded 'tween decks of the steamer. There have been cases of six, seven, and even eight calves born during a single night at sea on one vessel, with no hospital pen or other accommodation on board for the care of sick animals. This practice was so universally condemned by all persons of ordinary humanity that a clause dealing with it was inserted in the Amended Order of 1904. But this has not altogether remedied the evil.

—*The Irish and Foreign Cattle Trade and its Attendant Cruelties*, by J. M. Greg.

Oxen are shamefully kicked and beaten, milch cows kept standing for whole days unmilked, sheep prodded and hit on the head, and pigs so maltreated as to be scored with gaping gashes in bluish red, crossing and recrossing each other. At the quays the cruelty is equally bad. Blows were distributed in promiscuous fashion, and rained down remorselessly on the head, the eyes, and the nose, as well as back and flanks of the unfortunate animals, and the brutality of the drovers is such as would disgrace a savage.

—*The Irish Weekly Times*, commenting on the cruelty practised on cattle in the markets and ports of Dublin.

It is by means of such suffering as this, suffering manifold and more hideous than any I have ventured to set down, that is manufactured the roast beef of Old England, the mutton, lamb, veal, bacon, pork of all the meat-eating nations. A necessary trade, some will maintain; a trade that must be pursued because the flesh of animals is necessary to the life of man.

Meat, the flesh of animals, is necessary to the life of man: this is the assumption by which the trade is justified. A false one, as is proved by the vast populations of whose diet flesh forms no part, by the many individuals who, in meat-eating

countries, live and work without meat. Nevertheless, it is an assumption which persists. Upon it is based not only the meat trade, with its many transgressions, but the claim to existence of all the trades that transgress, since so long as man claims the right to use animals for food, so long will he claim the right to use and abuse animals in any and every way which he deems to be to his profit and advantage. A false assumption it is that life can only be kept up by death—an assumption which in very truth brings to man more ills and evils, more disease, a greater tendency to intemperance, a larger inclination to lust, than human flesh by Nature's design is heir to; which condemns to brutal callings and callousness and cruelty many numbers of fellow-men; which forms a premise from which the exploitation of animals in every way, to any extent, can be logically justified. A false assumption, and one that, like all things false, breeds cruelty and selfishness, creates prejudices, fosters ignorance, and puts stumbling-blocks many and great in the path of man's progress, in the establishing in the outer world of that kingdom of heaven which lies hid, but vital, within the being of every man.

In this outer world men and women, fed on the flesh of beasts and birds, clad in their skins, bedizened with their feathers, go careless of the pain, the misery, the bewildered fear, the torture of captivity, the manifold suffering of the animal world. "Thy Kingdom come," they pray, and desire, perhaps with sincerity, its advent. But never shall the Kingdom come till man so believes in the law of love that he is prepared to act upon it; never shall man love as brothers his fellow-man till he ceases to slay and to torture the dumb and defenceless beings whose feet are on lower rungs than his own of the ladder of life; never shall the lion lie down with the lamb till humanity, ceasing from butchery, from sport, from tyranny and treachery, shall be so trusted of the animal kingdom that not the lion only or the lamb, but all beasts and birds shall, fearless and secure of protection, of justice, and of kindliness, lie down by the side of man.

# BOOKS WE SHOULD READ

“THE FORTUNE”: A Romance of Friendship. By Douglas Goldring. Maunsell and Co., Ltd., 50, Lower Baggot Street, Dublin; 40, Museum Street, London. 5s. net.

THE author of this excellent novel hazards in his dedicatory letter the supposition that “the book will be dubbed by many elderly people as a mere pacifist tract masquerading under a thin disguise of fiction.” Neither the grammar nor the judgment of this sentence is perfectly correct. The ordinary reader (“elderly” is surely a gratuitous adjective) may, if he has skipped the dedication, arrive at page 164—that is to say, half-way through the book—without suspecting that here is a novel with a purpose. After this we get pacifism—rampant pacifism—in its most unreasonable and self-righteous aspects—in short, the pacifism we all know, which denies any justice or purity of motive to any other view, and assumes for itself the monopoly of right feeling and right thinking denied to the vast majority, who, in spite of the volume and stridency of pacifist argument, are still convinced that injustice is worse than war.

But the pacifists are, on the whole, so true to life that they do not spoil the story at all. As a “tract” the book is a failure, as a novel it is quite excellent. The chief interest of the war and the schools of thought it begets are for the purposes of this story their influence on the psychology of the hero; if, indeed, he is the hero and not that lay figure of the perfect pacifist to whom he has given the best of his emotional and somewhat weak nature. “James” (the pacifist) “was a man to whom no one could ever be indifferent.” This is true even from the reader’s point of view, for James is the touchstone to which all the other characters of the story are brought. (There are rather many characters, and some of them are mere voices for the purpose of the tract.)

Harold, the *soi-disant* hero, hangs together quite well; weak, but aspiring, and with a touch of genius, and obsessed by

the romantic devotion to James which really moulds his whole life. “His tragedy is that he is neither sheep nor goat, that he falls between two stools, and contrives successfully to make the worst of both worlds.” Harold, being what he was, is quite consistent in his unthinking patriotism and his recoil to pacifism. His “tragedy” affects the reader as the tragedy of a good novel should. It does not tell at all as an argument for the justice of pacifism.

But, if Harold is realised, James is not. Not for a moment are we left in doubt that we are expected to admire him, but the chief difficulty is to realise him. It might, of course, be expected of the perfect pacifist that his taste in furniture, clothes, art, and even drinks, would be equally perfect already when he went up to Oxford at the appropriate age. He would naturally be indifferent to the main currents of university life; but it would be far from him to lie stranded in its backwaters. To him the University was but one phase of a much wider and intense existence, though he derives from it some sort of esoteric emotion, the nature of which is not apparent to the lay mind of the reader. It is curious that this detached (but not silent) man, so irresponsive to the touching devotion of his “friend” (a word which would presuppose some sort of equality), should be moved to silent tears—presumably at the vision of suffering humanity—during a drawing-room conversation about the war. Again, the mere patriot finds himself asking whether it is consistent with the high emotionalism of the perfect pacifist to make the sister of his friend, when she has sold herself into marriage with an old man, his mistress. Again, does the perfect pacifist, with his fastidious sense of proportion, his clear vision into motive, receive the declaration of love for himself made by a raw girl of nineteen with a box on the ear,

and then, softened by her persistence, give her a laughing embrace and a "Don't cry, Baby"? Last of all, is the perfect pacifist, recounting the manner of her husband's death to his young widow, so bent on his gospel that he will not "let her go until she has drained the cup which she and Harold had rejected two years back"? One would have expected a little natural feeling even from the perfect pacifists. This is at the end of the book, and it says much for its quality that at no moment of exasperation is the reader tempted to lay it down unfinished. The last page is tract pure and undefiled, full of the moral, and Harold's widow, the most consistent figure of a woman in the book, is exhibited for the first time rather out of the picture of her passionate, yet restrained, temperament. We leave her resolving to save her child from "allying himself with the old order which had broken down and shown its rottenness, and to make him the inheritor of his father's ideals" (is it ir-

reverent to ask *which?*)—"the new man, free in heart and mind and soul, ready for the new world that would be built up out of the débris of the old."

It would be unfair to leave a criticism of this book on this note. It is *not* the prevailing tone of the novel. In fact, there is a Wellsian vein of "fleshiness" running through it which is, perhaps, meant as an antidote to the "tractarian" element. The women, rather unequally drawn but all interesting, are, one would say, rather more than normally sensual.

Their embraces are, perhaps, rather too much in the eye of the reader. The woman who forms the most notable exception, fresh from her moral science tripos, full of the rights of women, eating her "toast pasties" for breakfast and forcing them on the rest of her family, is a mere caricature. But even she is interesting. Its pacifism is the least notable element in this vivid and provocative novel.

E. O'N., M.A.

THE RELIGIOUS DIFFICULTY IN SCHOOLS. By Dr. F. H. Hayward. London. Published by the Author, 87, Bentham Road, Stoke Newington, London, N. Price 3d.

**D**R. HAYWARD'S scheme for the solution of a hitherto unsolved problem is an attempt to get at the root reasons for the present religious difficulty in schools.

The watchword of the future is Co-operation, and surely this must apply to religion as well as to secular education and commerce.

The idea that representatives of all sects and parties should be allowed to give addresses in the schools is somewhat shorn of its full effect by the fact that the national liturgy is going to be founded on the Christian Bible only, so that the greatest bias of the teaching will be on Western lines and the other aspects of the Truth be rather put in the background; whereas the tolerance which is the keynote of the future will give to each religion its equal place in the training of the world.

Perhaps Dr. Hayward either does not

know, or refuses to admit, that the educational keynote for the child of the future is not so much the impressing of any standard system upon him, as the drawing out from within the child of his potential qualities; so that any system which bases its standards on a set liturgy, regardless of the multitudinous needs of each individual child, is retrograde and not progressive. Also with regard to the teacher, he has already had access to Bible literature, ceremonial, etc., and has not availed himself of them; and will he avail himself of them when they are incorporated into a system?

The word "liturgy" has a feeling of sect and dogma, something imprinted from without on the supposedly fresh mind of each child, and will not, I think, solve the problem, as each child is already the possessor in himself of all the latent potentialities who go to make the good citizen. The constructive sug-

gestions for linking religious, civic and moral education together is an idea which could easily be carried out, and which would bring more universal knowledge;

it is one of the steps to universal tolerance, the forerunner of the Dawn of the New Age.

B. DE N.

DEMOCRACY AND THE WORKING OF THE DIVINE LAW. By M. R.

St. John. An article in *East and West*, edited by Sirdar Jogendra Singh. Simla : M. Munzer Ali at the Army Press. London agents : Johnson and Coulton, Shoe Lane, London, E.C.

**T**URNING over the pages of *East and West* for September, 1917, we are struck by a short and lucid attempt to answer, according to Divine Law, the question : Is the democratic ideal one on which to base our hopes and aspirations for the future of humanity?

On the lines of the democracy of to-day, the answer is in the negative, and Mr. St. John shows the mistake in the ideas that liberty, equality, and fraternity can ever form a basis of action for the many, or that the vote of an ignorant multitude is equal in value to that of a few men chosen for their wisdom and high moral worth; but he considers that from the scriptures of the world we can catch a hint of a centre of divine wisdom working through graded agents, and he proceeds to apply the hint so as to combine the best points of democratic and autocratic government.

The plan suggested is that the country and towns of a State should be parcelled out into small divisions, each of which would govern itself in local matters and elect one of its members to represent it on a body concerned with the affairs common to all the small divisions of a

given area. These wider areas would in turn each elect one of their body qualified to serve on a council dealing with affairs effecting all the areas; and so on, until you come ultimately to the choice of one man to co-ordinate the government of the whole nation and represent it in his own person. Though "one man one vote" would form the ground plan of this system, it will be seen that higher and higher qualifications would be required as the affairs dealt with became of wider import. Incidentally this pyramidal form of government would do away with party politics and, "broad based upon the people's will," would yet make possible the rule of the best man in the opinion of the thoughtful and responsible leaders of the people.

The scheme thus broadly outlined is, in its fundamentals, not new to Eastern thought, where the village government system is largely recognised, but it has not been much put forward over here and deserves serious study and consideration. If the chosen ruler or head of the nation prove to be a man open to the Divine guidance, perfect conditions for human progress result.

A. J. W.

OLD WORLDS FOR NEW. By Arthur J. Penty. George Allen and Unwin, Ltd., London. 2s. 6d. net.

GUILD PRINCIPLES IN WAR AND PEACE. By S. G. Hobson. G. Bell and Sons Ltd., London. 2s. 6d. net.

**S**OMEONE once remarked that the progress of humanity was spiral in its direction, and consequently a certain amount of returning was necessary in order that the world might advance. Progress, however, is a relative term, and calls up varying images in different minds. Some are highly satisfied with our present position, with a possible

caveat lodged in regard to war, or some of its aspects, whilst others are convinced that we are in a period of retrogression, and that we can only save ourselves by returning to the adoption of certain of the principles which animated our forefathers. Of course, the forefathers have to be chosen, or else under the spiral theory we should select for our model an

ancestry that thought and acted very much as we do.

Mr. Penty belongs to the school of return. The present system appals him, and he would away with it. This is not a newly discovered idea of his produced by the fact of war, as his book is substantially a reproduction of articles written in the Press before the guns started their thundering.

Mr. Penty's selected forefathers are the guildsmen. He is attracted by their co-operative spirit, their mutual aid, their artistic sense, and their idea of qualitative production as against our modern quantitative system. He holds strongly to the view that our method of producing for a market, generally world-wide, degrades all who come in contact with it, and puts us all at the mercy of the middleman or financier whose imagination is of a low type. Machinery has become the dominant fact in our lives, and Mr. Penty holds that it is impossible to control it, as, owing to its immensity, it is impossible to isolate it. We must return to handicraft. The producer and the consumer must be brought into actual contact in order that the producer may be stimulated to give of his best, because he knows in reality the desires of his customer. Further, as the machine must be kept at work, everything has to be sacrificed to this idea, and quantity alone counts. Goods are turned out without any idea, relatively, of quality, but simply to supply the presumed needs of a market, which in its turn has been created by artificial means. Mr. Penty would welcome a strike on the part of the workers for quality, so that things produced which are essential should be beautiful, and adulteration should become a social crime. Leisured production is his ideal. Although accepting as a compromise the idea of a National Guild, Mr. Penty prefers the local guild, and he is not at one with the National Guildsmen in desiring to abolish the wages system. He holds that the guild would have a privileged position, but he contends that this would mean that it also had responsibility.

Mr. Penty is in reality an artist-craftsman, and he revolts at much of the ugliness

of our modern life; hence he attacks machinery and plumps for hand work, although he does admit that machinery must exist for some purposes. He, however, over-idealises the ancient guild system, and, like most of those who are attracted by the mediæval period, he stresses the happiness side and overlooks the evil. Henry James was of a similar type. As Miss Rebecca West has so pungently remarked, "He had a tremendous sense of the thing that is and none at all of the thing that has been, and thus he was always being misled by such lovely shells of the past as Hampton Court into the belief that the past which inhabited them was as lovely. The calm of Canterbury Close appeared to him as a remnant of a time when all England, bowed before the Church, was as calm; whereas the calm is really a modern condition brought about when the Church ceased to have anything to do with England."

I quite agree that a chair, for example, could be made by hand, and be a much more artistic and comfortable article than many of the contraptions sold in furniture shops. Handicraft might have its rightful place in producing things of a permanent nature, but I see no reason for discouraging the use of machinery in preparing Quaker Oats, let us say, for the breakfast table. We must control the machine and we must recognise that the material development of the world has raised the standard of life, and many of the needs must be supplied by mechanical means.

The artistic sense has been destroyed, or, better still, has not been encouraged to show itself; for I cannot believe that the miserable serf of the Middle Ages was any more artistic than his brother workman of to-day, because labour has been treated as a commodity. "Economists are agreed," says Mr. Hobson, "that wages is the price paid for labour as a commodity. I do not think that amongst political economists there is a single dissentient voice to that proposition. The human side of labour may in our social life call for sympathetic consideration; in the strict economic sense it is a commodity, the value of which fluctuates with

demand and supply. From this conclusion there is no escape, for rent, interest, and profits can only be paid on the margin secured by the 'entrepreneur' who buys labour for  $x$ , and sells it in its congealed form for  $x$  plus  $y$ . That is the foundation of our social and industrial system.' Hence we cannot expect any real appreciation of the needs of human society, either from the workman, whose humanity is sacrificed because of his labour being in fact divorced from his control, or from the 'entrepreneur,' who cannot think in human values, but only can concern himself with buying the labour commodity in the cheapest market. The only way that this difficulty can be overcome is by changing the status of the worker. He must become a partner; in so doing he naturally controls, or shares in the control of, production. But this partnership cannot be confined to individuals or even to a group; it must be wide enough to embrace all who are in the industry. Hence the idea of the National Guild, which is "the combination of all the labour of every kind—administrative, executive, productive—in any particular industry. It includes those who work with their brains and those who contribute labour power. Administrators, chemists, skilled and unskilled labour, clerks—everybody who can work—are all entitled to membership. This combination clearly means a true labour monopoly."

Mr. Hobson discusses the changes in outlook which necessarily flow from such a conception, but it would not be fair to him to indicate them. The book should be read. One point, however, is worth noting in view of the discussion now proceeding regarding the future of political parties. Mr. Hobson contends that the guilds would free the State from economic pressure and would leave it free to attend to the spiritual aspects of life, and politics would become once more a question with which a gentleman could concern himself.

No student of social problems should neglect these two books. They afford evidence of the new orientation of political economy which, under their influence, will cease to be a dismal science and become a hopeful inspiration. Slowly, but surely, we are recognising the distinction which Ruskin made between wealth and illth. Although one may violently disagree with some of the views of Mr. Penty and with some of those of Mr. Hobson, it must be conceded that they have gone to the heart of things. For the first time since the coming of capitalism the critics of the system have based their constructive proposals on human values and not upon an Adam Smith abstraction of the economic man. Along this road is the way of salvation.

J. S.

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